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"I Know a Lovely Lady Who Is Dead"

BY STRUTHERS BURT

I KNOW a lovely lady who is dead,
A wreath of lilies bound her charming head,
Her corn-flower eyes were closed as if in sleep,
And on her lips lay silence gay and deep.

No more the garden where she used to walk
Is filled at dusk with laughter and with talk,
No more the swaying fireflies in their glowing
Lantern to left and right her slender going.

I know a lovely lady who is dead,
And fools say there is nothingness instead.

Nothing of all this loveliness? . . . poor dear,
Beauty is not a matter of a year.

Beauty is like the surf that never ceases,
Beauty is like the night that never dies,
Beauty is like a forest pool where peace is
And a recurrent waning planet lies:
Beauty is like the stormy star that traces
His golden footsteps on the edge of rain;
When beauty has been vanquished in all places,
Suddenly beauty stirs your heart again.

She was the purport of innumerable lovers
Who down some woodland road were glad in May,
When leaves were thick and in the orchard covers
The robin and the chaffinch had their say:
She was the toll of countless men who dreamed—
The small hours heard the scratching of the mice—
In hidden room or tower until it seemed
They stood upon a lonely precipice
And felt a thin clear heady breeze that brought
The truth and peace and beauty that they sought:
She was the breath of myriad mountain pyres
That burned beneath the blueness of the dark:

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Beauty is earth and air and many fires,
Runs with the water, sings with each new lark.
She was a pause upon a road that never ends,
Beauty descended on her, and descends.

I know a lovely lady who is dead,
But she was these, and these are in her stead.

. . . Out of the slime and out of endless sleeping,
Into the grayness of the earlier earth,
Crawled such a creature blind and helpless, keeping
Some unknown assignation of her birth.
Never she knew what moved her to her trying,
What would not let her be what she began,
Only a voice in the darkness crying,
Only a wish that wished itself a man.
The wish is here, the wish is ever growing:
The winds are here, the winds are ever blowing.

And her sweet years were part of all this too,
She who would catch and store each moment's aim,
Dawn when she opened windows on the blue,
And midnight when Orion marched in flame;
Kind conversation, merriment, and wit,
Old friends who knew her wit was ever kind,
And tea in winter when the logs were lit
And radiance filled the room and filled her mind;
And dogs, and games, and horses silken-throated
Along a ribboned road that danced with spring
When every hedge to green-brier is devoted,
For to her thinking all and everything
Was music; and with music soft and bright
Often she plucked the echoes from the night.
Her body was a casket white and slim,
I would that I had been her very lover,
Ah the hushed hours when, she with him,
Her young voice whispered over again and over!

Yet now when evening falls and it is late,
And a thin moon cuts clearness from the West,
And Scorpio rising by my eastern gate,
Along the rim throws high his sparkling crest,
I am no longer sorrowful but glad,
Since I was here when beauty found this niche;
Many a man great loveliness has had
But none with loveliness has been more rich.
A little, ample space was mine to know
What loveliness is, and why it cannot go.

I know a lovely lady who is dead,
Beauty is hers, and she is beauty instead.

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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY FRANCES ROGERS

XVIII

IN the street Campton looked about him with the same confused sense as when he had watched Fortin-Lescluze driving away to Chalons, his dead son's image in his eyes.

Each time that Campton came in contact with people on whom this calamity had fallen he grew more acutely aware of his own inadequacy. If he had been Fortin-Lescluze it would have been impossible for him to go back to Chalons and resume his task. If he had been Harvey Mayhew, still less could he have accommodated himself to the intolerable, the really inconceivable, thought that Benny Upsher had vanished into that fiery furnace like a crumpled letter tossed into a grate. Young Fortin was defending his country—but Upsher, in God's name what was Benny Upsher of Connecticut doing in a war between the continental powers?

Suddenly Campton remembered that he had George's letter in his pocket, and that he had meant to go back with it to Mrs. Brant's. He had started out that morning full of the good intentions the letter had inspired; but now he had no heart to carry them out. Yet George had said: "Let mother know, and explain, please;" and such an injunction could not be disregarded.

He was still hesitating on a street corner when he remembered that Miss Anthony was probably on her way home for luncheon, and that if he made haste he might find her despatching her hurried meal. It was instinctive with him, in difficult hours, to turn to her, less for counsel than for shelter: her simple unperplexed view of things was as comforting as his mother's solution of the dark riddles he used to propound in the nursery.

He found her in her little dining-room, with Delft plates askew on imitation Cordova leather, and a Death's Head Pennon and a Prussian helmet surmounting the Clodion nymph in cast bronze on the mantelpiece. In entering he faced the watery light of a ground-glass window opening on an air-shaft; and Miss Anthony, flinging him a look, dropped her fork and sprang up crying: "George——"

"George—why George?" He recovered his presence of mind under the shock of her agitation. "What made you think of George?" he repeated.

"Your—your face," she stammered, sitting down again. "So absurd of me... But you looked... A seat for monsieur, Jeanne," she cried over her shoulder to the pantry.

"Ah—my face? Yes, I suppose so. Benny Upsher has disappeared—I've just had to break it to Mayhew."

"Oh, that poor young Upsher? How dreadful." Her own face grew instantly serene. "I'm so sorry—so very sorry... Yes, yes, you *shall* lunch with me—I know there's another cutlet," she insisted.

He shook his head. "I couldn't."

"Well, then, I've finished." She led the way into the drawing-room. There it was her turn to face the light, and he saw that her own features were as perturbed as she had apparently discovered his to be.

"Poor Benny, poor boy," she repeated, in the happy voice she might have had if she had been congratulating Campton on the boy's escape. He saw that she was still thinking not of Upsher but of George, and her inability to fit her intonation to her words betrayed the violence of her relief. But why had she imagined George to be in danger?

Campton recounted the scene at which he had just assisted, and while she con-

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tinued to murmur her sympathy he said abruptly: "Why on earth should you have been afraid for George?"

Miss Anthony had taken her usual armchair. It was placed, as the armchairs of elderly ladies usually are, with its high back to the light, and Campton could no longer observe the discrepancy between her words and her looks. This probably gave her laugh its note of confidence. "My dear, if you were to cut me open George's name would run out of every vein," she said.

"But in that tone—it was your tone. You thought he'd been—that something had happened," Campton insisted. "Why on earth should it, where he is?"

She shrugged her shoulders in the "foreign" way she had picked up in her youth. The gesture was as incongruous as her slang, but it had become part of her physical self, which lay in a loose mosaic of incongruities over the solid crystal block of her character.

"Why, indeed? I suppose there are risks everywhere, aren't there?"

"I don't know." He pulled out the letter he had received that morning. A sudden light had illuminated it, and his hand shook. "I don't even know where George is any longer."

She seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then asked calmly: "What do you mean?"

"Here—look at this. We're to write to his base. I'm to tell his mother of the change." He waited, cursing the faint winter light, and the protecting back of her chair. "What can it mean," he broke out, "except that he's left Sainte-Menehould, that he's been sent elsewhere, and that he doesn't want us to find out where?"

Miss Anthony bent her long nose over the page. Her hand held the letter steadily, and he guessed, as she perused it, that she had had one of the same kind, and had already drawn her own conclusions. What they were, that first startled "George!" seemed to say. But would she ever let Campton see as far into her thoughts again? He continued to watch her hands patiently, since nothing was to be discovered of her face. The hands folded the letter with precision, and held it out to him.

"Yes: I see why you thought that—one might have," she surprised him by conceding. Then, darting at his unprotected face a gaze he seemed to feel though he could not see it, she asked with sudden directness: "If it had meant that George had been ordered to the front, how would you have felt?"

He had not expected the question, and though in the last weeks he had so often propounded it to himself, it caught him in the chest like a blow. A sense of humiliation, a longing to lay his weakness bare, suddenly rose in him, and he bowed his head. "I couldn't . . . I couldn't bear it," he stammered.

She was silent for an interval; then she stood up, and laying her hand on his shaking shoulder crossed the room to a desk in which he knew she kept her private papers. Her keys clinked, and a moment later she handed him a letter. It was in George's writing, and dated on the same day as his own.

"Dearest old girl, nothing new but my address. Hereafter please write to our Base. This order has just been lowered from the empyrean at the end of an endless reel of red tape. What it means nobody knows. It does not appear to imply an immediate change of Headquarters; but even if such a change comes, my job is likely to remain the same. I'm getting used to it, and no wonder, for one day differeth not from another, and I've had many of them now. Take care of Dad and mother, and of your matchless self. I'm writing to father to-day. Your George the First—and Last (or I'll know why)."

The two letters bore one another out in a way which carried conviction. Campton saw that his sudden doubts must have been produced (since he had not felt them that morning) by the agonizing experience he had undergone: the vision of Benny Upsher had unmanned him. George was safe, and asked only to remain so: that was evident from both letters. And as the certainty of his son's acquiescence once more penetrated Campton it brought with it a fresh reaction of shame. Ashamed—yes, he had begun to be ashamed of George as well as of himself. Under the touch of Adele Anthony's implacable honesty his last pretences

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shrivelled up, and he longed to abase himself. He lifted his head and looked at her, remembering all she would be able to read in his face.

"You're satisfied?" she enquired.

"Yes. If that's the word." He stretched his hand toward her, and then drew it back. "But it's not: it's not the word any longer." He laboured with the need of self-expression, and the opposing instinct of concealing feelings too complex for Miss Anthony's simple gaze. How could he say: "I'm satisfied; but I wish to God that George were not"? And was he satisfied, after all? And how could he define, or even be sure that he was actually experiencing, a feeling so contradictory that it seemed to be made up of anxiety for his son's safety, shame at that anxiety, shame at George's own complacent acceptance of his lot, and terror of a possible change in that lot? There were hours when it seemed to Campton that the Furies were listening, and ready to fling their awful answer to him if he as much as whispered to himself: "Would to God that George were not satisfied!"

The sense of their haunting presence laid its clutch on him, and caused him, after a pause, to finish his phrase in another tone. "No; satisfied's not the word; I'm *glad* George is out of it," he exclaimed.

Miss Anthony was folding away the letter as calmly as if it had been one of the hundreds of refugee records which daily passed through her hands. She did not appear to notice the change in Campton's voice.

"I don't pretend to your sublime detachment: you've never had a child," he sneered. (Certainly, if the Furies were listening, they would put that to his credit!)

"Oh, my poor John," she said; then she locked the desk, took her hat from the lamp-chimney on which it had been hanging, jammed it down on her head like a helmet, and remarked: "We'll go together, shall we? It's time I got back to the office."

On the way down both were silent. Campton's ears echoed with his stupid taunt, and he glanced at her without daring to speak. On the last landing she paused and said: "I'll see Julia this evening about George's change of address. She may be worried; and I can explain—I can take her my letter."

"Oh, do," he assented. "And tell her—tell her—if she needs me——"

It was as much of a message as he found courage for. Miss Anthony nodded.

XIX

One day Mme. Lebel said: "The first horse-chestnuts are in bloom. And monsieur must really buy himself some new shirts."

Campton looked at her in surprise. She spoke in a different voice; he wondered if she had had good news of her grandchildren. Then he saw that the furrows in her old face were as deep as ever, and that the change in her voice was simply an unconscious response to the general stirring of sap, the spring need to go on living, through everything and in spite of everything.

On se fait une raison, as Mme. Lebel would have said. Life had to go on, and new shirts had to be bought. No one knew why it was necessary, but every one felt that it was; and here were the horse-chestnuts once more actively confirming it. Habit laid its compelling grasp on the wires of the poor broken marionettes with which the Furies had been playing, and they responded, though with feebler flappings, to the accustomed jerk.

In Campton the stirring of the sap had been a cold and languid process, chiefly felt in his reluctance to go on with his relief work. He had tried to close his ears to the whispers of his own lassitude, vexed, after the first impulse of self-dedication, to find that no vocation declared itself, that his task became each day more tedious as well as more painful. Theoretically, the pain ought to have stimulated him: perpetual immersion in that sea of anguish should have quickened his effort to help the poor creatures sinking under its waves. The woe of the war had had that effect on Adele Anthony, on young Boylston, on Mlle. Davril, on the greater number of his friends. But their ardour left him cold. He wanted to help, he wanted it, he was sure, as earnestly as they; but the longing was not an inspiration to him, and he felt more and more

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that to work listlessly was to work ineffectually.

"I give the poor devils so many boots and money-orders a day; you give them yourself, and so does Boylston," he complained to Miss Anthony; who murmured: "Ah, *Boylston*—" as if that point of the remark were alone worth noticing.

"At his age too; it's extraordinary, the way the boy's got out of himself."

"Or into himself, rather. He *was* a pottering boy before—now he's a man, with a man's sense of things."

"Yes; but his patience, his way of getting into their minds, their prejudices, their meannesses, their miseries! He doesn't seem to me like the kind who was meant to be a missionary."

"Not a bit of it. . . But he's burnt up with shame at our not being in the war—as all the young Americans are."

Campton made an impatient movement. "Benny Upsher again—! Can't we let our government decide all that for us? What else did we elect it for, I wonder?"

"I wonder," echoed Miss Anthony.

Talks of this kind were irritating and unprofitable, and Campton did not again raise the question. Miss Anthony's vision was too simplifying to penetrate far into his doubts, and after nearly a year's incessant contact with the most savage realities her mind still seemed at ease in its old formulas.

Simplicity, after all, was the best safeguard in such hours. Mrs. Brant was as absorbed in her task as Adele Anthony. Since the Brant villa at Deauville had been turned into a hospital she was always on the road, in a refulgent new motor emblazoned with a Red Cross, carrying supplies, rushing down with great surgeons, hurrying back to committee meetings and conferences with the Service de Santé (for she and Mr. Brant were now among the leaders in American relief work in Paris), and throwing open the Avenue Marigny drawing-rooms for concerts, lectures and such sober philanthropic gaieties as society was beginning to countenance.

On the day when Mme. Lebel told Campton that the horse-chestnuts were in blossom and he must buy some new shirts he was particularly in need of such incentives. He had made up his mind to go to see Mrs. Brant about a concert for the "Friends of French Art" which was to be held in her drawing-rooms. Ever since George had asked him to see something of his mother Campton had used the pretext of charitable collaboration as the best way of getting over their fundamental lack of anything to say to each other.

The appearance of the Champs Elysées confirmed Mme. Lebel's announcement. Everywhere the punctual rosy spikes were rising above unfolding green; and Campton, looking up at them, remembered once thinking how Nature had adapted herself to the scene in overhanging with her own pink lamps and green fans the lamps and fans of the *cafés chantants* beneath. The latter lights had long since been extinguished, the fans folded up; and as he passed the bent and broken arches of electric light, the iron chairs and dead rhododendrons in paintless boxes, heaped up like the scenery of a bankrupt theatre, he felt the pang of Nature's obstinate renewal in a world of death. Yet he also felt the stir of the blossoming trees in the form of a more restless discontent, a duller despair, a new sense of inadequacy. How could war go on when spring had come?

Mrs. Brant, having reduced her household and given over her drawing-rooms to charity, received in her boudoir, a small room contrived by a clever upholsterer to simulate a seclusion of which she had never felt the need. Photographs strewed the low tables; and facing the door Campton saw George's last portrait, in uniform, enclosed in an expensive frame. Campton had received the same photograph, and thrust it into a drawer; he thought a young man on a safe staff job rather ridiculous in uniform, and at the same time the sight filled him with a secret dread.

Mrs. Brant was bidding good-bye to a lady in mourning whom Campton did not know. His approach through the carpeted antechamber had been unnoticed, and as he entered the room he heard Mrs. Brant say in French, apparently in reply to a remark of her visitor: "Bridge, *chère Madame?* No; not yet. I confess I haven't the courage to take up my old life. We mothers with sons at the front. . ."

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"Ah," exclaimed the other lady, "there I don't agree with you. I think one owes it to them to go on as if one were as little afraid as *they* are. That is what all my sons prefer... Even," she added, lowering her voice but lifting her head higher, "even, I'm sure, the one who is buried by the Marne." With a flush on her handsome face she pressed Mrs. Brant's hand and passed out.

Mrs. Brant had caught sight of Campton as she received the rebuke. Her colour rose slightly, and she said with a smile: "So many women can't get on without amusement."

"No," he agreed. There was a pause, and then he asked: "Who was it?"

"The Marquise de Tranlay—the widow."

"Where are the sons she spoke of?"

"There are three left: one in the *Chasseurs à Pied;* the youngest, who volunteered at seventeen, in the artillery in the Argonne, the third, badly wounded, in hospital at Compiègne. And the eldest killed. I simply can't understand..."

"Why," Campton interrupted, "did you speak as if George were at the front? Do you usually speak of him in that way?"

Her silence and her deepening flush showed him the cruelty of the question. "I didn't mean . . . forgive me," he said. "Only sometimes, when I see women like that I'm——"

"Well?" she questioned.

He was silent in his turn, and she did not insist. They sat facing each other, each forgetting the purpose of their meeting. For the hundredth time he felt the uselessness of trying to carry out George's filial injunction: between himself and George's mother these months of fiery trial seemed to have loosed instead of tightening the links.

He wandered back to Montmartre through the bereft and beautiful city. The light lay on it in wide silvery washes, harmonizing the grey stone, the pale foliage, and a sky piled with clouds which seemed to rebuild in translucid masses the monuments below. He caught himself once more viewing the details of the scene in the terms of his trade. River, pavements, terraces heavy with trees, the whole crowded sky-line from Notre Dame to the Pantheon, instead of presenting themselves in their bare reality, were transposed into a painter's vision. And the faces around him became again the starting-point of rapid incessant combinations of line and colour, as if the visible world were once more at its old trick of weaving itself into magic designs. The reawakening of this instinct deepened his sense of unrest, and made him feel more than ever unfitted for a life in which such things were no longer of account, in which it seemed a disloyalty even to think of them.

He returned to the studio, having promised Boylston to deal with some office work which he had carried home the night before. The papers lay on the table; but he turned to the window and looked out over his budding lilacs at the new strange Paris. He remembered that it was almost a year since he had leaned in the same place, gazing down on the wise and frivolous old city in her summer dishabille, while he planned his journey to Africa with George; and something George had once quoted to him from Faust drifted through his mind: "Take care! You've broken my beautiful world! There'll be splinters..." Ah, yes, splinters, splinters . . . everybody's hands were red with them! What retribution devised by man could be commensurate with the crime of destroying his beautiful world? Campton sat down to the task of collating office files.

His bell rang, and he started up, as much surprised as if the simplest events had become unusual. It would be natural enough that Dastrey or Boylston should drop in—or even Adele Anthony—but his heart beat as if it might be George. He limped to the door, and found Mrs. Talkett.

She said: "May I come in?" and did so without waiting for his answer. The rapidity of her entrance surprised him less than the change in her appearance. But for the one glimpse of her dishevelled elegance, when she had rushed into Mrs. Brant's drawing-room on the day after war was declared, he had seen her only in a nursing uniform, as absorbed in her work as if it had been a long-thwarted vocation. Now she stood before him in raiment so delicately springlike that it

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seemed an emanation of the day. Care had dropped from her with her professional garb, and she smiled at him as though he must guess the reason.

In ordinary times he would have thought: "She's in love——" but that explanation was one which seemed to belong to other days. It reminded him, however, how little he knew of Mrs. Talkett, who, after René Davril's death, had vanished from his life as abruptly as she had entered it. Allusions to "the Talketts" picked up now and again at Adele Anthony's, led him to conjecture an invisible husband in the background; but all he knew of Mrs. Talkett was what she had told him of her "artistic" yearnings, and what he had been able to divine from her empty questioning eyes, from certain sweet inflections when she spoke of her wounded soldiers, and from the precise and finished language with which she clothed her unfinished and unprecise thoughts. All these indications made up an image not unlike that of the fashion-plate torn from its context of which she had reminded him at their first meeting; and he looked at her with indifference, wondering why she had come.

With an abrupt gesture she pulled the pin from her heavily-plumed hat, tossed it on the divan, and said: "Dear Master, I just want to sit with you and have you talk to me." She dropped down beside her hat, clasped her thin hands about her thin knee, and broke out, as if she had already forgotten that she wanted him to talk to her: "Do you know, I've made up my mind to begin to live again—to live my own life, I mean, to be my real *me*, after all these dreadful months of exile from myself. I see now that *that* is my real duty—just as it is yours, just as it is that of every artist and every creator. Don't you feel as I do? Don't you agree with me? We *must* save Beauty for the world; before it is too late we must save it out of this awful wreck and ruin. It sounds ridiculously presumptuous, doesn't it, to say 'we' in talking of a great genius like you, and a poor little speck of dust like me? But after all there is the same instinct in us, the same craving, the same desire to realize Beauty, though you do it so magnificently and so—so objectively, and I. . ." she paused, unclasped her hands, and lifted her lovely bewildered eyes, "I do it only by a ribbon in my hair, a flower in a vase, a way of looping a curtain, or placing a lacquer screen in the right light. But I oughtn't to be ashamed of my limitations, do you think I ought? Surely every one ought to be helping to save Beauty; every one is needed, even the humblest and most ignorant of us, or else the world will be all death and ugliness. And after all, ugliness is the only *real* death, isn't it?" She drew a deep breath and added: "It has done me good already to sit here and listen to you."

Campton, a few weeks previously, would have been amused, or perhaps merely irritated. But in the interval he had become aware in himself of the same irresistible craving to "live," as she put it, and as he had heard it formulated, that very day, by the mourning mother who had so sharply rebuked Mrs. Brant. The spring was stirring them all in their different ways, secreting in them the sap which craved to burst into bridge-parties, or the painting of masterpieces, or a consciousness of the need for new shirts.

"But what am I in all this?" Mrs. Talkett rushed on, sparing him the trouble of a reply. "Nothing but the match that lights the flame! Sometimes I imagine that I might put what I mean into poetry. . . I *have* scribbled a few things, you know . . . but that's not what I was going to tell you. It's you, dear Master, who must set us the example of getting back to our work, our real work, whatever it is. What have you done in all these dreadful months—the real You? Nothing! And the world will be the poorer for it ever after. Master, you must paint again—you must begin today!"

Campton gave an uneasy laugh. "Oh—paint!" He waved his hand toward the office files of the "Friends of French Art." "There's my work."

"No, no; not the real you. It's your dummy's work—just as my nursing has been mine. Oh, one did one's best—but all the while beauty and art and the eternal things were perishing! And what will the world be like without them?"

"I shan't be here," Campton growled.

"But your son will." She looked at him profoundly. "You know I know

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your son—we're friends. And I'm sure he would feel as I feel—he would tell you to go back to your painting."

For months past any allusion to George had put Campton on his guard, stiffening him with improvised defenses. But this appeal of Mrs. Talkett's found him unprepared, demoralized by the spring sweetness, and by his secret sense of his son's connivance with it. What was war—any war—but an old European disease, a blood-madness seizing on the first pretext to slake its frenzy? Campton reminded himself again that he was the son of free institutions, of a country in no way responsible for the centuries of sinister diplomacy which had brought Europe to ruin, and was now trying to drag down America. George was right, the Brants were right, and this young woman, through whose lips his own secret instinct spoke, was right.

He was silent so long that she rose with the anxious frown which appeared to be her way of blushing, and faltered out: "I'm boring you—I'd better go."

She picked up her hat and held it with its cataract of feathers poised above her slanted head.

"Wait—let me do you like that!" Campton broke out. It had never before occurred to him that she was paintable, but as she stood there with uplifted arm the long line flowing from her wrist to her hip suddenly wound itself about him like a net.

"Me?" she stammered, standing motionless, as if humiliated by the excess of her triumph.

"Do you mind?" he queried; and without even hearing her faltered-out: "Mind? When it was what I came for!" he dragged forth an easel, flung on it the first canvas he could lay hands on (though it was the wrong shape and size), and found himself instantly transported into the lost world which was the only real one.

XX

For a month Campton painted on in a state of transcendent bliss.

His first stroke carried him out of space and time, into a region where all that had become numbed and atrophied in him could expand and breathe. Lines, images, colours were again the sole facts; he plunged into their whirling circles like a stranded sea-creature into the sea. Once more every face was not a vague hieroglyph, a curtain drawn before an invisible aggregate of wants and woes, but a work of art, a flower in a pattern, to be dealt with on its own merits, like a bronze or a jewel. During the first day or two his hand halted; but the sense of insufficiency was a goad, and he fought with his subject till he felt a strange ease in every renovated muscle, and his model became like a musical instrument on which he played with careless mastery.

He had transferred his easel to Mrs. Talkett's apartment. It was an odd patchwork place, full of bold beginnings and doubtful pauses, rash surrenders to the newest fashions and abrupt insurrections against them, where Louis-Philippe mahogany had entrenched itself against the aggression of *art nouveau* hangings, and the frail grace of eighteenth-century armchairs condemned to everlasting derision lumpy modern furniture painted like hobby-horses at a fair.

It amused Campton to do Mrs. Talkett against this background: her thin personality needed to be filled out by the visible results of its many quests and cravings. There were people one could sit down before a blank wall, and all their world was there, in the curves of their faces and the way their hands lay in their laps; there were others who seemed, like Mrs. Talkett, to be made out of the reflection of what surrounded them, as if they had been born of a tricky grouping of looking-glasses, and would vanish if it were changed.

At first Campton was steeped in the mere sensual joy of his art; but after a few days the play of the mirrors began to interest him. Mrs. Talkett had abandoned her hospital work, and was trying, as she said, to "recreate herself." In this she was aided by a number of obliging people who struck Campton as rather too young not to have found some other employment, or too old to care any longer for that particular one. But this did not trouble his newly recovered serenity. He seemed to himself, somehow, like a drowned body—but drowned in a toy aquarium—still staring about with living

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eyes, but aware of the other people only as shapes swimming by with a flash of exotic fins. They were enclosed together, all of them in an unreal luminous sphere, mercifully screened against the reality from which a common impulse of horror had driven them; and since he was among them, it was not his business to wonder at the others. So, through the cloud of his art, he looked out on them impartially.

The high priestess of the group was Mme. de Dolmetsch, with Harvey Mayhew as her acolyte. Mr. Mayhew was still engaged in the pursuit of Atrocities: he was in fact almost the only member of the group who did not rather ostentatiously disavow the obligation to "carry on." But he had discovered that to discharge this sacred task he must vary it by frequent intervals of relaxation. He explained to Campton that he had found it to be "his duty to rest"; and he was indefatigable in the performance of duty. He had therefore, with an expenditure of eloquence which Campton thought surprisingly slight, persuaded Boylston to become his understudy, and devote several hours a day to the whirling activities of the shrimp-pink Bureau of Atrocities at the Nouveau Luxe. Campton, at first, could not understand how the astute Boylston had allowed himself to be drawn into the eddy; but it turned out that Boylston's astuteness had drawn him in. "You see, there's an awful lot of money to be got out of it, one way and another, and I know a use for every penny—that is, Miss Anthony and I do," the young man modestly explained; adding, in response to the painter's puzzled stare, that Mr. Mayhew's harrowing appeals were beginning to bring from America immense sums for the Victims and their families, and that Mr. Mayhew, while greatly gratified by the effect of his eloquence, and the prestige it was bringing him in French social and governmental circles, had not the cloudiest notion how the funds should be used, and had begged Boylston to advise him. It was owing to this that the ex-Delegate to the Hague was able, with a light conscience, to seek the repose of Mrs. Talkett's company and, with a smile of the widest initiation, to listen to the subversive conversation of her familiars.

"Subversive" was the watchword of the Talkett group. Every one was engaged in attacking some theory of art or life or letters which nobody in particular defended. Even Mr. Talkett—a kindly young man with eye-glasses and glossy hair, who roamed about straightening the furniture, like a gentlemanly detective watching the presents at a wedding—owned to Campton that *he* was subversive; and on the painter's pressing for a definition, added: "Why, I don't believe in anything *she* doesn't believe in," while his eye-glasses shyly followed his wife's course among the groups about the teacups.

Mme. de Dolmetsch, though obviously anxious to retain her hold on Mr. Mayhew, did not restrict herself to such mild fare, but exercised her matchless eyes on a troop of followers: the shock-haired pianist who accompanied her recitations, a straight-backed young American diplomatist whose collars seemed a part of his career, a lustrous South American millionaire, and a short squat Sicilian who designed the costumes for the pianist's unproduced ballets.

All these people appeared to believe intensely in each other's reality and importance; but it gradually came over Campton that all of them, excepting their host and hostess, knew that they were merely masquerading.

To Campton, used to the hard-working world of art, this playing at Bohemia seemed a nursery-game; but the scene acquired an unexpected solidity from the appearance in it, one day, of the banker Jorgenstein, who strolled in as naturally as if he had been dropping into Campton's studio a year earlier to enquire into the progress of his own portrait.

"I must come and look you up, Campton—get you to finish me," he said jovially, tapping his fat boot with a malacca stick as he looked over the painter's head at the canvas on which Mrs. Talkett's restless image seemed to flutter like a butterfly impaled.

"You'll owe it to *me* if he does you," the sitter declared, smiling back at the leer which Campton divined behind his shoulder; and he felt a sudden pity for her incurable innocence.

"My wife made Campton come back to his real work—doing his bit, you

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know," said Mr. Talkett, straightening a curtain and disappearing again, like a diving animal; and Mrs. Talkett turned her plaintive eyes on Campton. "That kind of idiocy is all I've ever had," they seemed to say; and he nearly cried back to her: "But, you poor child, it's the only honest thing anywhere near you!"

Absorbed in his picture, he hardly stopped to wonder at Jorgenstein's reappearance, at his air of bloated satisfaction or his easy allusions to Cabinet Ministers and eminent statesmen. The atmosphere of the Talkett house was so mirage-like that even the big red bulk of the international financier became imponderable in it.

But one day Campton, on his way home, ran across Dastrey, and remembered that they had not met for weeks. The ministerial drudge looked worn and preoccupied, and Campton was abruptly recalled to the world he had been trying to escape from.

"You seem rather knocked-up—what's wrong with you?" he asked.

Dastrey stared. "Wrong with me? Well—did you like the communiqué this morning?"

"I didn't read it," said Campton. They walked along a few steps in silence.

"You see," the painter continued, "I've gone back to my job—my painting. I suddenly found I had to."

Dastrey glanced at him with surprising kindliness. "Ah, that's good news, my dear fellow!"

"You think so?" Campton half-sneered.

"Of course—why not? What are you painting? May I come and see?"

"Naturally." Campton paused. "The fact is, I was bitten the other day with a desire to depict that little will-o'-the-wisp of a Mrs. Talkett. Come to her house any afternoon and I'll show you the thing."

"To her house?" Dastrey paused with a frown. "Then the picture's finished?"

"No—not by a long way. I'm doing it there—in her *milieu*, among her crowd. It amuses me; they amuse me. When will you come?" He shot out the sentences like challenges; and his friend took them up in the same tone.

"To Mrs. Talkett's—to meet her crowd? Thanks—I'm too much tied down by my job."

"No; you're not. You're too disapproving," said Campton quarrelsomely. "You think we're all a lot of shirks, of drones, of international loafers—I don't know what. But I'm one of them, so whatever name you give them I must answer to. Well, I'll tell you what they are, my dear fellow—and I'm not ashamed to be among them: they're people who've resolutely, unanimously, unshakeably decided, for a certain number of hours each day, to forget the war, to ignore it, to live as if it were not and never had been, so that——"

"So that?"

"So that beauty shall not perish from the earth!" Campton shouted, bringing his stick down with a whack on the pavement.

Dastrey broke into a laugh. "*Allons donc!* Decided to forget the war? Why, bless your heart, they've never, not one of 'em, ever been able to remember it for an hour together; no, not from the first day, except as it interfered with their plans or cut down their amusements or increased their fortunes. You're the only one of them, my dear chap, (since you class yourself among them) of whom what you've just said is true; and if you can forget the war while you're at your work, so much the better for you and for us and for posterity; and I hope you'll paint all Mrs. Talkett's group, one after another. Though I doubt if they're as good subjects now as when you caught them last July with the war-funk on." He held out his hand with a dry smile. "Good-bye. I'm off to meet my nephew, who's here on leave."

He hastened away, leaving Campton in a crumbled world. Louis Dastrey on leave? But that was because he was at the front, the real front, in the trenches, had already had a slight wound and a fine citation. Staff-officers, as George had wisely felt, were not asking for leave just yet. . .

The thoughts excited by this encounter left Campton more than ever resolved to drug himself with work and frivolity. It was none of his business to pry into the consciences of the people about him, not

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even into Jorgenstein's—into which one would presumably have had to be let down in a diver's suit, with oxygen pumping at top pressure. If the government tolerated Jorgenstein's presence in France, probably on the ground that he could be useful—so the banker himself let it be known—it was silly of people like Adele Anthony and Dastrey to wince at the mere mention of his name. There woke in Campton all the old spirit of aimless random defiance—revolt for revolt's sake—which had marked the first period of his life after his separation from his wife. He had long since come to regard it as a crude and juvenile phase—yet here he was reliving it.

Though he knew of the intimacy between Mrs. Talkett and the Brants he had no fear of meeting Julia: it was impossible to picture her neat head battling with the blasts of that dishevelled drawing-room. But though she did not appear there, he heard her more and more often alluded to, in terms of startling familiarity, by Mrs. Talkett's visitors. It was clear that they all saw her, chiefly in her own house, that they thought her, according to their respective vocabularies, "a perfect dear," "*une femme exquise*" or "*une bonne vieille*" (ah, poor Julia!); and that their sudden enthusiasm for her was not uninspired by the fact that she had got her marvellous *chef* demobilised, and was giving little "war-dinners" followed by a quiet turn at bridge.

Campton remembered Mme. de Tranlay's rebuke to Mrs. Brant on the day when he had last called in the Avenue Marigny; then he remembered also that it was on that very day that he had returned to his painting.

"After all, she held out longer than I did—poor Julia!" he mused, annoyed at the idea of her being the complacent victim of all the voracities he saw about him, and yet reflecting that she was at last living her life, as they called it at Mrs. Talkett's. After all, the fact that George was not at the front seemed to exonerate his parents—unless, indeed, it did just the opposite.

One day, coming earlier than usual to Mrs. Talkett's to put in a last afternoon's work on her portrait, Campton, to his surprise, found his wife in front of it. Equally to his surprise he noticed that she was dressed with a juvenile audacity quite new to her, and for the first time he thought she looked old-fashioned and also old. She met him with her usual embarrassment.

"I didn't know you came as early as this. Madge told me I might just run in—" She waved her hand toward the portrait.

"I hope you like it," he said, suddenly finding that he didn't.

"It's marvellous—marvellous." She looked at him timidly. "It's extraordinary, how you've caught her rhythm, her *tempo*," she ventured in the jargon of the place. Campton, to hide a smile, turned away to get his brushes. "I'm so glad," she continued hastily, "that you've begun to paint again. We all need to . . . to . . ."

"Oh, not you and I, do we?" he rejoined with a scornful laugh.

She evidently caught the allusion, for she blushed all over her uncovered neck, up through the faintly wrinkled cheeks to the roots of her newly dyed hair; then he saw her eyes fill.

"What's she crying for? Because George is *not* in danger?" he wondered, busying himself with his palette.

Mrs. Talkett hurried in with surprise and apologies; and one by one the habitués followed, with cheery greetings for Mrs. Brant and a moment of constraint as they noted Campton's presence, and the relation between the two was mutely passed about. Then the bridge-tables were brought in, Mr. Talkett began to straighten the cards nervously, and the guests broke up into groups, forgetting everything but their own affairs. As Campton turned back to his work he was aware of a last surprise in the sight of Mrs. Brant, serene and almost sparkling, waving her adieux to the bridge-tables, and going out followed by Jorgenstein, with whom she seemed on terms of easy friendliness. Of all strange war promiscuities, Campton thought this the strangest.

XXI

THE next time Campton saw Mrs. Brant was in his own studio.

He was preparing, one morning, to

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leave the melancholy place, when the bell rang and his *bonne* let her in. Her dress was less frivolous than at Mrs. Talkett's, and she wore a densely patterned veil, like the ladies in cinema plays when they visit their seducers or their accomplices.

Through the veil she looked at him agitatedly, and said: "George is not at Sainte Menehould."

He stared.

"No. Anderson was there the day before yesterday."

"Brant? At Sainte Menehould?" Campton felt the blood rush to his temples. What! He, the boy's father, had not so much as dared to ask for the almost unattainable permission to go into the war-zone; and this other man, who was nothing to George, absolutely nothing, who had no right whatever to ask for leave to visit him, had somehow obtained the priceless favour, and instead of passing it on, instead of offering at least to share it with the boy's father, had sneaked off secretly to feast on the other's lawful privilege!

"How the devil—?" Campton burst out.

"Oh, he got a Red Cross mission: it was arranged very suddenly—through a friend. . ."

"Yes—well?" Campton stammered, sitting down lest his legs should fail him, and signing to her to take a chair.

"Well—he was not there!" she repeated excitedly. "It's what we might have known—since he's changed his address."

"Then he didn't see him?" Campton interrupted, the ferocious joy of that discovery crowding out his wrath and wonder.

"Anderson didn't? No. He wasn't there, I tell you!"

"The H. Q. has been moved?"

"No, it hasn't. Anderson saw one of the officers. He said George had been sent on a mission."

"To another H. Q.?"

"That's what they said. I don't believe it."

"What do you believe, then?"

"I don't know. Anderson's sure they told him the truth. The officer he saw is a friend of George's, and he said George was expected back that very evening."

Campton sat looking at her uncertainly. Did she dread, or did she rather wish, to disbelieve the young officer? Where did she hope or fear that George had gone? And what were Campton's own emotions? As confused, no doubt, as hers—as undefinable. The insecurity of his feelings moved him to a momentary compassion for hers, which were surely pitiable, whatever they were. Then a savage impulse swept away every other, and he said: "Wherever George was, Brant's visit will have done him no good."

She grew pale. "Why—what do you mean?"

"I wonder it never occurred to you—or to your husband, since he's so solicitous," Campton went on, prolonging her distress.

"Please tell me what you mean," she pleaded with frightened eyes.

"Why, in God's name, couldn't you both let well enough alone? Didn't you guess why George never asked for leave—why I've always advised him not to? Don't you know that nothing is as likely to get a young fellow into trouble as having his family force their way through to see him, use influence, seem to ask favours? I dare say that's how that fool of a Dolmetsch woman got Isador killed. No one would have noticed where he was if she hadn't gone on so about him. They *had* to send him to the front finally. And now the chances are——"

"Oh, no, no, no—don't say it!" She held her hands before her face as if he had flung something flaming at her. "It was I who made Anderson go!"

"Well—Brant ought to have thought of that—*I* did," he pursued sardonically.

Her answer disarmed him. "You're his father."

"I don't mean," he went on hastily, "that Brant's not right: of course there's nothing to be afraid of. I can't imagine why you thought there was."

She hung her head. "Sometimes when I hear the other women—other mothers—I feel as if our turn must come too. Even at Sainte Menehould a shell might hit the house. Anderson said the artillery fire seemed so dreadfully near."

He made no answer, and she sat silent, without apparent thought of leaving.

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Finally he said: "I was just going out——"

She stood up. "Oh, yes—that reminds me. I came to ask you to come with me."

"With you——?"

"The motor's waiting—you must." She laid her hand on his arm. "To see Olida, the new *clairvoyante*. Everybody goes to her—everybody who's anxious about anyone. Even the scientific people believe in her. She's told people the most extraordinary things—it seems she warned Daisy de Dolmetsch... Well, I'd *rather* know!" she burst out passionately.

Campton smiled. "She'll tell you that George is back at his desk."

"Well, then—isn't that worth it? Please don't refuse me!"

He disengaged himself gently. "My poor Julia, go by all means if it will reassure you."

"Ah, but you've got to come too. You can't say no: Madge Talkett tells me that if *the two nearest* go together Olida sees so much more clearly—especially a father and mother," she added hastily, as if conscious of the inopportune "nearest." After a moment she went on: "Even Mme. de Tranlay's been; Daisy de Dolmetsch met her on the stairs. Olida told her that her youngest boy, from whom she'd had no news for weeks, was all right, and coming home on leave. Mme. de Tranlay didn't know Daisy, except by sight, but she stopped her to tell her. Only fancy—the last person she would have spoken to in ordinary times! But she was so excited and happy! And two days afterward the boy turned up safe and sound. You must come!" she insisted.

Campton was seized with a sudden deep compassion for all these women groping for a ray of light in the blackness. It moved him to think of Mme. de Tranlay's proud figure climbing a *clairvoyante's* stairs.

"I'll come if you want me to," he said.

They drove to the Batignolles quarter. Mrs. Brant's lips were twitching under her veil, and as the motor stopped she said childishly: "I've never been to this kind of place before."

"I should hope not," Campton rejoined. He himself, during the Russian lady's rule, had served an apprenticeship among the soothsayers, and come away disgusted with the hours wasted in their company. He suddenly remembered the Spanish girl in the little white house near the railway, who had told his fortune in the hot afternoons with cards and olive-stones, and had found, by irrefutable signs, that he and she would "come together" again. "Well, it was better than this pseudo-scientific humbug," he mused, "because it was picturesque—and so was she—and she believed in it."

Mrs. Brant rang, and Campton followed her into a narrow hall. A servant-woman showed them into a *salon* which was as commonplace as a doctor's waiting-room. On the mantelpiece were vases of Pampas grass, and a stuffed monkey swung from the electrolier. Evidently Mme. Olida was superior to the class of fortune-tellers who prepare a special stage-setting, and no astrologer's robe or witch's kitchen was to be feared.

The maid led them across a bare *bourgeois* dining-room into an inner room. The shutters were partly closed, and the blinds down. A voluminous woman in loose black rose from a sofa. Gold earrings gleamed under her oiled black hair—and suddenly, through the billows of flesh, and behind the large pale mask, Campton recognized the Spanish girl who used to read his fortune in the house by the railway. Her eyes rested a moment on Mrs. Brant; then they met his with the same heavy stare. But he noticed that her hands, which were small and fat, trembled a little as she pointed to two chairs.

"Sit down, please," she said in a low rough voice, speaking in French. The door opened again, and a young man with Levantine eyes and a showy necktie looked in. She said sharply: "No," and he disappeared. Campton noticed that a large emerald flashed on his manicured hand. Mme. Olida continued to look at her visitors.

Mrs. Brant wiped her dry lips and stammered: "We're his parents—a son at the front..."

Mme. Olida fell back in a trance-like attitude, let her lids droop over her magnificent eyes, and rested her head against

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a soiled sofa-pillow. Presently she held out both hands.

"You are his parents? Yes? Give me each a hand, please." As her cushioned palm touched Campton's he thought he felt a tremor of recognition, and saw, in the half-light, the tremor communicate itself to her lids. He grasped her hand firmly, and she lifted her eyes, looked straight into his with her heavy velvety stare, and said: "You should hold my hand more loosely; the currents must not be compressed." She turned her palm upward, so that his finger-tips rested on it as if on a keyboard; he noticed that she did not do the same with the hand she had placed in Mrs. Brant's.

Suddenly he remembered that one sultry noon, lying under the olives, she had taught him, by signals tapped on his own knee, how to say what he chose to her without her brothers' knowing it. He looked at the huge woman, seeking the curve of the bowed upper lip on which what used to be a faint blue shadow had now become a line as thick as her eyebrows, and recalling how her laugh used to lift the lip above her little round teeth while she threw back her head, showing the Agnus Dei in her neck. Now her mouth was like a withered flower, and in a crease of her neck a string of pearls was embedded.

"Take hands, please," she commanded. Julia gave Campton her ungloved hand, and he sat between the two women.

"You are the parents? You want news of your son—ah, like so many!" Mme. Olida closed her eyes again.

"To know where he is—whereabouts—that is what we want," Mrs. Brant whispered.

Mme. Olida sat as if labouring with difficult visions. The noises of the street came faintly through the closed windows, and a smell of garlic and cheap scent oppressed Campton's lungs and awakened old associations. With a final effort of memory he fixed his eyes on the *clairvoyante's* darkened mask, and tapped her palm once or twice. She neither stirred nor looked at him.

"I see—I see—" she began in the consecrated phrase. "A veil—a thick veil of smoke between me and a face which is young and fair, with a short nose and reddish hair: thick, thick, thick hair, like this gentleman's when he was young. . ."

Mrs. Brant's hand trembled in Campton's. "It's true," she whispered, "your hair used to be as red as Georgie's before it turned grey."

"The veil grows denser—there are awful noises; there's a face with blood—but not the first face. This is a very young man, as innocent as when he was born, with blue eyes like flax-flowers, but blood, blood . . . why do I see that face? Ah, now it is on a hospital pillow—not your son's face, the other; there is no one near, no one but some German soldiers laughing and drinking; the lips move, the hands are stretched out in agony; but no one notices. It is a face that has something to say to the gentleman; not to you, Madame. The uniform is different—is it an English uniform? . . . Ah, now the face turns grey; the eyes shut, there is foam on the lips. Now it is gone—there's another man's head on the pillow. . . Now, now your son's face comes back; but not near those others. The smoke has cleared. . . I see a desk and papers; your son is writing. . ."

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Brant.

"If you squeeze my hands you arrest the current," Mme. Olida reminded her. There was another interval; Campton felt his wife's fingers beating between his like trapped birds. The heat and darkness oppressed him; beads of sweat came out on his forehead. Did the woman really see things, and was that face with the blood on it Benny Upsher's?

Mme. Olida droned on. "It is your son who is writing—the young man with the very thick hair. He is writing to you—trying to explain something. Perhaps you have hoped to see him lately? That is it; he is telling you why it could not be. He is sitting quietly in a room. There is no smoke." She released Mrs. Brant's hand and Campton's. "Go home, Madame. You are fortunate. Perhaps his letter will reach you tomorrow."

Mrs. Brant stood up sobbing. She found her gold bag and pushed it toward Campton. He had been feeling in his own pocket for money; but as he drew it forth Mme. Olida put back his hand. "No. I am superstitious; it's so seldom

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that I can give good news. *Bonjour, madame, bonjour, monsieur.* I commend your son to the blessed Virgin and to all the saints and angels."

Campton put Julia into the motor. She was still crying, but her tears were radiant. "Isn't she wonderful? Didn't you see how she seemed to *recognize* George? There's no mistaking his hair! How could she have known what it was like? Don't think me foolish—I feel so comforted!"

"Of course; you'll hear from him to-morrow," Campton said. He was touched by her maternal passion, and ashamed of having allowed her so small a share in his jealous worship of his son. He walked away, thinking of the young man dying in a German hospital, and of the other man's face succeeding his on the pillow.

XXII

Two days later, to Campton's surprise, Anderson Brant appeared in the morning at the studio.

Campton, who was finishing a late breakfast in careless studio-garb, saw him peer cautiously about, as though fearing undressed models behind the screens or empty beer-bottles under the tables. It was the first time that Mr. Brant had entered the studio since his attempt to buy George's portrait, and Campton guessed at once that he had come again about George.

He looked at the painter shyly, as if oppressed by the indiscretion of intruding at that hour.

"It was my—Mrs. Brant who insisted—when she got this letter," he brought out between precautionary coughs.

Campton looked at him tolerantly: a barrier seemed to have fallen between them since their brief exchange of words about Benny Upsher. The letter, as Campton had expected, was a line from George to his mother, written two days after Mr. Brant's visit to Sainte Menehould. It expressed, in George's usual staccato style, his regret at having been away. "Hard luck, when one is riveted to the same square yard of earth for weeks on end, to have just happened to be somewhere else the day Uncle Andy broke through." It was always the same tone of fluent banter, in which Campton fancied he detected a lurking stridency, like the scrape of an overworked gramophone containing nothing but comic disks.

"Ah, well—his mother must be satisfied," Campton said as he gave the letter back.

"Oh, completely. So much so that I've induced her to go off for a while to Biarritz. The doctor finds her overdone; she'd got it into her head that George had been sent to the front, and I couldn't convince her to the contrary."

Campton looked at him. "You yourself never believed it?"

Mr. Brant, who had half risen, as though feeling that his errand was done, slid back into his seat and clasped his small hands on his agate-headed stick.

"Oh, never."

"It was not," Campton pursued, "with that idea that you went to Sainte Menehould?"

Mr. Brant glanced at him in surprise. "No. On the contrary——"

"On the contrary?"

"I understood from—from his mother that, in the circumstances, you were opposed to his asking for leave; thought it unadvisable, that is. So, as it was such a long time since we'd seen him—" The "we," pulling him up short, spread a brick-red blush over his baldness.

"Not longer than since I have—but then I've not your opportunities," Campton retorted, the sneer breaking out in spite of him. Though he had grown kindly disposed toward Mr. Brant when they were apart, the old resentments broke out in his presence.

Mr. Brant clasped and unclasped the knob of his stick. "I took the first chance that offered; I had his mother to think of." Campton made no answer, and he continued: "I was sorry to hear that you thought I'd perhaps been imprudent."

"There's no perhaps about it," Campton retorted. "Since you say you were not anxious about the boy I can't imagine why you made the attempt."

Mr. Brant was silent. He seemed overwhelmed by the other's disapprobation, and unable to find any argument in his own defense. "I never dreamed it could cause any trouble," he said at length.

"That's the ground you've always ta-

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ken in your interference with my son!" Campton had risen, pushing back his chair, and Mr. Brant stood up also. They faced each other without speaking.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Brant began, "that you should take such a view. It seemed to me natural . . . , when Mr. Jorgenstein gave me the chance——"

"Jorgenstein! It was Jorgenstein who took you to the front? Took you to see my son?" Campton threw his head back and laughed. "That's complete—that's really complete!"

Mr. Brant reddened as if the laugh had been a blow. He stood very erect, his lips as tightly closed as a shut penknife. He had the attitude of a civilian under fire, considerably perturbed, but obliged to set the example of fortitude.

Campton looked at him. At last he had Mr. Brant at a disadvantage. Their respective situations were reversed, and he saw that the banker was aware of it, and oppressed by the fear that he might have done harm to George. He evidently wanted to say all this and did not know how.

His distress moved Campton, in whose ears the sound of his own outburst still echoed unpleasantly. If only Mr. Brant would have kept out of his way he would have found it so easy to be fair to him!

"I'm sorry," he began in a quieter tone. "I dare say I'm unjust—perhaps it's in the nature of our relation. Can't you understand how I've felt, looking on helplessly all these years, while you've done for the boy everything I wanted to do for him myself? Haven't you guessed why I jumped at my first success, and nursed my celebrity till I'd got half the fools in Europe lining up to be painted?" His excitement was mastering him again, and he went on hurriedly: "Do you suppose I'd have wasted all these precious years over them if I hadn't wanted to make my son independent of you? And he *would* have been, if the war hadn't come; been my own son again and nobody else's, leading his own life, whatever he chose it to be, instead of having to waste his youth imprisoned in your bank, learning how to multiply your millions."

The futility of this retrospect, and the inconsistency of his whole attitude, exasperated Campton more than anything his visitor could do or say, and he stopped, embarrassed by the sound of his own words, yet seeing no escape save to bury them under more and more. But Mr. Brant had opened his lips.

"They'll be *his*, you know: the millions," he said in a low voice.

Campton's anger dropped: he felt Mr. Brant at last too completely at his mercy.

"You tried to buy his portrait once—you remember I told you it was not for sale," he simply answered.

Mr. Brant stood motionless, grasping his stick in one hand and stroking his short grey moustache with the other. For a while he seemed to be considering Campton's words without feeling their sting. "It was not the money . . ." he stammered out at length, from the depth of some unutterable plea for understanding; then he added: "I wish you a good morning," and walked out with his little stiff steps.

XXIII

CAMPTON was thoroughly ashamed of what he had said to Mr. Brant, or rather of his manner of saying it. If he could have put the same facts quietly, ironically, without forfeiting his dignity, and with the added emphasis which deliberateness and composure give, he would scarcely have regretted the opportunity. He had always secretly accused himself of a lack of courage in accepting Mr. Brant's heavy benefactions for George when the boy was too young to know what they might pledge him to; and it had been a disappointment that George, on reaching the age of discrimination, had not appeared to find the burden heavy, or the obligations unpleasant.

Campton, having accepted Mr. Brant's help, could hardly reproach his son for feeling grateful for it, and had therefore thought it "more decent" to postpone disparagement of their common benefactor till his own efforts had set them both free. Even then, it would be impossible to pay off the past—but the past might have been left to bury itself. Now his own wrath had dug it up, and he had paid for the brief joy of casting its bones in Mr. Brant's face by a deep disgust at his own weakness.

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All these things would have weighed on him even more if the outer weight of events had not been so much heavier. He had not returned to Mrs. Talkett's since the banker's visit; he did not wish to meet Jorgenstein, and his talk with the banker, and his visit to the *clairvoyante*, had somehow combined to send that whole factitious world tumbling about his ears. It was absurd to attach any importance to poor Olida's vaticinations; but the vividness of her description of the baby-faced boy dying in a German hospital haunted Campton's nights. If it were not the portrait of Benny Upsher it was at least that of hundreds and thousands of lads like him, who were thus groping and agonizing and stretching out vain hands, while in Mrs. Talkett's drawing-room well-fed men and expensive women heroically "forgot the war." Campton, seeking to expiate his own brief forgetfulness by a passion of renewed activity, announced to Boylston the next morning that he was coming back to the office.

Boylston hardly responded: he looked up from his desk with a face so strange that Campton broke off to cry out: "What's happened?"

The young man held out the morning paper. "They've done it—they've done it!" he shouted. Across the page the name of the *Lusitania* blazed out like the writing on the wall.

The Berserker light on Boylston's placid features made him look like an avenging cherub. "Ah, now we're in it—we're in it at last," he exulted, as if the horror of the catastrophe were already swallowed up in its result. The two looked at each other without further words; but the older man's first thought had been for his son. Now, indeed, America was "in it": the gross tangible proof for which her government had forced her to wait was there in all its unimagined horror. Cant and cowardice in high places had drugged and stupefied her into the strange belief that she was "too proud to fight" for others; and here she was brutally forced to fight for herself. Campton waited with a straining heart for his son's first comment on the new fact that they were "in it."

But his excitement and Boylston's exultation were short-lived. Before many days it became apparent that the proud nation which had flamed up overnight at the unproved outrage of the *Maine* was lying supine under the flagrant provocation of the *Lusitania*. The days which followed were, to many Americans, the bitterest of the war: to Campton they seemed the ironic justification of the phase of indifference and self-absorption through which he had just passed. He could not go back to Mrs. Talkett and her group; but neither could he take up his work with even his former zeal. The bitter taste of the national humiliation was perpetually on his lips: he went about like a man dishonoured.

He wondered, as the days and the weeks passed, at having no word from George. Had he refrained from writing because he too felt the national humiliation too deeply either to speak of it or to leave it unmentioned? Or was he so sunk in security that he felt only a mean thankfulness that nothing was changed? From such thoughts Campton's soul recoiled; but they lay close under the surface of his tenderness, and reared their evil heads whenever they caught him alone.

As the summer dragged itself out he was more and more alone. Dastrey, cured of his rheumatism, had left the Ministry to resume his ambulance work. Miss Anthony was submerged under the ever-mounting tide of refugees. Mrs. Brant had taken a small house at Deauville (on the pretext of being near her hospital), and Campton heard of the Talketts' being with her, and others of their group. Mr. Mayhew appeared at the studio one day, in tennis flannels and a new straw hat, announcing that he "needed rest," and rather sheepishly adding that Mrs. Brant had kindly suggested his spending "a quiet fortnight" with her. "I've *got* to do it, if I'm to see this thing through," Mr. Mayhew added in a stern voice, as if commanding himself not to waver.

A few days later, glancing over the *Herald*, Campton read that Mme. de Dolmetsch, "the celebrated *artiste*," was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Brant at Deauville, where she had gone to give recitations for the wounded in hospital. Campton smiled, and then thought with a tightening heart of Benny

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Upsher and Ladislas Isador, so incredibly unlike in their lives, so strangely one in their death. Finally, not long afterward, he read that the celebrated financier, Sir Cyril Jorgenstein (recently knighted by the British Government) had bestowed a gift of a hundred thousand francs upon Mrs. Brant's hospital. It was rumoured, the paragraph ended, that Sir Cyril would soon receive the Legion of Honour for his magnificent liberalities to France.

And still the flood of war rolled on. Success here, failure there, the menace of disaster elsewhere—Russia retreating to the San, Italy declaring war on Austria and preparing to cross the Isonzo, the British advance at Anzac, and from the near East news of the new landing at Suvla. Through all this alternating of tragedy and triumph ran the million and million individual threads of hope, fear, fortitude, resolve, with which the fortune of the war was obscurely but fatally interwoven. Campton remembered his sneer at Dastrey's phrase: "One can at least contribute an attitude." He had begun to feel the force of that, to understand the need of every human being's "pulling his weight" in the struggle, had begun to scan every face in the street in the passionate effort to distinguish between the stones in the wall of resistance and the cracks through which failure might filter.

The shabby office of the Palais Royal again became his only haven. His portrait of Mrs. Talkett had brought him many new orders; but he refused them all, and declined even to finish the pictures interrupted by the war. One of his abrupt revulsions of feeling had flung him back, heart and brain, into the horror he had tried to escape from. "If thou ascend up into heaven I am there; if thou make thy bed in hell, behold I am there," the war said to him; and as the daily head-lines shrieked out the names of new battle-fields, from the Arctic shore to the Pacific, he groaned back like the Psalmist: "Whither shall I go from thee?"

The people about him—Miss Anthony, Boylston, Mlle. Davril, and all their band of tired resolute workers—plodded ahead with their eyes on their task, seeming to find in its fulfillment a partial escape from the intolerable oppression. The women especially, with their Providential gift of living in the particular, appeared hardly aware of the vast development of the catastrophe; and Campton felt himself almost as lonely among these people who thought of nothing but the war as among those who hardly thought of it at all. It was only when he and Boylston, after a hard morning's work, went out to lunch together, that what he called the "*Lusitania* look," suddenly darkening the younger man's cherubic face, moved the painter with an anguish like his own.

Boylston, breaking through his shyness, had one day remonstrated with his illustrious friend for not going on with his painting: but Campton had merely rejoined: "We've each of us got to worry through this thing in our own way—" and the subject was not again raised between them.

The intervals between George's letters were growing longer. Campton, who noted in his pocket-diary the dates of all that he received, as well as those addressed to Mrs. Brant and Miss Anthony, had not had one to record since the middle of June. And in that there was no allusion to the *Lusitania*.

"It's queer," he said to Boylston, one day toward the end of July; "I don't know yet what George thinks about the *Lusitania*."

"Oh, yes, you do, sir!" Boylston returned, laughing; "but mails from the war-zone," he added, "have been very much delayed everywhere lately. When there's a big attack on anywhere they hold up everything along the line. And besides, no end of letters are lost."

"I suppose so," said Campton, pocketing the diary, and trying for the millionth time to call up a vision of his boy, seated at a desk in some still unvisualized place, his rumpled fair head bent above columns of figures or files of correspondence, while day after day the roof about him shook with the roar of the attacks which held up his letters.

(To be continued.)

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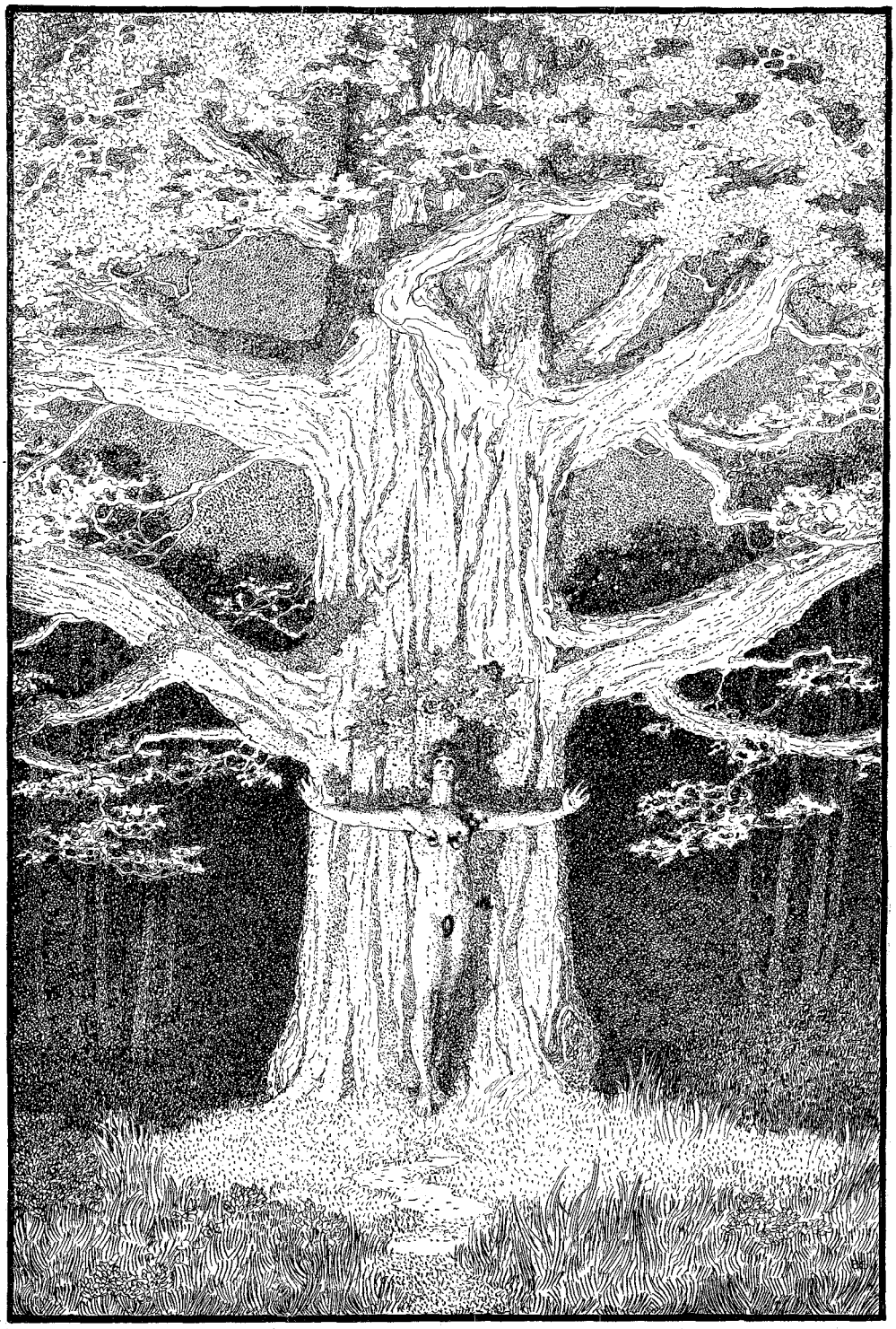

Four Oaks—*Allegro*.

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY BEATRICE STEVENS.

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Four Oaks—*Andante.*

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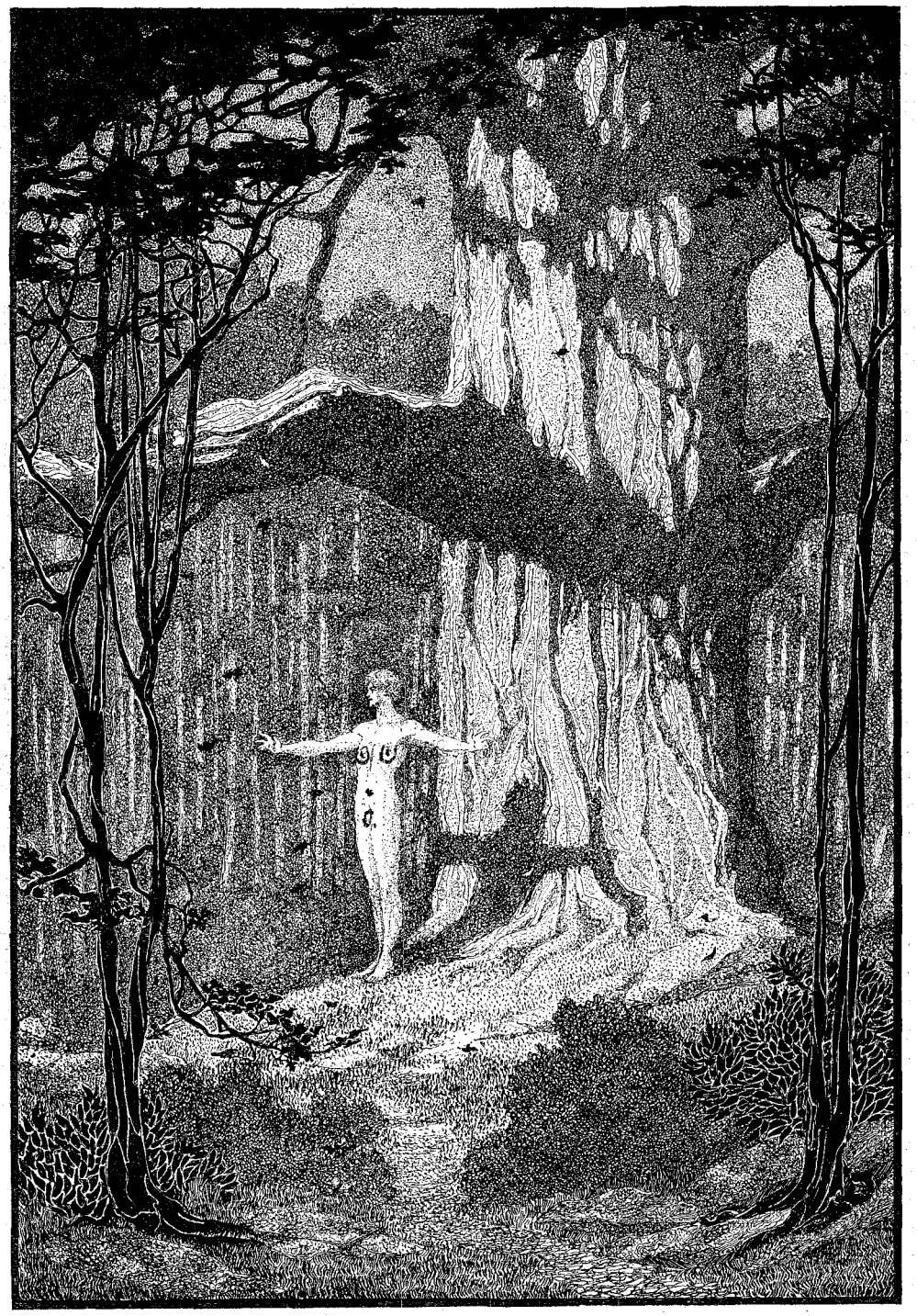

Four Oaks—*Scherzo.*

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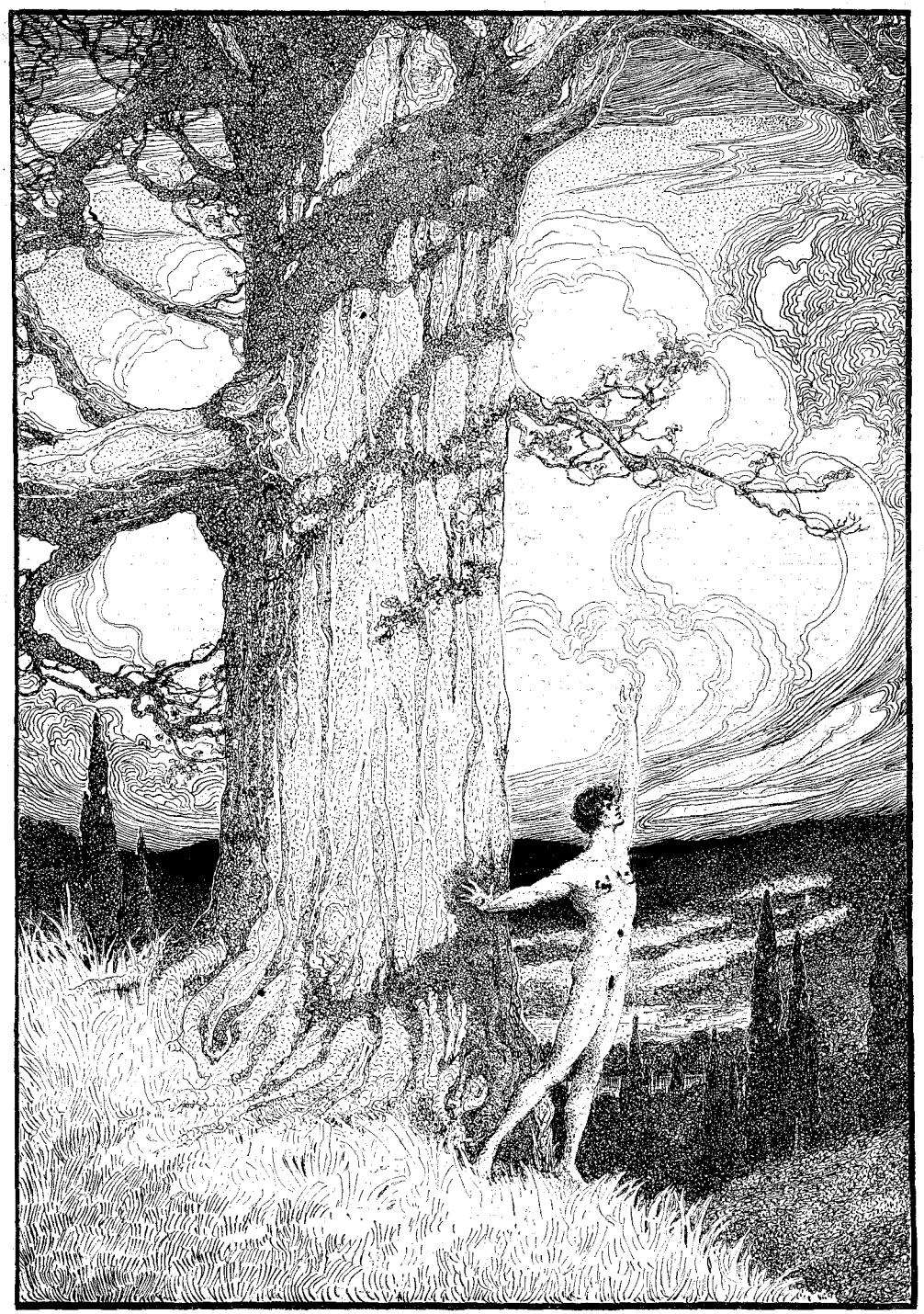

Four Oaks—*Allegro con brio.*

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The Great Audience Invisible

BY ORANGE EDWARD McMEANS
Author of "Eavesdropping on the World"

"For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?"

A NEW voice is heard in the land. It comes to join the chorus of those whose mission is to amuse, instruct, and advise the people. This new voice, speaking near and far, with the speed of light, over mountain and plain and sea, to limits which we dare not set short of the uttermost parts of the earth, is radio communication,—particularly its latest phase, radio telephone broadcasting. The printing-press and the motion-picture stand out as epoch-marking instruments in telling the world what the world is doing. But radio broadcasting harks back to the primitive, the direct appeal by word of mouth, giving it new power as yet unmeasured. The orator may now speak to millions with less effort than formerly to hundreds. The "hear ye" of the town crier resounds not only through the village streets but is heard afar in city and country, even out on the trackless deep. The voice of the singer and the sweet harmony of the instrument remain not within the narrow confines of the audience-room but leap forth into space, scorning walls or other barriers, and finding charmed listeners wherever they may be.

Those who have been "listening in" with fair regularity recently must know that radiotelephone broadcasting has advanced in America in the past year or so with strides that are difficult of comprehension. A few days ago I purchased a map of the United States and Canada, and hung it on the wall of the little back room out at my home. This little room for a number of years has been the listening post where we have kept tab on the world's doings. The wall map has printed on it a series of bright-red spots and red letters indicating the location and official designation of the radio broadcasting stations now operating. Across the room it resembles somewhat the photograph which I once took of the back of our boy scout when his measles were at their worst. In some regions of the map the red spots even crowd each other clear off into the ocean with red extension lines back to the location of the whole bunch, as at New York, Washington, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. How many spots on the map? Fortunately, there is also an alphabetical list printed below the map itself, making counting easy, and this totals up to eight hundred and twenty-five. Is it any wonder that with this number of broadcasters at work the air is full to overflowing any time you tap in? And the map is already a back number, for we have heard several stations we can't find on it.

That is one side of the broadcasting story in cold, statistical, card-index form. What about the audience of silent listeners that form the beach on which break the waves poured out from these more than eight hundred centres of ether disturbance? Here is an incident that may help to frame an answer. One recent Sunday night, sitting in the little back room, we listened with charmed delight to a pipe-organ and church-choir programme. The announcer told that they were that night dedicating the pipe-organ just installed in the broadcasting-room. Some two weeks later we sat again listening to the splendid music from this same station. This time the announcer stated that in the one week following the organ dedication they had received more than seventeen thousand letters commending their programme—and the letters were still pouring in. Up to the time of his announcement, he said, a tabulation showed that the letters came from every State in the Union, all the provinces of Canada, from Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and from hundreds of vessels

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on the Atlantic and Pacific. Seventeen thousand letters, and before the avalanche ceased it must have been twenty thousand or more. What percentage do you suppose of those who heard the big pipe-organ that Sunday night took the trouble to write a letter? Was it one in a hundred, or as high as one in ten? Any way you figure it, the result is startling. It shows that the organist at the keyboard of this one particular instrument is playing night after night to the greatest audience ever assembled by any means for any purpose in the history of the world. What a thrill should fill his soul and tingle out into the finger-tips that are privileged to start the melody forth on its light-speed way to the listening ears of a million!

This audience is remarkable and totally different in several ways from anything before known. Not only for the vast numbers is it notable, but in the perfection of the hearing of the music of the pipe-organ, and the choir which sings to its accompaniment betimes. As we all know only too well, in a company of a few thousand, as ordinarily assembled to hear the music of an organ or other instrument, there will be many seated or standing around the outer edge of the throng who cannot hear plainly enough to enjoy the programme. But here we have, say, several hundred thousand, which might just as well be several million, each one of whom is hearing the music as plainly as if he had the best seat in the auditorium. Perhaps it was this satisfaction in the hearing that in part impelled a few thousand to write the letters of appreciation.

Another difference that marks this vast company of listeners is that they do not sit packed closely, row on row, in stuffy discomfort endured for the delight of the music. The good wife and I sat there quietly and comfortably alone in the little back room of our own home that Sunday night and drank in the harmony coming three hundred miles to us through the air. How easy it is to close the eyes and imagine the other listeners in little back rooms, in kitchens, dining-rooms, sitting-rooms, attics; in garages, offices, cabins, engine-rooms, bungalows, cottages, mansions, hotels, apartments; one here, two there, a little company around a table away off yonder, each and all sitting and hearing with the same comfort just where they happen to be. Work your imagination a trifle harder and see the snow-bound huts of the great northland, where fur-clad figures silently listen to the strains of the great organ. Then slip down to the islands of the South, where amid fronded palms, little companies clad in summery white sit listening to that same choir and organ. Let fancy take you into hospital wards where helpless sufferers lie, smiling for a time as the pealing harmony rings out, "Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on." Is imagination weary with these flights, or will it still carry you on, hard pressing the flying ether-borne strains far out upon the vasty deep, where, over the sea and under the sky, the great organ and the choir find still other hearers who sit in the great audience?

And all this is about one concert from only one of the eight hundred and twenty-five broadcasting stations marked in red on our map. What were the rest of these broadcasters doing that same night? Going strong, nearly every single one of them we may be very sure, unless by great misfortune they had burned out the last spare bulb, or a storm had blown down the transmitting antenna. And they were all playing to great audiences of unseen listeners. How many radio listeners were there, all told, that Sunday night? Multiply the eight hundred and twenty-five stations by—what figure shall it be? How many thousand listeners will it average to each one broadcaster? If we say a thousand, which seems quite conservative, then we have eight hundred and twenty-five thousand as the total. There is manifestly no way of checking up the calculation, but it is probable that the silent listeners on any one night will average several millions. What a company gathered for one purpose on a Sunday night!

Not long ago, in the pages of this magazine, I told how our radio receiving outfit was built before, and rebuilt after the Great War by the boy scout and myself, with the loyal encouragement and interest of the sister camp-fire girl and her

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guardian mother. So this radio set in the little back room is a fully established member of the family with a voice in our daily doings. The boy scout came home from college last spring to land at an editorial desk of a local newspaper, insuring, incidentally, immediate blue-pencil censorship of dad's articles. He also took over the scoutmaster's job with the troop of boy scouts, giving me more time for several things, including radio experiments, and browsing among the broadcasters. During the summer our radio outfit was rearranged and put in good trim for the winter. It behaves much better now, showing less of the barbaric tendency to let out a wild Comanche yell right in the middle of the Pittsburgh church service, or to pick up something like the howl of the coyotes along with the ether-waves crossing the plains from Denver or Los Angeles. We now have a plug-board for a dozen 'phones, and a loud-speaker to tap in when the visitors overflow the little back room.

This loud-speaker, or any similar device that we have tried, must be regarded as only a poor substitute for the far more perfect head-receiver set. Much harm has no doubt been done to the cause of radio broadcasting by the indiscriminate use of loud-speakers of various types for demonstrations or as advertising devices for stores of dealers in radio supplies. Many persons have an impression that the squawking, rasping noise emitted from the blaring horns of these devices is characteristic of radiotelephony in general, and naturally they care nothing for any more of it. Some loud-speakers, it is true, give excellent results when manipulated by a competent radio operator. However for consistent, satisfying hearing by means of the radiotelephone there is nothing that can equal the individual receiver set. It is the results that are to be obtained in this way that form the basis for this article. If you would know what radio receiving really means, put on the "ear-muffs."

The other night the young editor-scoutmaster came home to find me sitting at the listening post. He dropped on the couch beside the radio desk and slipped on a pair of 'phones. It was a musical programme from San Antonio, coming through the frosty night air with startling distinctness. For a quarter of an hour we listened in silence, then, in an interval between numbers, I touched the dial slightly. With a crash we were in the midst of a selection being played by a full band. At the end of the number came the query from the couch, "Hey! Pop, where are we now?" Before I could reply, a big bass voice roared out through the 'phones, seeming to fill the little room, "WGY, Schenectady." Just a mere jump of two thousand miles between numbers by the slight crooking of one finger. The listener on the couch had not stirred even the one finger, and knew of the jump that happened to be half-way across the continent only by the sudden change in programme. And we forgot to ask for our checks when we slipped away from San Antonio.

One of our visitors remarked that it is about as much fun hearing the announcements, and thereby finding where you are among the red spots on the map as it is listening to the programmes. And it is even so. This fishing in the far away with the radio hook and line is rare sport. The line is long, the fishing is getting better all the time, and it usually does not take many minutes to find out what you have on the hook. In addition to the formal declaration of the station's call letters, given at intervals through the programme, these broadcasters have evolved a long list of kinks and stunts that identify them on the instant. The locomotive whistle sounding, "too-oo, too-oo, toot, toot," marks the broadcasting station at a railroad division point in Georgia. The weird howl of the siren auto signal is an automobile school in Kansas City that puts out good music between the howls. The "ting-a-ling" of the hand bell announces that the "town crier" of a Detroit newspaper is about to begin his whimsical digest of the day's news. There are several variations of the Chinese dinner-gong, one broadcaster closing his nightly programmes by sounding "taps" on the sweet-toned bells, while Louisville makes the final number a bell solo playing "My Old Kentucky Home."

Considerable ingenuity has been displayed in the invention of slogans for certain high-class widely known stations.

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There is "The Voice of the South" from Atlanta, Davenport is "Where the West Begins," from Minneapolis comes "The Call of the North," Kansas City declares itself "The Heart of America," while San Antonio comes along with the inviting phrase, "The Winter Playground of America." Even the voices of the announcers come to be familiar and distinctive to one who listens often enough. There is the deep basso which comes to mean "Schenectady" with the first syllable, the quiet easy round tone which announces "This is WWJ" from Detroit, the sprightly pleasing voice that speaks into your 'phones to tell that you are listening to that pioneer and old faithful station KDKA at Pittsburgh, while the broadcaster at Havana, Cuba, has a blown-in-the-bottle label in his Castilian accent marking every word, even if he did not duplicate all announcements in Spanish. Nearly all vocal numbers from his station are also rendered in that tongue for the benefit evidently of the radio listeners dwelling on the "Pearl of the Antilles." But the wide Gulf is no barrier nor yet the thousand miles of land across which these charming Spanish numbers reach us in Hoosierland. All these stunts, slogans, and voices constitute the bobbing cork to tell where your radio hook is taking hold as you sit fishing out into the unknown with all the patience and keenness of expectation ever displayed by any disciple of Izaak Walton.

The delight in the "catch" often grows as you listen, to find something going on of great timely importance or personal appeal. We heard the brief farewell address of Georges Clemenceau, "The Tiger of France," as he spoke in the ballroom of the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York, the night before his departure homeward bound. Long years of engineering training and practice caused me to listen with keen zest one night as we happened to cut in just in time to hear Doctor Charles P. Steinmetz, whose name and fame are known to all electrical engineers, speaking from Schenectady to a convention in Swampscott, Mass. There was something of the same delight in hearing Doctor Robert E. Speer speak from Pittsburgh concerning his recent trip through Mesopotamia, since it happened that, many years ago, I sat in a summer school under Doctor Speer's teaching. During the final game of the last "world's series," in New York, we heard from our listening post the running comment on the game by Grantland Rice, who sat in the press box at the Polo Grounds. Mr. Rice's knowledge of the players and the innermost workings of our national game gave intense vividness to his snappy report. This was accented when he would follow a player around the diamond, finally jerking out "safe at home," and we could hear the crowd cheer wildly. One night a little company of high-school teachers were listening with us when we tapped a ring-side report of a series of boxing bouts. The usually demure teachers nearly laughed themselves into hysterics over the strange pugilistic lingo of the reporter. Of course, we receive the printed advance programmes from many of the broadcasters, and direct our nightly course through the ether from our listening post to points that seem to offer the richest feast according to our own measure of enjoyment. But programmes often change after printing to bring in events of later occurrence or catch the fleeting opportunity for an address or song by the unexpected guest in the broadcaster's own city. Then, again, we grow tired often of checking the schedule and just browse around here and there among the many stations whose tuning we know on the dials and the many more that we don't know until we catch them.

That Southern railroad-station broadcaster one night put on a programme which he said was "for the especial benefit of Train No. 36, the New York and New Orleans Limited, now running between Atlanta and West Point, Georgia." Between the musical numbers he would announce the progress of the train as it passed station after station. And we who listened in Indiana could see in fancy the speeding train whose passengers were being entertained by the music flashing to them through the medium that laughs at slow-going steam. Often we catch a bit of the personal touch that lends the newspaper man's "human interest" to the formal programmes, as when the violinist from the school of

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music of Bonham, Texas, playing at Fort Worth, paused a moment before the first number to say in a sweet girlish voice, "Hello! Mama, I just wanted you to know that I arrived safely in Fort Worth." On the night of a serious conflagration recently in the city of Atlanta, the broadcaster stopped his regular programme to tell of the progress of the fire as he saw from his window building after building succumb to the advancing flames. In another city, the building across the alley from the broadcasting station was selected for attack by a gang of burglars, who were detected in their nefarious work by the district patrolman, who called out the emergency squad and the "hurry-up wagons." The broadcaster's description of the exciting scene from his window was punctuated by the clanging gongs and the yells of the crowd which gathered.

The routine of announcing, night after night, "The next selection from broadcasting station XYZ will be," etc., sometimes grows stale, and broadcasting-station crews break loose with a burst of fun that is shared far and wide among their hearers. Drowsy listeners to the announcer of an Atlanta newspaper, shortly before one midnight, were aroused by an invitation to join the new order of "Radiowls," and then these same listeners sat up and disturbed their respective households by indulging in fits of uproarious laughter over a special programme of initiation. This programme was given as emanating from "Station ICU, the radiophone broadcasting station of the Midnight Sunrise, located at Moonshine, Georgia." It was further stated that this broadcasting was being sent out "on the wildest wave-length in America." Each musical or other number was preceded by the raucous clanging of cow-bells, which, it was explained in response to an anxious inquiry by wire telephone, was "The Holstein Chimes." The announcer of this rural outburst paused in his fun-making at one time to thank an appreciative member of the midnight audience listening at Terre Haute, Indiana, for relaying the programme back to Atlanta by long-distance telephone, giving the revellers a chance to hear themselves as others heard them five hundred miles away.

There is a suggestive hint of the world-broadening and boundary-obliterating mission of radio broadcasting to those who listen here in "the States" to the nightly broadcasting of news, educational, and musical features from Havana and Winnipeg. The barriers in both these cases are slight, it is true, but the ether-waves know nothing of even the perfunctory official checking at the man-made lines to which everything material and visible is subjected in seeking to make the crossing from the "Dominions of the King" to "the land of the free and home of the brave." It is here that one feels with full force the power of the radiophone to transport the listener in effect into the very presence of the speaker or other source of transmitted sound. There are countless little details, which we count as mannerisms of the speaker or mere incidents of fleeting and minor nature, occurring in connection with any programme, which jump into importance when we listen a thousand miles away and find ourselves closing the eyes to fly instantly into the very theatre, church, broadcasting-room, or other place of origin of the sounds, loud and feeble, intentional and accidental, which come with marvelous perfection of transmission through the stretches of empty nothingness to spread before us a vivid picture of the very scene at the start of the flying waves. It is this "atmosphere" of local sounds, forming the scenery or setting for the formal numbers of music or spoken word, that carries the hearer from his humble listening post and sets him in a favored seat in the great audience. The broadcaster down there in Havana may not realize it, but he is conducting an English-Spanish class of unprecedented attendance. His bi-lingual announcements will revive in many of his hearers faded memories of college short courses in Spanish, while the songs of the charming señoritas keep the attendance from falling off. Learn Spanish at home? Why not, when it is so easy to tune the dials carefully to the wave bearing the softly rolling R's, and then just sit quietly under the pleasant admixture of instruction and entertainment? See if your ears are sharp enough to identify that regular clucking sound that comes persistently in

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the intervals between selections. Sounds much like a big clock ticking. No, it is only the "put-put-put" of the gasolene-engine generator that supplies the electric kick to send the Spanish out into space.

Popular interest in radio came with such a rush in the spring of 1922, that a great deal of unsatisfactory receiving apparatus was hurriedly put on the market. Many broadcasting stations were also set up in a makeshift way, and put out programmes of extremely amateurish nature. At the very first, any sort of a sound which could be recognized as speech or music was interesting. But the public to-day has been trained to expect rapid improvement in any invention catering to their comfort, convenience, or amusement. The fascinating wonder of yesteryear may come to be "rotten service" to-day if it does not meet the popular ideal of perfection. So it is that the broadcaster who allows his generator hum to get into the air, or who announces a "pie-anna" solo, may expect his listeners to tune off his wave in a hurry. But, taking it all over, the broadcasters have done extremely well, considering the absolute novelty of the enterprise and the absence of any direct financial return for the service. Many changes must come in the near future to systematize and standardize conditions which are still crude and haphazard in relative schedules, distribution of broadcasting stations, and nature of programmes. The situation is clearing, and may be expected to improve rapidly.

A recent government-department ruling establishing "Class B" broadcasting stations to operate on four-hundred-metres wave-length under rigid requirements as to equipment, schedule, and quality of output, has lifted a number of the highest-grade stations out of the three-hundred-and-sixty-metre tangle. But even so, the ether-waves at any allowable wave-length are fairly packed with music of every known kind and variety from the jazziest jazz to grand opera and anthems of church choirs. Intermingled with the music we find sermons, addresses, talks on fashion, home economics, science, medicine, art, and on down the list to the end of the index. One of the problems confronting the broadcasters to-day is to find out what the people want to hear, and to make the mixture in the right proportion. The experience of the talking-machine people affords some light on the question. Good music may be expected to find a receptive audience at any time, with just at present, it must be admitted, a popular demand for jazz. But all the people are not jazz crazy and even the best of music palls after a time. A good speaker with a real message may be very sure as he stands before the mysterious box and speaks out into the unknown, that he is holding an audience literally in tune with him. The preacher who has a little black box mounted on the pulpit comes very soon to know that the congregation seated before him is to the great invisible listening throng but as the sprinkle of a few drops over the baptismal font to the pouring rain outside. One preacher had so many calls by mail and telephone for a certain broadcasted sermon that he printed an edition of ten thousand copies, and two weeks later told that these were exhausted and ten thousand more were being hurriedly printed to mail out to members of the great "invisible congregation." Do folks go to church by radio? There is one preacher who knows they do. William Jennings Bryan spoke one evening to a fairly large congregation in a church in Pittsburgh. His manager was inclined to be sceptical of the little black box on the pulpit. Mr. Bryan did not object, however, and the circuit from the transmitter to the broadcasting station was turned on during his address. In the following few days more than four thousand letters reached Mr. Bryan from hearers in nearly every State in the Union.

The technique of radio broadcasting brings something entirely new into the experience of even the trained speaker or musician. The absence of the expectant throng of faces and the instant response in smile, pealing laughter, clapping of hands, or other signs of reaction to the speaker, with the resulting loss in inspiration leading to increasing power in delivery or execution, presents a difficult situation. There is nothing in an empty room and a small black carton-like object hanging from a music-stand support to suggest a hundred thousand hearers,

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each one of whom sits with keen ears right where the black carton is swinging, each one hearing not only the spoken words of the formal address, or the sweet harmonies of voice and instrument, but hearing as well the rustle of the papers in the speaker's hand, the taking of breath between the singer's trilling strains, every sound made or uttered while the switch is turned on. The making of phonograph records is somewhat similar but differs greatly in one respect, the lack of immediate contact with the audience. A poor record can be retaken until the desired perfection in recorded sound is obtained, to be sent out later on to thousands of hearers. But for the radiophone speaker there is no such thing as a "retake." The audience is there, expectantly waiting though unseen, and what is said or done must be delivered then and there, even as over the footlights to a crowded house. It is a new variety of "blind man's buff" with the added ban of silence placed on all the players, save the one in the centre upon whom attention is concentrated. Who can blame this one for showing signs of intense nervous strain in the one-sided game? But speakers and entertainers will soon overcome this "broadcast buckague" as the novelty wears off and we take this wonder of to-day into the daily life of to-morrow.

For anything that is worth the telling or worth the hearing, this new-found handmaiden of civilization brings a way to tell it with the greatest ease to the greatest audience, and to hear it with the least effort or disturbance to our daily round. Until recently the motion-picture held the field as the latest development in the effective spreading of information to the greatest number. It is a triumph of optics, mechanics, and chemistry in the amusement and instruction of the world through the avenue of sight. Now comes radiotelephony, calling in unmistakable tones to art, science, education, amusement, and religion, to make use of this far-reaching but direct-acting approach to the people through the medium of sound. The call is being heard by artists, teachers, preachers, leaders of thought in every line of human activity, who are addressing the great invisible audience of those who sit at home yet gather to listen, who applaud not with the clapping of hands, but nevertheless are responsive in high degree, an audience even now compelling attention for its overwhelming size, and growing fast into "a great multitude which no man could number."

When I Am Gone

BY W. ELLERY SEDGWICK

If you would think of me when I am gone
Then think me not on some unearthly shore,
Prouder of heart in some more ample dawn
Seeking a larger love I missed before.
But think of me turned weary of the quest—
No more for daring, eager for the strife,
But near to you, a not unworldly guest
Asking alone the little crumbs of life.

O think of me as just so late returned
From woods and uplands I have loved to roam,
And know that in my heart old fires burned
When once again I crossed the fields for home;
Then know me well in my remembered place,
Watching you still—the firelight on your face.

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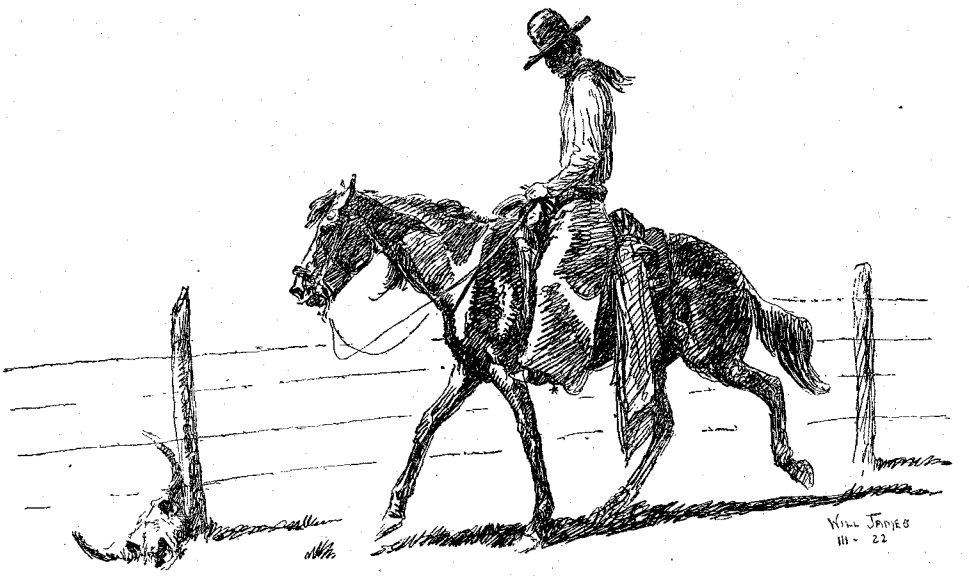

Jim couldn't follow the old trails much more.—Page 419.

A Cowpuncher Speaks

BY WILL JAMES
Author of "Bucking Horses and Bucking-Horse Riders"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

I'M up on a knoll. The river-bottom stretches out below me, and far as I can see is a checkered country of little pastures, fields, and alfalfa patches, fences a-cutting up the land and a-stretching 'way up over the ridges. It all looks so peaceful and I wonder if it's as it looks. I wonder if that man out there working in his field, worrying about his crop or mortgage, appreciates or sees what's about him. There's so many gates, ditches, and bridges, it seems like they're down a hole and sort of trying to get out of the entanglements.

How many of 'em would like to see the country as it was; how many have rode across the river-flats when the neighbor was some fifteen miles or so away? When the only fence was a little "wrango" horse pasture and the big pole corrals? The hills were black with cattle then, more cattle than this country will ever see again; there was a lot of freedom, no mortgages, and you were glad when your neighbor rode in and sat at your table remarking "how good" *his own beef* tasted for a change.

There's old Jim Austin who's got the real-estate office up above the bank—at one time he was paying taxes on fifteen thousand head of cattle (which means he was running closer onto twenty-five thousand of the critters), had a couple thousand horses and twenty thousand acres of land—some of it government land he'd bought for as low as two bits an acre, the rest he got from the homesteaders who'd leave the country and trade their "three hundred and twenty" for a ticket back home. It's the same land I'm looking at now, but you wouldn't know it.

Jim, he'd come up trail into Montana at the "point" of Texas' first herds; the

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How many of 'em would like to see the country as it was?—Page 417.

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cattle was most head, and horns averaging six foot from tip to tip. He was a "top hand" and reckless as they make 'em; had nothing but a string of broncs and good health. He'd traded his wages for cattle, and every fall when the last of the beef was shipped you could see Jim driving his summer's wages home, all good young she-stock he'd bought here and there, along with a few "slicks" he thought *might* be his.

Once in a while he'd get on a rampage and leave all his cattle on the poker-table, but it wasn't long till there'd be another little bunch at the home corrals bearing the Austin "iron," and Jim would make a new promise, till finally a schoolmarm made him keep it—and that was to never touch cards or "likker" again. He got so he wouldn't ride bad horses any more, so interested he was in making a go of what he'd started.

His herds kept increasing and spreading over the government range; his little squatter's right was three hundred and twenty acres and the unsurveyed land about him was same as his. He wasn't crowded for room.

Then out of a clear sky came the smell of sheep; all was O. K. at first, 'cause the cowmen figgered there was plenty of range for everybody, *even sheep*. But soon enough the sheep kept getting thicker and their range poorer, which started the crowding on the cowman's best bits of country. There was a few parleys without the voice of the "smoke wagon" being heard—but sheep and sheep-herders don't have much respect for words or rules or country; so they went at it to start spoiling it all; and the cowmen went on to finishing what the sheepmen had started, with the result that mostly sheepmen and sheep was missing. The government couldn't do much; they'd had to pinch about four States.

The cattlemen won for a spell and all was hunkydory again outside of the damage sheep had done to the range. The dust beds they'd made out of the good grassy "benches" was beginning to show signs of life, the air was pure as ever, and cattle was getting fat. The cattlemen were all good folks once more and tending to their business in the land that was theirs. They were the first to blaze the trail to it; they made that land a big beef-producing country, it was their home, and naturally they wouldn't allow a stinking sheep coming along and leaving nothing of it but the bad odor.

Jim Austin rode in one day and went on to tell Mrs. Austin what a fine neighbor had just moved in and took a "squatter's" just five miles down the river. A few months later another sets up a tent and starts a shack, up river this time and only two miles away. "Well, that was all right; there's lots of room, but I can't see how they're going to make a go of 'farming,'" Jim said; "this country's too dry." Anyhow, they kept a-coming, and it wasn't long till Jim couldn't follow the old trails much more. He'd bought all the government land he could, but that was nowheres near enough to run even one-fifth of his cattle. His leases couldn't hold the homesteader back, only sheep. Some of his best springs were filed on and taken away from right inside his lease. Then the sheep showed up again; the homesteader wasn't worried about sheep, they couldn't do him no harm, so they were neutral, and the cattlemen went at it again alone. It was a losing fight; their range was being taken from 'em one way or another, and they hadn't much heart to saving what little was left. So they tried it in another way and speculated some. In the meantime their cattle was still eating what little feed the sheep hadn't shoved into the earth, and the cowboy was still swapping a few shots with the sheep-herder and batting him over the ear with the six-gun every chance he got.

The freighters were kept busy hauling out the nester. He'd take them, their lumber, grub, and all, and set 'em 'way out somewhere on the prairie wherever their particular homestead was at. Few of 'em had enough money to buy an outfit like team and wagon, and they went out anyway, figuring on buying the next spring; besides, they'd know better what they wanted when they got there. They did all right, but not till the freighter had already left, and then they realized what a big country they were in. The first few had no close neighbors to go to and borrow from. I guess it seemed they was all alone in the whole world.

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Jim, he'd come up trail into Montana at the "point" of Texas' first herds.—Page 417.

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The booster had most of the folks who'd come West to homestead believing that all was fixed for them out here. All they'd have to do would be to go on and farm a little; the windmill would be a-running for 'em and the chickens waiting to be fed. Some paradise, and no wonder they flocked after they heard so much about the climate being so fine and the soil being so rich! The soil *was* fine, all right, and the climate was good, but it needed water to grow what they planted. Well, they planted and waited, planted and waited in succession for years. The crop would come up fine in the spring, just fine enough for feed, then dry up. It was a cow country and should have been left such; but the nesters kept on hoping and working; the little money they'd brought with 'em was gone, and the little homestead was all they had. Some writers would have it that the stockman hired gunmen to drive the nesters off, but I'm here to say that I've packed many a hunk of beef on the back of my saddle for a certain nester with plenty of family and no grub. While working a herd we'd sometimes break a steer's neck or leg in roping. Jim would most always send one of us boys to the nester closest to tell him bring his wagon and scatter this critter among his neighbors.

One winter while riding for weak stock, and thirty miles from camp, I see one of them nester shacks in the distance and getting dark. I figgers on putting up at the place for the night, if satisfactory with the owner. I rides up and the place looks deserted; no tracks on the week-old snow and no smokes out of the pipe or light to be seen. I gets off my horse and knocks. Some one answers inside and there's a note in the voice that suggests lost hopes coming back. Opening the door I sees an old man in his bunk by the corner; had everything over him he could get—horse-blankets, sacks, and old clothes was piled high. It's a wonder he could move, but he did; that is, his head anyway, and tells me to "come in." I finds he has nothing but eight cans of corn between him and starvation. He kept warm by staying in bed or walking around when he could. He'd burnt his last fuel a month ago, even to the shelves, benches, and table he'd made; said he knew if he'd lose

The cowboy was still batting the sheep-herder over the ear with the six-gun every chance he got.—Page 419.

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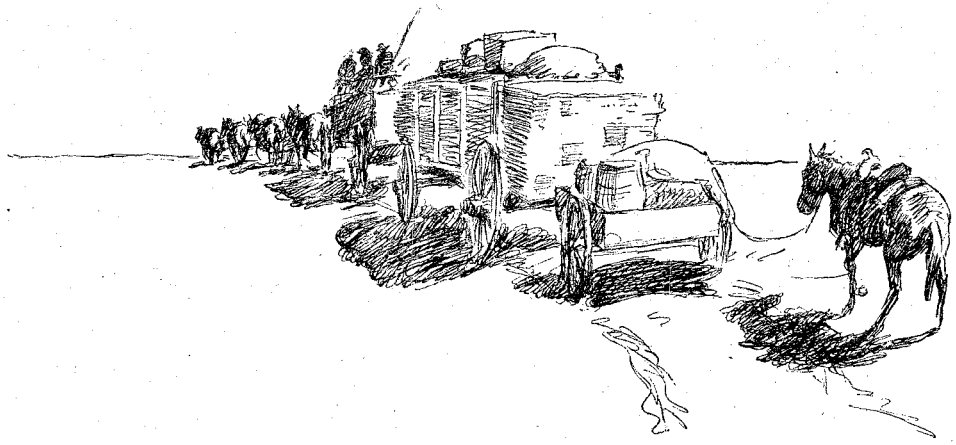

The freighter would take the nester, his lumber and grub and set 'em 'way out on the prairie.—Page 419.

sight of the shack he'd get lost—and the bleak prairie outside all white without a break nowheres didn't look very promising to a newcomer—town was seventy miles away. He'd had a freighter haul his lumber and grub for him, figgering to stay on the homestead the winter and working away in the summer, and that way get title for the land. But him being a townman had no idea how much grub a human could eat in six months' time, and figgered about three months short. The little tin stove in the corner eats a lot too, and it was too late to gather "buffalo-chips," too much snow over 'em; besides, he'd need a wagon and team; so he'd et his corn cold.

I rides back that night and gets to the ranch for breakfast, tells Jim about it, and in a short while one of the boys is headed for the nester's shack with a little grub and an extra horse to bring the old man to the ranch with.

There was many like that; some families even hit the trail for the prairies that way, with all kinds of hopes and little knowing what they had to buck up against. The pioneer stockman who'd lost his country to 'em was man enough to help 'em; he didn't have to hire no gunman. All he'd had to've done was to ignore 'em and would've got rid of many that way. He didn't, 'cause it wasn't in him. He liked fair play, and even though he didn't get it from some, that's the way he dealt.

Fact is, I know of plenty of times when cattlemen would find some of their cattle or horses shot down. It looked like it was done just for spite and it always struck me kind o' small for anybody to even scores that way. The sheepman wouldn't do it, it wasn't his style. And I remember, before the nesters came in, the latch-string hung out always; but with the nester or what followed him it wasn't safe to be too hospitable and leave the door open. A 30-30 carbine would disappear, or blankets, also saddles and grub; so the padlock was fastened to the cow camp and will stay there as long as there is one.

One spring, a strong warm "chinook" came, and mighty early. It took two feet of snow off the level, and kept on a-blowing hot; took most of the moisture out, and it was too early for the nesters to plant, for fear of the frost that was bound to come. The moisture that fell after that wasn't enough to wet a cigarette paper and it blowed most always. The ground was dry, and where it had been ploughed it shifted fine. They didn't plant that year—they was leaving, out of the prairies back to home or anywhere else they could get, just so they got away.

Jim Austin was squatted by the corral counting the ears off the calves branded that day. "Mighty poor calf crop this spring," he thought; "cattle too scattered." He figgered he'd have to cut down the herd some more and run 'em closer to home.

A few days later Jim straddled his "top-horse" and told his wife not to ex-

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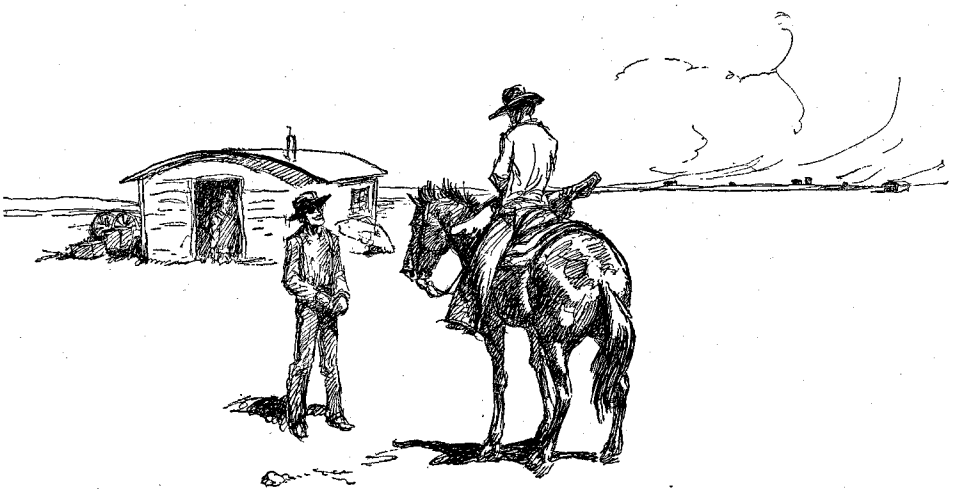
pect him back for a few days. He was gone a week—and on his return he told a "wrango" to corral all the broke work-horses on the ranch, and told the ranch hands to grease up all the wagons, and hitch a four-horse team to each. Us cowboys kept a-branding calves but we were sure a-wondering what was up. Finally it was learned that he bought all the homesteads he could get that was *proved on*, and was helping the nesters what hadn't already gone to move their belongings and families to the railroad. They was mighty glad to sell for enough to get back home on, and that way Jim was trying to get his old range back. Though he was sorry for the nesters, he knew there was no use—this was a cow country and always will be.

The nesters' fences was tore down and built up again, but it took in bigger territory. Some places the fence was a solid ten miles long and five wide. It was a winter range, and Jim kept on paying two cents lease an acre for thousands of acres of government land and fenced that in too. Sheep had the rest of the country buffaloed and dying. Some cattlemen still run their stock out on the free range, but they weren't doing good, and the winters left many a bone pile in the coulées.

Riding up the bottom one day, Jim come across a whole outfit of tents, mules, and men in high laced boots. They were surveyors and engineers looking over the prospects for a dam and irrigation canal. Jim got on his "high horse" right away and was fighting mad. He felt it was a new trap to beat and crowd him out of what he'd built, scraped together, and saved. He was satisfied to be left alone the way things was. The fact that the irrigation system would make his land worth ten times more didn't faze him none. He'd forgot about the colts he'd rode out to bring in and started back to the ranch feeling kind o' tired. There sure didn't seem to be no use of fighting any longer; progress wanted his freedom.

The dam was built and Jim helped build it with shares. The canal cut through the old stage roads and trails and left a scar of many colors on the side of the river breaks. Most of his government lease was taken away from him; being it was under the canal and subject to irrigation, the land was sold at high price and this time the nesters was called "farmers" and came in to stay. There was water and plenty of it; little ditches run through the river-bottom and alfalfa began to grow. Haystacks and a few head of dairy stock were seen here and there. Jim held on and refused to sell any of his land. The range being overcrowded for years was mostly loco and sage-brush and rocks. The stirrup-high "blue joint" was gone. He had to cut down his herd and saw where what he kept would have to be fed in winter. His own land had to be di-



I've packed many a hunk of beef for the nester with plenty of family and no grub.—Page 421.

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vided up with more fences and ditches, mowers and hay-rakes bought, and Jim tried to get himself used to seeing it all. It sure hurt, but it had to be. His white and brockle-faced stock crowded the fences at first fall. There was no more rustling in 'em, and the hay he'd cut looked better to them than the dry range. Jim didn't wonder; he knew how it was going to end—and it cut pretty deep when his cowpunchers'd rode in with wire pliers fastened to their saddles instead of the good old shootin'-iron at their belts.

The government didn't seem to care or realize that the cattle industry was being killed. They let sheep run in the country that could be ruined, when there was other States what might have been made sheep reserves and where their sharp hoofs could do no harm. They let the booster bring people out on the prairies that couldn't be dry-farmed. The proof is up on the benches. You'll see hundreds of deserted shacks; the land is ploughed around 'em and only weeds is where the buffalo-grass used to grow. What little is under irrigation don't no more than feed the few cattle, hogs, and sheep. Not much goes out—that is not near as much as when it was a cow country. The land is dying and it will die unless it's given a chance, and the sheep are took off and put away in the burned lava country.

Some folks would call it a great country, a heap greater they think than it ever was; but it don't seem like the United States any more. Take the little town of Garrison, for instance—it used to be our shipping-point—grew overnight, you might say; new hotels was built to accommodate the pilgrims, and there'd be only one hombre out of four what you might call American. The rest was from most everywhere where it was crowded. Two new banks sprang up, and on the second floor of the biggest you could see the gold letters in the big windows saying

JAMES AUSTIN, REAL ESTATE.

Yep, Jim had quit, turned all of his cattle he could into beef and shipped to Chicago. The mixed stock was sold at auction; his ranch was divided into small farms, which accounts for the real-estate office. It was for sale. Antonio Spagaroni had bought a hundred acres; he didn't need to hire no help. All the young Spagaronis and the Missus was working. He'd take his best pork and chickens to market and keep for himself what he couldn't get rid of. "Oh! yes, thees fine coontree."

When the armistice was signed the railroad rates went up and the cattle prices went down. The folks in the big cities were paying four prices for beef and the stockmen were losing in shipping; like one told me he'd shipped a car-load of hides and got a bill from the buyer who said the hides didn't pay for the freight; that he'd have to send another car-load. It was a joke but there was a heap of truth in it. The cowmen were in debt and going under; they had to shift for themselves and were neglected and put back for other governmental needs. Nobody seemed to mind if beef was plum out of sight in the butcher-shops.

Jim loaned out all he could to help his pioneer friends, at the same time glad he was out of it. There were no corrals or bellering cattle nowheres near him. He'd bought a home in Garrison, and on the walls of the big living-room you can see a few big paintings of Charley Russell's—Montana's cowboy artist. Jim knows every brush-mark on 'em. They represent happenings of the days when the range was free and open. There's no sheep or nesters' shacks to mar the scenery, and he'll tell you it's mighty good medicine for sore eyes and a tired heart.

He was studying one of them paintings as I walked in, and when he saw me he knew what was up. I'd been with Jim ever since he got enough cattle to hire an extra rider. I was his cow foreman and fought sheepmen with him and tried to help him save his little country. I saw it go under but I stayed to the end. When riding got scarce and he had to let the boys go one by one, me being the only one left, he still kept me on the pay-roll. Men for the hay-fields was hard to get, but he'd never asked me to get off my horse and ride the mowing-machine. He knew my feelings as a cowpuncher, admired and respected 'em that way. My wages never would work the way Jim's did. I was willing to let 'em go and have a little fun once in a while. I've got a

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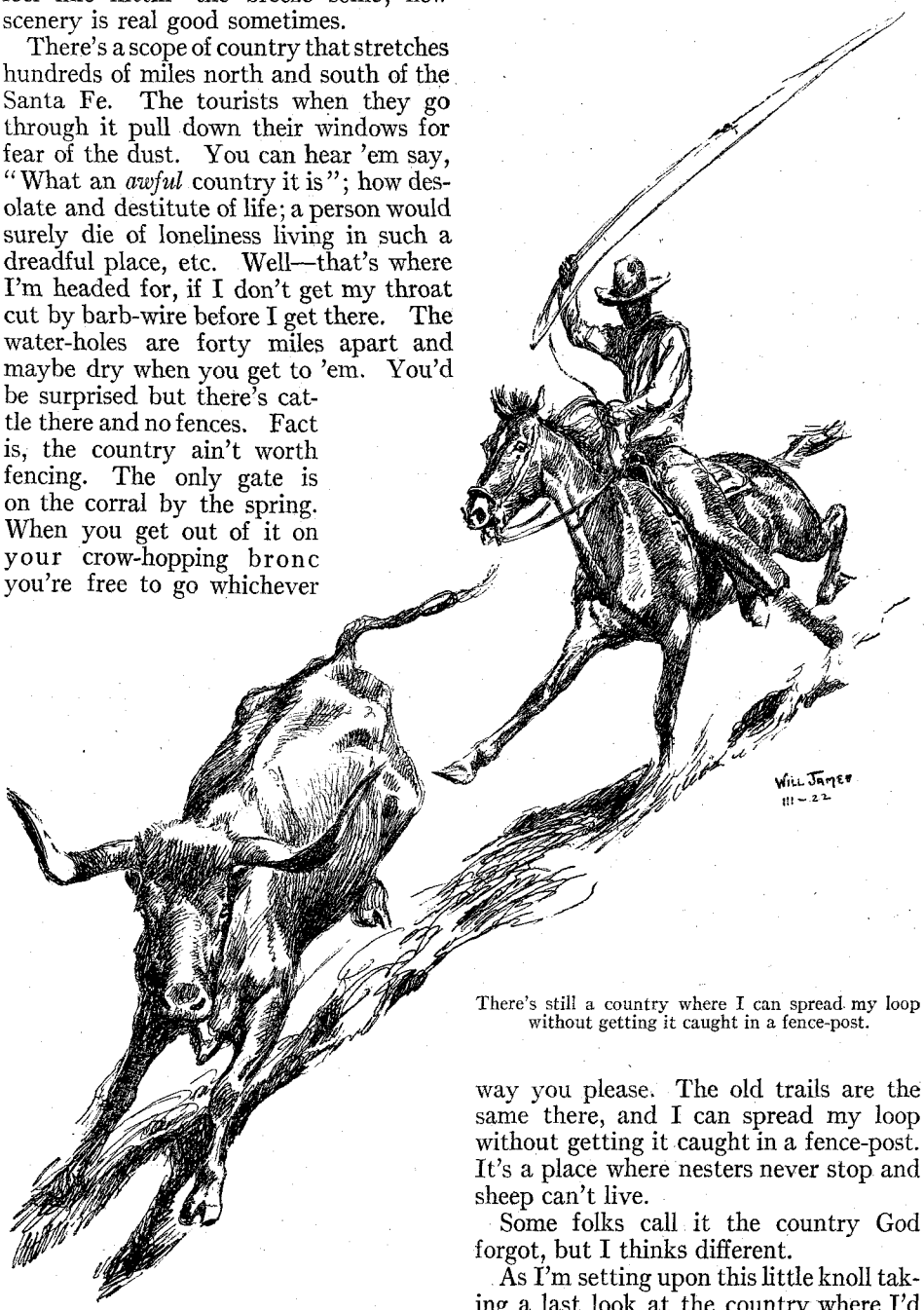
home with him if I want to take it, but I feel like hittin' the breeze some; new scenery is real good sometimes.

There's a scope of country that stretches hundreds of miles north and south of the Santa Fe. The tourists when they go through it pull down their windows for fear of the dust. You can hear 'em say, "What an *awful* country it is"; how desolate and destitute of life; a person would surely die of loneliness living in such a dreadful place, etc. Well—that's where I'm headed for, if I don't get my throat cut by barb-wire before I get there. The water-holes are forty miles apart and maybe dry when you get to 'em. You'd be surprised but there's cattle there and no fences. Fact is, the country ain't worth fencing. The only gate is on the corral by the spring. When you get out of it on your crow-hopping bronc you're free to go whichever way you please. The old trails are the same there, and I can spread my loop without getting it caught in a fence-post. It's a place where nesters never stop and sheep can't live.



There's still a country where I can spread my loop without getting it caught in a fence-post.

Some folks call it the country God forgot, but I thinks different.

As I'm setting upon this little knoll taking a last look at the country where I'd put in so many hard rides, a little old coyote ambles up the side of the hill, sees me and stops, starts to run some more, then somehow feels that I'm harmless and stops again. I see him limping and no-

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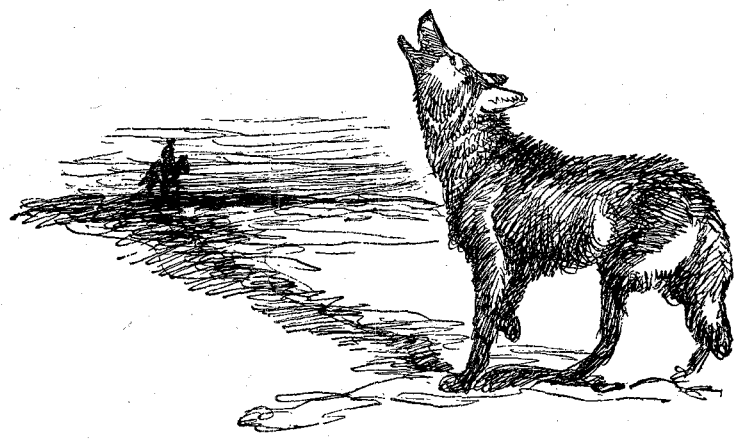
tice a trap kept one of his paws. He, too, has been crowded a heap, and somehow I have more admiration for him than I used to. I'd like to let him know we're not enemies no more.

The sun is going down as I straddle my horse and head south for an all-night ride. It's most dark before I look back. I can see the outline of the river breaks I know so well, and not so far behind I can hear the Yip! Yip! of the little old three-legged coyote—he's follering!



The little old three-legged coyote is follerin'.

The Ban on Teaching

BY AN INSTRUCTOR
Author of "Colleges and Religion"

THE student in college claims front-page space, as usual. Presidents, professors, preachers, and star reporters alike are stretching him on the rack. The more recent furor seems to centre around the allegation that the college student is really not a student at all, and that to so designate him is just another twentieth-century hoax. The charge once made reverberates broadly. Hundreds rush forward to lay on or defend. Thus, a simple instructor in one of our larger seats of learning is emboldened to add a word on this ever-recurring problem of the status of our young men in college. And were I asked to designate the roots of the question, I should unearth two—Teaching, or the lack of it, and the Relationship, human or otherwise, which exists between teacher and pupil.

As an instructor in a college, I am particularly impressed by one fact. It is that many professors are actually hostile to teaching. In a recent article entitled "What Do Teachers Know?" the author says that many teachers know little concerning their subject. It is my experience that what knowledge teachers do possess they are certainly not encouraged, but almost forbidden, to transmit to the student. Hence, my bold thesis that a ban exists to-day on teaching. Of course, I know that it is hardly good form for a mere instructor to attempt a discussion of the place of teaching in college. Yet, the point of view of the man of research—the only scholar so-called—has so often and so safely been set forth that perhaps one may be forgiven for presenting the views of those who are interested primari-

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ly in teaching. Certainly, if any position is anomalous to-day, it is that of the college teacher. So I have written what I believe true, because I am convinced that, if interest can be aroused, false standards will be swept away.

If students are admitted to college to be educated, which we assume to be unnecessary of demonstration, it seems obvious that instruction must be afforded. And if instruction is to be given it seems equally true that teachers must be provided. Thus it appears a natural, even logical, assumption that, in colleges, teaching—vibrant, inspiring, energizing instruction—should occupy a conspicuous place and be accorded full recognition.

Our colleges were originally founded to mould men. This was the purpose of the institution itself; this the goal of the teacher's efforts. Many an older graduate has testified in my hearing to the pervasive and abiding influence of some of the great teachers of a generation ago. Many men of my father's period have attributed whatever strength of moral and mental fibre they possess to the days spent under the guidance of men great in humanity as well as learning. Are such influences any less needed in our day? Is it true, as some educators aver, that the sole object of a college is to produce scholars?

It seems to me that the greatest service any institution of learning can render still is to send out men equipped to take their place in the world; men who, because of contact with reality while yet students in college, are ready to grapple with the problem of facts when they are graduated. The college needs to be brought nearer the world of every day. The undergraduates can be interested when they discover that the history, the economics, the languages they study embody life and hence fit for life. To-day is the time for a true interpretation of the past, that we may again draw on the wisdom and experience of the ages for our own guidance and salvation. To bring life and actuality to our colleges it is not necessary to turn them into trade or professional schools. Never. It is, however, imperative that live interpretation which builds a bridge from the past to the present, and from the present to the future, be predominant. It is just this service of being living interpreters which real teachers perform. Boys can read: some of them well and deeply. But only a guide versed in life can teach them how to progress from their reading and study of the past to the solution of the problems of the present. The world needs men acquainted with the history and lore of past civilizations, but even more men able with this knowledge to lead us to new heights of progress and attainment. The world needs scholars, but the world requires leaders also. And no college is worthy of the name which places the emphasis on scholarship at the cost of the development of the qualities of manhood and leadership.

The commanding figure and arbiter of scholastic standards was formerly the celebrated teacher—the man whose chief concern was the making of men. To-day, the teacher, however successful, has little or no standing whatever. On the contrary, the man who devotes himself to presenting his subject in the most attractive and interesting form; who looks upon the development and cultivation of man's physical, mental, and moral faculties as a calling and not mere day labor, or burdensome hack work; who reaches his students, stirs their imagination, and fires their ambition; who even gains their admiration and respect; that man is actually looked down upon by a number of his colleagues in the faculty. I have seen this happen to some of my friends during the past year. To succeed in understanding and interesting the students in certain colleges to-day is to arouse immediately the suspicion of a large number of your confrères. It is also proof positive that you are soft-headed as well as soft-hearted. These are sweeping statements, yet they have their basis in fact, as many who have honestly tried to teach can testify.

But that is only one side—the lesser side. What of the students? If teaching is looked down upon, who does the teaching? What happens to the undergraduates? I am reminded of a young instructor who was a really remarkable teacher. He was interesting and enthusiastic—a source of inspiration and power. The undergraduates universally spoke of him as the best teacher on the faculty. He loved men and they responded. But

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he failed to progress in rank or pay. He saw the finger on the wall. And, although his heart lay in teaching, he turned to research. He wrote a book, then another. His advancement became rapid. He is to-day a professor. What of his students? Now they will tell you that he is no longer the force of old. His teaching is listless and uninteresting, his pupils unresponsive and uninspired. A scholar was developed, perhaps, but at the expense of countless students, now and yet to come. A false standard obtains. Teachers suffer? Yes. But more vital still, the undergraduate is harmed.

During the war, in a training-camp in the United States, the slogan seemed to be "Get the candidate." The odds were all against his winning his commission, for the "weeding out" process was in vogue. In France the attitude in one training centre, at least, was entirely different. There the colonel, at the beginning of an instructional period, gathered his instructors about him for a man-to-man talk. The gist of his message was this: "You are to teach men who have been recommended by their commanding officers—many of them for bravery under fire—as officer material. The burden of proof is on you. If a candidate fails, I shall question you gentlemen first as to the reason for his failure." This was in September, 1918, when trained officers were sorely needed. The colonel's appeal produced real teaching. The one thought and purpose of every instructor in that school was to create officers who would be able and equipped. Men sat up nights to effect this result. It seems to me that students who are admitted to college, like the candidates who were recommended from the front, should bear proof of being the proper stuff. Then the burden should be squarely put upon the professors.

In days gone by, one understands, this attitude did prevail in the teaching staffs of American colleges. Then it was the professor's chief concern to educate the students in his charge. A failure on the part of the undergraduate was felt to be a failure of the teacher also. To-day, however, with research in the ascendant, teaching is provided on the "take it or leave it" theory. The students, we are told, have reached man's estate. They have come to college, presumably, to acquire an education. Now let them get it. We cast our gems before them; there our responsibility ends. It is for the student to take or leave them. Thus, when a young instructor is anxious to inspire and assist his wards, as best he can, along the never "Royal Road to Knowledge," he is constantly warned against coddling or making things easy or too understandable. A certain number of the students, it is held, must be failed or the course is easy. Should any students evince a liking for a course, the teacher must watch himself most carefully, lest his reputation as a scholar be smothered ere it has a chance to stalk abroad.

Need it be said that if one is really a teacher, he will be a scholar too, and interested in scholarly pursuits? His emphasis, however, will be in the investment of his learning and experience directly in the lives of his students, who are hungry for the personal contact and association with their professors which inevitably ensue from true teaching. I was talking with a group of undergraduates not long ago when this subject arose. One student said: "The undergraduates do not appreciate abstract scholarship." Another added: "Students in the university take a certain professor's course because of the man and not because of the subject taught." No professor who really loves men can fail to be interested in teaching, and no one who is really a teacher can fail to be a scholar.

Writing, which at present is the accepted imprint of a scholar, is useful to the advancement of learning. But will one's writing be more or less valuable after some years of teaching? If it be true that many of the world's greatest achievements of scholarship have issued not solely from abstract learning, but far more from the author's knowledge of men, what better way of preparation than the teaching of men? Teaching first and writing later may produce the lasting contributions to the oft-referred-to "sum of human knowledge," but to-day writing first and teaching as slightly as possible make a full professor.

It is the practice of some colleges to send a questionnaire to the faculty annually, inquiring what the members have

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published during the year. Those who have something to list are denominated productive scholars. Which reminds one of Plutarch's anecdote of Cæsar, who, upon seeing some strangers at Rome carrying dogs and monkeys in their arms and embracing and making much of them, took occasion, not unnaturally, as Plutarch remarks, to ask whether the women in their country were not accustomed to bear children. The learned come bearing their monographs and treatises. But shall no one rise to ask them too whether their labors bring forth men?

We are informed by many that education is failing us. And well it may be so, if producing books is eulogized and repaid by advancement, while the efforts to produce men are scoffed at. It has been dinned in our ears that education must save us at the present juncture. To which, if true, I reply that, unless we regain the love and art of teaching, we are lost.

The truth is that at present the teacher exists by sufferance only, and stands against the current in the scholarly fraternity—a fact recognized by students as well as by faculty. For the educational field has been preempted by the so-called "research men." Their standards of scholarship have been set up as the only norms. At a recent meeting of professors at one of our leading colleges, one professor said that in his opinion no member of the faculty should be advanced except on the basis of articles and books published. Teaching, he affirmed, should have no weight whatever in determining academic preferment. His remarks were well received by his colleagues, and in that institution the policy he advocated is to be closely adhered to.

Research we must have, if high scholastic standards are to be maintained. I have no quarrel with research. I have only admiration and respect for those who are doing real battle along the front lines of science. Such men deserve our sympathetic interest and close co-operation. Their work must be appreciated more widely and better facilities afforded their endeavors. But if we are to keep our institutions open to undergraduates, it is also imperative that we have teaching. And if teaching is to be at its best, due recognition of ability in that line must be granted. Too many "research men" say to-day—research or nothing. For the best interests of the students and the institutions, research and teaching must go hand in hand. In the other professions research and practice are equally recognized; distinction is gained and recognition bestowed upon one basis—excellence attained in any chosen field. So it runs in medicine, law, engineering, the ministry, in fact in all professions, save teaching. Here alone one single group is able to say: "We are the law and the prophets."

The field of usefulness for real teachers is unlimited. But how can a successful appeal be made to young men to enter a profession where, as they hold, the standard of advancement is wholly artificial? Is it reasonable to expect men to espouse a calling in which, at the present time, even if they succeed, they will be met in many colleges, at best only with the tolerance of a considerable number of their colleagues, and more generally with very thinly veiled or quite manifest contempt?

If one had money to give, he could do no better, in my opinion, than to endow professorships in each department of a college carrying adequate yearly stipends, with the stipulation that the incumbents should meet two requirements: first, that they be inspiring and successful teachers; second, that they be leaders of the students in one of their activities, whether physical, intellectual, or religious. In short, I would set up a goal to which teachers could aspire, and publish abroad the fact that there were still some in the land who believe that he who teaches is of equal consequence, at least, with him who "researches."

I said that the undergraduate is the chief loser because of the cloud under which teaching rests. This is admirably illustrated in the general faculty attitude toward the student. Some college professors to-day labor under the delusion that a complete understanding with their students might lead to too close a relationship. The students would become intimate! Deliberately, therefore, they adopt a stand-off attitude. Fortunately,

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the number of such men is not great. But unfortunately there is a sprinkling of them in all faculties. Thus, faculty opinion generally on students and their affairs is tinctured with this point of view. It is true that in many of our colleges we have various forms of student self-government. There are also faculty committees on student affairs and student co-operation. These have been effective aids to a closer union. But I hold that in all relationships mechanism, however efficient, will never suffice. It is the spirit only that "giveth life." And, in the association of faculty and students, it is the spirit that animates the teacher as an individual which is the determining factor.

Teachers and students should be comrades. This idea, however, has never profoundly penetrated the faculty mind. So, instead of sympathetic and understanding associates, the professors, too often, set themselves up as lawmakers. And who will deny that as artificers of statutes they are almost as adept as our average State legislature? It is the principle of legalism and repression usurping the place of interest and sympathy which has made most of the mischief, and which has also deprived teachers as well as students of one of life's choicest relationships.

Faculty and students compose two groups which live in close proximity, where intercourse both intellectual and social can be of the most engaging and inspiring kind. Here it is that young men should come into close contact with those of riper years. The intimate association of undergraduate with undergraduate, the relationship of give and take among men of the same age are valuable, indeed. There is, perhaps, no better training for life than to match one's self with one's fellows in college. It is this side of college life which has received notice. But there is another relationship which ought to be even more stimulating and enriching—that between the student and his teacher. A young man can benefit immeasurably both from those who have just preceded him along the road, and also from those who can look back from a point of vantage gained through a quarter of a century or more of dealing with men.

Youth needs the balance and perspective of maturity. But youth cannot form the alliance which will bring to it these benefits unless we elders see the tremendous opportunity and stretch out welcoming hands. There are many more men of broad human sympathies on all our faculties than are ever suspected by the students. Such men have a contribution to make to the moulding of human character and ideals. But first they must comprehend this idea as one befitting a scholar. The difficulty has been, I fear, that too many are under the misapprehension that friendliness, sympathy, and intimacy with students are not consonant with academic dignity nor included in academic employment. A similar misconception was prevalent during the war among some officers in our army. But it was a common observation that, as the front lines loomed nearer, the officers and men were drawn closer together. Students and teachers occupy the front lines of life's great testing-ground. Where personality and character are being hammered and tempered into resistant strength, here a superb opportunity for the choicest association and fellowship is afforded. Certainly, no individual is more susceptible to kindness and sympathy, interest and guidance, than is the average college undergraduate. This being so, should the true teacher be satisfied with anything short of a loyal and ennobling comradeship?

I remember, when I began to teach, a professor who has handled students about as skilfully during the past decade as any one I know, said to me: "Whenever you approach any student problem, try your best to put yourself in the student's shoes and see first of all if when you were his age your ideas would not have coincided with his"—a bit of advice containing the wisdom of years of devotion to the undergraduate and his problems. But when a question concerning the undergraduates emerges, there is no attempt on the part of a great number of the professors to discover, if possible, the student view-point; no endeavor to ascertain whether, from the vantage-ground of a younger man, the attitude of the undergraduates may not appear entirely reasonable. Many teachers, forgetting that they are perhaps twice the age of the men under them, argue from premises as if they were deciding a

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point with their contemporaries. Small wonder then that, the farther they pursue their line of argument, the greater the rift between the undergraduates and themselves.

In the path toward a closer bond between faculty and students, another obstacle usually crops up. On student matters professors are wont to argue in a mechanical, pedantic—shall I say it?—academic manner. Often have I been aroused on hearing some question of student discipline discussed in a cold, intellectual fashion, with one side advancing and another refuting arguments, all with a relish for the mere intellectual give and take and all seemingly unmindful that the well-being, perhaps the future even, of a human being was at stake. Often the argument simmers down to a question of boiling or frying the student, while the fact that he is an animate object entirely escapes attention. Should a request from the students be formally presented to the faculty, the immediate reactions of some suspiciously resemble those of "alarmed elderly gentlemen." But I suppose that the students are also to blame. For do they not become, when engrossed in the niceties of football, quite as oblivious to the aims of the faculty as our academic "schoolmen," when absorbed in the logical niceties of debate, become oblivious to the fate of the student? Some one, I believe, once said that "students and faculty are much alike, except that the faculty are more childlike."

Then, there are a few members of every faculty who never have understood young men—and they never will understand them. Their opinions, somehow, get abroad. And while perhaps never completely subscribed to, their beliefs tinge the general faculty sentiment to a more marked degree than, possibly, is realized. Students and their affairs, for such professors, live in an enchanted circle where the rays of actuality never penetrate.

The fetish colleges have made of regulations and rules is also a disturber of the peace, although it was long ago held that a "refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion."

There is a member of my college class with whom I seldom converse without his referring to our alma mater in acrid language. He was a victim of the rules. His case in spirit was outside the prescribed regulations, but technically within. He was informed that, although the authorities entertained feelings of profound sympathy for him personally, inasmuch as rules were rules he would have to be dismissed. He left embittered. And I scarcely think it too strongly put, when I affirm that his whole life has been colored by what he deemed a rank injustice.

I recall once, when a small boy, hearing Edward Everett Hale speak. The one sentence of his discourse I remember was this: "Law and justice are not yet synonymous terms in this country." It would seem that his observation could be applied to the dispensation of justice according to college rules. I have laid down regulations in my classes and in exceptional cases have broken every one of them. This, it is held, is the most dangerous procedure one could follow. "For," say the college legalists, "make one single exception and the bars are down forever." Nevertheless, I have yet to meet the first man who has attempted to take advantage of the argument that because a special ruling was made in the instance of another, I should rule likewise for him. It may be true in general that the conduct of life requires a technical application of law, though it must be admitted the world is growing more and more restive under technical rules. But it would seem that in a college community substantial justice ought to be above any code, and that in an institution consecrated to the making of men a clear injustice done to a single individual is of far greater moment than the setting aside of a hundred regulations. Surely, in college of all places, a man should be impressed with the spirit of justice by which he is governed. Certainly we can do no greater disservice to a world still debating, after centuries of toil and blood, whether order and justice really are of supreme worth, than to implant a hatred of these terms in the minds of the youth of the land through any blundering or mistaken prejudices to which for years we, as teachers, may have subscribed. Again, I lay the responsibility upon the faculty. We are more mature and experienced; we are supposedly the guides. We then should strain every

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fibre in an endeavor to administer true justice.

A fundamental difference in point of view on athletics is another fruitful source of disagreement between faculty and students. I shall not venture here on a lengthy defense of athletic sports, nor do I propose to assign their precise position in college life. Of this, however, I am persuaded—those who attack college athletics most savagely, and inveigh against them most ferociously, have never pictured to themselves just what the colleges and the nation itself would be, were all college games suppressed. In the fall of 1918 France was placarded with appeals to the youth of that land to engage in some form of athletics. The physical fitness of the American army had impressed itself ineffaceably upon the minds of the leaders in France. They had been told that athletics were the secret of American physical stamina, so they were adopting our policy in the whole cloth. Some of us also carry equally vivid recollections of a young France that formerly participated in no more vigorous exercise than the riding of a bicycle.

There are, perhaps, some phases of athletics in college which I should not care to justify. I believe, however, they are the excrescences. That sports as conducted in college to-day are powerful in the upbuilding of those rugged physical and moral qualities—initiative, courage, modesty, magnanimity, patience, and perseverance—of which the world stands ever in need, this thesis I am at all times ready to defend. It is also true that the right sort of man as an athletic coach can be one of the most respected and influential figures on our campuses. Where such men have been found the testimony of former pupils as to the enduring influence of their teaching and character is convincing evidence of the value of college sports rightly conducted.

Yet how few there are in any faculty who come out flatly in espousal of the cause of athletics! A number may boast outside the college walls of a winning football team, but when compassed by the scholarly fraternity it is their wont to deprecate games and the influence they bear. Rarely, indeed, do professors exhibit a friendly interest in athletics to the students themselves. Why not be outspoken? If some of us, and there are some, believe that sports can be rendered a power for good, let us openly confess the faith that is in us. In doing this, we will gain the confidence of the students on that subject. Thus, when we are led to denounce sharply some abuse, our words will carry weight and not wholly be discounted by the strong suspicion that our real aim is the abolition of all sport. As for those in our faculties who are intent upon completely doing away with athletics, I hold it their first concern to tell us what the students will substitute in their place.

The ideal relationship, it seems to me, is found where members of the faculty are also athletic coaches. Wherever you discover that situation, there you will invariably find athletics the most exemplary. And with good reason. For a faculty coach is, first of all, an amateur. In all that he does or teaches the amateur spirit shines out. Then, being an instructor by profession, he knows how to teach athletics—an ability not always possessed by the professional coach. Being also a thinking man—a person of intellectual attainments—the faculty coach usually has a philosophy of sport. He has worked out the relation of games to the other affairs of life. He is able to give students the proper balance. You will also discover the faculty coaches to be leaders in the community. And not only are they possessed of a rare knowledge and understanding of the undergraduates but of their admiration and respect as well.

There is much yet remaining to be done, to raise athletic standards in our colleges to a new level of amateur sportsmanship. Students and coaches cannot reach this goal alone; the faculty must do their share. And it is only as teachers, generally, evince an interest in the athletic pursuits of their students, that the scholastic standing of the athlete—as to which discussion is endless—can be raised. There is no reason why athletics and scholarship should not go hand in hand. An attitude of disdain and hostility on the part of the teacher, however, engendering as it does a disposition to "uninterest" and dislike on the part of the athlete, are the best agencies I know for divorcing the two.

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Akin to athletics as a jousting-field for faculty and students is the region of extra-curriculum activities—publications, dramatics, debating, and what-not. It is true that far too much time and effort are expended in those channels. Too often have the undergraduates slavishly followed the false standard of success outside of classroom work, attained at any cost. But, surely, one must be certain of his position to assert that under no circumstances can benefit accrue from a wise participation in some field of endeavor outside of prescribed studies. Needless to say, the intellectual pursuits for which the student supposedly comes to college must be his first concern. But in the "work" in which he voluntarily engages outside of the classroom a student often finds an opportunity for a measure of real self-expression. There it is that he can test himself, there discover perhaps a hidden talent.

The fact that there is overparticipation by some students in "work" outside of the curriculum, affords insufficient grounds for damning the whole system, as some faculty members do. There is many a man who looks back to his labors as a member of a college debating team or as an editor of a college daily as one of the most fruitful experiences of his college days. He will tell you that he considers such training invaluable. As for the excess of interest in things outside of the curriculum, which it is rather the fashion for faculties continually to deplore, I have had latterly a feeling not far removed from sadness—of course, I should not admit this to my students—when I see how genuinely enthusiastic men can become over the dreariest sort of job, so long as it is not required, and how futile all efforts often seem, to strike just a single spark of spontaneous enthusiasm in the work of the day. A suspicion lingers that some of us, instead of devoting so much time to bemoaning the students' waste of effort on things immaterial, might better give more of ourselves to making attractive and palatable our daily doses of medicine. Perhaps some of the fault is ours. This hint again is for teachers only.

To understand any individual, time and toil are indispensable. Both, however, seem at a premium in our colleges, when it is a matter of expending them on students and their affairs. Unless we as teachers are willing to invest our lives in the undergraduates, and until we do divest our minds of the notion, when dealing with them, that whatever we do is right, the relationship which should exist will never be realized. I have met some army officers whose thought processes have atrophied on the side of possible personal error. There is the same attitude on the part of some teachers I know, which cheats them of one of life's richest pleasures—the satisfaction of working and living with students as with friends.

And so this matter of the relation of faculty and students brings us to what seems an inescapable conclusion—no man is fitted to teach men—he may be excellent at research or noted as an author of learned treatises, but I said fitted to teach men—unless he has the love and understanding of men in his heart and mind. When the faculties of our colleges are filled with a majority, and not as in some places possessed only of a regularly outvoted minority, of youth-loving and youth-understanding teachers, then, and then only, will faculties and students be bound together and education become the vital business that the day demands.

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The Whirling Dervish

BY FREDERICK WHITE

Illustrations by Oliver Kemp

THE simon-pure dervish whirls, voluntarily, because he hopes, through his efforts, to acquire merit in the eyes of his gods.

Harmsworth performed his circumrotary gymnastics against his will; urged by the swirling waters of the Brant and the successful efforts of a pound trout to wind the leader about his stumbling legs. The god for whom he danced was the God of Circumstance, and such merit as accrued to him was long withheld.

"Plain case of funk," Malden declared. "There he was, spinning like one of those what-you-call-'ems, mouth open, eyes popping out, and winding the leader with that darned trout on the end tighter at every turn."

"Regular whirling dervish," Ames suggested. "Did you save the fish?"

"First thing," said Malden. "Scooped him in my net and broke the leader. Then I helped Harmsworth ashore. He was queer—blamed queer—seemed to be coming out of a daze. Then he pulled himself together, and began to swear—not at himself or at me or the fish, but at something general and indefinite. I tell you it was owly to listen to him."

"Funny how the first good fish rattles 'em," said Judge Holcomb. "I'd give something to feel my heart in my throat again, and that nervous chill thrilling along my arm, and making the rod shiver."

"Well, anyway, Judge, be thankful that you can still swear," laughed Norton. "Profanity saved you from exploding to-day, when 'Old Bill' rejected your fly before you could hit him."

"Did you raise him again, Judge?" Malden asked, eagerly. "I haven't had him up since Tuesday."

"Dod gast that fish," the judge protested. "He's a menace to the morals of this community. Two years in the same hole, under the same rock and so darn smart that the fly isn't made that can fool him."

"He's a faithful riser," Norton put in. "Give him credit for that, but I agree with the judge that he's too smart to be taken on an artificial fly, and heaven help the man that snags him on bait. We'd lynch him for the murder of our dearest enemy."

"Sick the dervish on him," Ames laughed. "If Bill ever took hold he'd give young hopeful a regular whirl. Where'd you leave him, Jim? Jigging on his laurels?"

"Back in the same place, pale but determined," Malden said. "Heaven help him if he hits another fish and get spinning again in that water. He's likely to dance himself dizzy and drown."

Somehow, the name stuck. We were not intentionally unkind, but little things—little incidents—often create careless impressions and the awkward and the humorous seem always fair game for caricature. Harmsworth was not, as yet, one of us. We were not a close corporation, except by virtue of old ties and tried friendships, but newcomers to our little fishing inn on the Brant were informally scrutinized and tested before being admitted to full fellowship.

"He's an ugly brute, isn't he, Uncle George?" Teddy Norton said to me a morning or two later as she balanced her chair precariously with slim, putteed legs on the veranda rail.

Harmsworth was crossing the road on his way to the stream; his head thrust forward aggressively from straight bony shoulders, and his usual awkward gait intensified by the handicap of shapeless waders and heavy brogues.

"What's the trouble, Teddy?" I answered, jokingly. "Can't you bring him to net and creel him with your other victims?"

"Poof!" Teddy exclaimed, disdainfully. "I don't want him. He's a goof!" Then her face dimpled. "I wish you

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"He's an ugly brute, isn't he, Uncle George?"—Page 434.

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could have seen him yesterday when I asked him for a cigarette."

"Well?" I questioned.

"He looked absolutely shocked. Imagine it!"

"I can," I answered. "Did you get it?"

"No," said Teddy. "He said he'd rather not—the prig."

"And what did you say then?"

"Damn," said Teddy, shamelessly.

"Teddy!" I remonstrated. "You don't know Harmsworth well enough to swear at him. What must he have thought?"

"He thought I was a shameless woman," she laughed. "You see, Jim Malden came along just then, and I got a cig from him and smoked it."

"I hope it made you sick," I said, half in earnest.

"Harmsworth was the sick one. It made him look such a fool. He doesn't like Jim, either."

"Jealous?" I asked, and I was glad to see that with all her modern insolence she still had grace to blush.

"Not that way—not the way you mean," she stammered. "You see Jim catches lots of fish and *he* can't—not many. Then he knows that Jim told that story about his getting tangled up and whirling. I don't believe he likes being called W. D. He's a poor sport."

"W. D." I repeated, and then as I recalled our careless joking, "I'm afraid it wasn't a very sporting thing on our part. It may have hurt."

Teddy wriggled uncomfortably. "Do him good," she persisted. "He's an awful fisherman, anyway."

"Perhaps he has not had the advantage of training by a famous father and a patient, if somewhat less expert, uncle," I suggested mildly.

Teddy's feet and the chair legs banged to the floor together. "Sometimes I'm a beast," she said, seriously, and then: "You know my heart is good and there's no real vice in me, Uncle George?"

Surprised at this change, I hesitated. She seized the back of my chair and shook it vigorously. "You do know it! Don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "you're my angel niece—when you want to be. I admit it."

She tapped my head with her palm. "That's for the reservation, and that," brushing the spot with her soft, young lips, "that's for telling the truth. I *am*—when I want to be," and, with this somewhat cryptic utterance, she settled the chair on its four legs and walked away whistling.

It was a good season on the Brant. Plentiful showers between periods of warm and windless days kept the stream in condition, and few were the intervals when what the British angler is still permitted to call "gin" clear water induced overly shy and too critical trout. Many of us adopted a twelve-inch limit, and pound or even pound-and-a-half fish failed to excite more than casual interest and comment.

Under the circumstances it was inevitable that the regulars should concentrate on exceptionally heavy fish whose fixed lurking places were known and marked, and "Old Bill," because of his willingness to "show," received an undue share of attention.

"Let's give him a rest," Ames suggested. "He's insect shy. I'll bet he's seen more unnatural than natural flies drift over him this week. I know five of us tried for him yesterday."

A three-day close season on Bill was decided upon. Then we were to draw lots for first and subsequent whacks at him with the understanding that a day should intervene between each further attempt.

Harmsworth drew number one. My own number was the last of the list.

Harmsworth said: "If there is no objection I should like to exchange with Mr. Weston. I'm not ready."

Malden, who had managed the draw, looked at him with a cynical smile. "Cold feet?" he asked.

Harmsworth's face flushed and the straight line of an old scar showed white across his forehead. Then he said, evenly: "Yes, you may call it that. When I go after that fish I want to be fit to fight him. I'm not—yet, as you know."

Malden looked uncomfortable. "Suit yourself," he said, "—if Mr. Weston and the rest are willing. But, believe me, two weeks won't fit you or any other beginner

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to handle Old Bill if, by some miracle, you do manage to get fast to him."

"I'm not worrying about that last," Harmsworth said slowly.

"Fly, you understand? Bait barred," Malden sneered.

It was a nasty insinuation—uncalled for—and I do not think any of us blamed Harmsworth for the single impersonal oath that seemed forced from his lips.

He looked around the circle apologetically. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said. "It's an old habit and a footless one." Then he turned to Malden: "Fly, certainly. Dry, of course. I believe I understand the rules perfectly."

Judge Holcomb ended an uncomfortable situation. "Go to it, George," he said, turning to me. "It's all right with us. Get him if you can and good luck to you. It's time that old cannibal was put out of the way."

This was on a Monday. On Thursday I girded myself for the fray, tested a new nine-foot leader, and chose a "Pink Lady" for the enticement and undoing of "Old Bill."

I invited Harmsworth to accompany me as observer, suggesting that we might fish on together after the event of the day had been decided for or against me. Teddy, who was prevented from fishing by a chafed ankle, offered to give us a lift upstream in the car.

Harmsworth hesitated.

"Oh, hop in," said Teddy. "I never smoke or swear when I'm with Uncle George. You won't be shocked this trip."

I could have spanked her for her flippant disregard of the young fellow's feelings, but Harmsworth surprised me.

"Thank God for Uncle George," he said coolly, and took his seat beside me.

Teddy gasped and I chuckled inwardly, for she richly deserved it. Then she slammed in the clutch and we tore up the road at a furious gait.

"Look out, Teddy!" I warned, "you'll smash our rods against the branches."

She slowed down, and we ran along under the overhanging trees at a decent pace until we reached the ford. There, she parked the car in the meadow above the bank and we all got out.

Teddy held out her hand to Harmsworth. "I'm sorry," she said.

He looked at her in astonishment. Then he smiled and took her hand in his.

"So am I—for my part of it. Is it pax?"

"La guerre est finie, certainement," she assured him brightly.

The smile left his face and a queer eager look took its place. "I wish I had your certainty," he said. "Anyway, I hope you're right."

"Good gracious!" Teddy cried. "What is this? Fatality or fishing?"

Harmsworth shrugged his broad shoulders and laughed. "Fishing first," he said. "Let's go."

We waded through the long shallow pool below the rapids where, beneath a shelving rock face, Old Bill held domain over a swift but smooth-flowing run of heavy water. Teddy worked her way along the bank to a spot where, high above the water and concealed in the bushes, she could see all that was going on.

Forty feet below the shelving rock a boulder split the current, offering a measure of concealment and footing in the still water behind it. Here I took my stand with Harmsworth, safe from interfering with the back cast to my left and behind me.

The first cast brought no result. The second floated past the rock, and I was about to retrieve it when I saw a dark shadow following slowly behind the fly.

Would he take it before it reached the broken water?

The shadow moved closer and I visioned the eager, open jaws as I waited, alert, for touch and strike. A leaf whirled down through the air, twisted, hesitated above the water, and touched the fly as it bobbed on the first patch of white. A bulge on the black surface, a gleam, and the drowned fly came back to me with quickening slack.

Harmsworth gave a suppressed cry, and I turned to see him staggering uncertainly knee-deep in the current. With an effort he floundered back to the dead water behind the boulder and clung to it, breathing heavily.

"What's the matter?" I cried. "Sick?"

"Sick as hell," he said. "Sick at heart."

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"That confounded leaf did it," I said disgustedly. "He was just ready to take."

"Yes," Harmsworth agreed, his eyes on the shelving rock, "the leaf—did it. It always does."

I looked at him sharply, wondering. The moment had been soul-stirring, but I could not understand why he was so evidently upset. Malden's insinuations came back to me. Certainly, the incident indicated a lack of the self-control as necessary in trout-fishing as in anything else. Yet, there had been moments when he carried himself well. It puzzled me.

"Oh, well," I said, as I cleared my line and reeled in. "Cheer up. We got some kick out of it, anyway. Let's work along up. Old Bill's through for this day."

"Some kick," Harmsworth repeated as we made our way to the opposite bank. "Some damn nasty kick, I say it was."

He braced himself in the current with upraised rod. "Mr. Weston," he declared, "I intend to get that fish if he's still there when my turn comes."

"All right," I said, amused; "but I'm afraid I'll have to be shown."

"Will you be on hand?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you wish," I replied. "I'll be here."

"Thank you," he said quietly. "I believe you'll see something."

"I hope so," I said, a little nettled by his assurance.

He stood looking up at his rod tip, which was weaving little circles above his head while the water boiled past his stiff knees. "Yes," he said, as he lowered the tip and started again for the shore with sure, cautious steps, "I honestly believe you will."

Teddy met us on the bank. "What happened?" she asked wide-eyed.

I told her how the big fish had followed the fly until frightened by the pesky leaf.

"I thought you scared him," she said, turning to Harmsworth. "Whatever made you carry on like that?"

"Funk," he admitted lightly. "But the fish stopped before I started. I've enough on my conscience without that."

"It was the leaf," I put in. "No question of that."

"Yes," Harmsworth repeated. "It was the leaf."

He paraffined his fly and dried it in the air. "Shall we start on, sir?"

"Go ahead," I said. "I'm going up to easier water and I'll wait for you there."

Teddy and I watched him as he waded in and worked his way slowly up-stream against the rushing, rock-broken water. His wrist action was good and he cast with precision and assurance.

"Uncle George," Teddy asked, "what was it?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "You heard him."

"Do you suppose he's fish shy—like buck fever?"

"I don't know," I repeated slowly, "I can't make him out."

"Yellow?" she almost whispered.

"No!" I said decidedly. "Whatever it is, he's no quitter."

Teddy put her head under my floppy hat brim and kissed me. "Come on, old dear," she said. "I'll run you up to the next pool."

II

HARMSWORTH began to bring in more fish and heavier. One two-pounder carried him down-stream fifty yards before he netted the trout, breast-deep in a slippery pool. Norton saw him do it.

"He may fool us by lifting Bill yet," he said.

"I can't see it," said Ames; "he would not touch you or me, and Malden pricked him so badly that he'll be warier than ever. I doubt if he's taken out this season."

"You forget me," the judge put in. "I'm going to tempt him with one of Mr. Halford's Sherry spinners. I have a notion he's tired of a strictly 'dry' bill of fare."

"Good psychology, judge," Ames laughed. "The old guard dies, but never surrenders. And that reminds me, you are the last of the regulars. It's you—or Harmsworth."

"Watch Harmsworth," I said. "He's improving and getting more fish every day."

Malden broke in: "He's almost too good to be true. It's my belief he'd bear watching. You heard him talking about 'dapping' last night."

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"What do you mean—'dapping'?" Mr. Norton asked.

"Live fly on a small bait hook. It's done, but it can't be called ethical."

"'Thus ethics doth make cowards of us all,'" the judge misquoted; "otherwise I'd be tempted to dap a bumblebee or something over Bill to-morrow. It sounds good."

"I don't believe he's 'dapping' or anything else," said Norton. "That two-pounder had a speckle-wing, drab-body fly in his mouth when he netted him. I saw it."

"All right," said Malden; "he's not making a point of fishing alone for nothing. You mark my words."

"That young man," said the judge, as Malden turned away, "has a—disagreeable form of bait—in his brain."

Malden was walking across the lawn to where Teddy, a slim, boyish figure in breeches and blouse, was fussing with the car.

"Or else," the judge went on, "he is permitting professional jealousy—or something of an equally disturbing nature—to warp his judgment of values."

The next day was a momentous one on the Brant. In the morning "Old Bill," intrigued by the judge's Sherry spinner, came up, tasted and rejected it with a scornful flip of his tail. The judge's vivid account of this episode remains a classic in the minds of those privileged to have heard it. In summing up, he again affirmed his belief that the fly was not made that "Old Bill" would accept freely and without reserve.

"The wisdom of the serpent is not in it with that fish's knowledge of entomology, natural or unnatural," he declared.

"Suppose he saw something unnaturally natural?" said Harmsworth cheerfully. "That's what I'm counting on."

"Dapping's barred, you know," said Malden quickly.

Harmsworth looked at him steadily. Then without a word in reply he turned and walked away.

Malden laughed. "Got him there, I guess," he said. "His guns are spiked now."

"Look here, Jim," I protested, "it seems to me you're carrying this too far. Give him a fair chance."

"He'll get his chance," Malden muttered, "and I'll take it on myself to see it's a fair one."

"You won't have to," I said quickly. "Harmsworth has asked me to accompany him and I intend to do so."

"Oh!" said Malden shortly; "I hope you'll enjoy the spectacle."

"Come, come," Judge Holcomb put in. "There's too much thunder in the air. Let's go in to lunch and forget it."

If there was thunder in the air, mental or otherwise, it presaged a sudden brainstorm in the early hours of the afternoon, and culminated later on in a terrific downpour accompanied by lightning.

That afternoon I tore one of my waders on barbed wire, and came back to the house. While I was up-stairs changing into dry things, Norton knocked on my door. One look at his face showed that there was trouble somewhere.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Teddy fell in the bridge pool and got half-drowned—oh, she's all right now, and I've got her in bed with hot-water bottles."

"Too bad," I said. Teddy was always doing something.

"That's only half of it," he went on. "Harmsworth knocked out Jim in a fist fight."

"What?" I cried, shocked that grim war should come to our peaceful valley. "Why? What was the trouble?"

"Teddy—I'm afraid," he answered, with a little slackening of the tense lines about his mouth.

"Go ahead," I said; "tell it."

"This is the way I get it," he said. "Teddy was casting from the ledge on the far side. Jim was fishing the tail end of the pool. Harmsworth came along—he wasn't rigged for fishing—and walked out on the bridge. Teddy waved her rod to him, overstepped, and went in. It's ten feet deep there, you know, and she had her waders on."

I nodded. It was a bad spot, with no hand-hold on the sloping ledge.

"The next thing she knew," he proceeded, "Harmsworth had her under the arms and towed her over to the gravel bank. Then he picked her up, full waders and all, and carried her ashore. Jim came up then and tried to take her away from

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Harmsworth. Harmsworth hung on. Teddy says it was so funny that she hung on—to Harmsworth. Jim lost his head, I guess, and slapped Harmsworth across the face."

"Oh, no!" I broke in.

"I'm afraid he did," said Norton. "Anyway, Harmsworth put Teddy on the ground very carefully, and walked up to Jim and knocked him down."

"If it wasn't such a nasty mess I'd be rather glad of it," I said.

"So would I—if it weren't for Teddy. Jim's packing to go home now—where he belongs."

"And Harmsworth?"

Before he could answer, a knock came at the door and Harmsworth strode in. He had changed into his khaki fishing-suit, and the only sign of his recent encounter was a red flush on his left cheek.

"I'm glad to find both of you gentlemen here," he said. "I wish to express my regret to you, Mr. Norton, for my part in a very awkward episode. It was as unfortunate—as unavoidable."

Norton said the right thing. Teddy's safety was the first consideration, and Norton recognized Harmsworth's part in it freely and generously. "As for the other," he said, "it was, as you say, unfortunate but unavoidable. I can't blame you."

"Of course," Harmsworth said, "I shall go away. It will relieve—all of you—of any further embarrassment."

"That isn't fair," I protested. "Nothing but credit attaches to you, and there is no need to cut short your vacation."

"Thank you," he said, "but I am sure it is the better way. May I ask you to do one thing for me?"

"Certainly."

"Before I go, I should like to take my turn—the last one—at Old Bill—this afternoon."

"But he's been up once to-day," I objected.

"Not to my fly."

"And it's going to storm. Trout won't rise with thunder in the air—usually."

"I should like very much to try—and have you with me," he said quietly.

"All right," I consented reluctantly; for a storm was brewing, and to my mind he was crowding on an impossible handicap.

"Thank you," he said. "I'll put on my waders and be waiting for you."

"I don't feel right about this either," Norton broke in. "It seems to me that you are showing too much consideration for our feelings, and we too little for yours. Anyway, Teddy will want to thank you before you go."

The flush on Harmsworth's cheek spread over his face, and the scar across his forehead showed white and clear.

"I am very grateful to Miss Norton for what she did for me—inadvertently," he said. "That's an awkward way of putting it, but this afternoon proved to me that I am on my feet again. They've been wabbly, as you both know, and so have I; but I have a great and glorious feeling that the controls are working—at last and permanently."

It was evident that some change had come to him, for he stood smiling, square-shouldered, and alert, with a new look of life and confidence in his eyes.

"I'm sincerely glad," said Norton, shaking hands with him, "for your sake—and my own. Good luck and good fishing."

Harmsworth turned away quickly. "Ready in ten minutes," he called back to me as he left the room.

Outside, thunder-heads were making behind the hills; the air was tense, and a low rumble, almost continuous, presaged the coming of a cracking storm. No fishing for me under these conditions, so I pulled on heavy hunting-boots, and threw my slicker over my arm. On the way down I stopped at Teddy's room.

Teddy lay muffled to the chin, and her big eyes fell after her first smile of welcome.

"Wasn't it awful, Uncle George?" she said.

"I expect it was," I answered. "But don't worry; you're safe; that's the main thing."

"I didn't mind being pulled out," she said brokenly, "but the other—I'm sorry about Jim."

"You might as well spare your tears," I said, a little provoked. "Apparently, he got only what he deserved."

"But that's it," she wailed. "To think he's such a rotten sport. That's what I'm sorry for."

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"Oh," I said.

"What must he think of us—of everything?" she whispered.

"Who?" I asked.

She buried her face in the pillow. "He's dreadfully strong, Uncle George," her muffled voice announced, after a pause.

"Fortunately for you—and for himself."

Teddy's face turned to me again. "What do you mean—'for himself'?" she questioned.

"I don't know exactly," I said. "He—Harmsworth—has been up against something hard—I don't know what. But he's found himself, apparently. He's trying for 'Old Bill' this afternoon—before he leaves."

"Is he going—too?"

"So he says; he seems to think it's the decent thing to do."

"It is decent—of him," said Teddy slowly, "but is it decent of us—to let him go—that way?"

"That's what your father thinks," I admitted.

"What?" Teddy demanded.

"That he'd better stay."

"Father's really clever—sometimes," she said, nodding her curly bobbed head.

"See here, Teddy," I said, "do *you* want him to stay?"

Teddy's eyes fell and her voice lacked its usual assurance. "If he wants to," she almost whispered.

"All right," I said sternly. "But if he does stay, no tricks—remember that!"

Teddy looked up at me solemnly; her lips quivered, and two tears trickled down her cheeks. "Not a darn trick," she promised, and buried her face in the pillow.

III

FROM where I crouched in the willows the water before "Old Bill's" rock showed gray-black beneath ominous clouds. Lightning split the overcharged air and sharp thunder crashes volleyed from hill to hill. Down the valley rain-sheets were already dimming the outlines of the distant mountains.

Harmsworth, mouth set and intent, stood behind the concealing boulder, his rod giving gracefully under the weight of line as he lengthened his cast. The fly touched a good yard above the shelving rock, cocked for an instant, wavered, and cut through the water hopelessly.

Harmsworth retrieved the fly, dried it on his sleeve, and adjusted the feathers carefully before trying again. Then he moved a yard to the right and, after a false cast or two, thrust forward wide-armed. Again the fly settled lightly above the rock, but this time the leader fell across the current in a wide loop; good tactics, if drag could be prevented.

To my amazement Harmsworth twitched his rod tip, straightening the loop and placing the fly under direct influence of the now drifting line. And then a strange thing happened. The fly began to flutter like a living insect, beating the surface with draggled wings in a frantic effort to escape into its own element.

A surge of black water before the rock, a dash of spray, flashing in the lightning glare that preceded by an instant a dulling thunder crash, brought me to my feet. The fly was gone. A rush of wind roared through the tossing branches above, and torn leaves, like lost things seeking shelter, whirled through the air.

I saw the taut line quiver from the tip of the straining rod. Harmsworth's tense figure braced against the strike and his eyes fixed, not on the arrow cleft surface, but on the twisting, twirling leaves that fluttered and fell upon the foam-flecked water.

Then, above the roar of wind and torrent, Harmsworth's voice rang out in an exultant shout, and he turned to his work as the big Brown swung into a deep, narrow run and dashed for the broken water below. Harmsworth stripped the slack and held him on the spring of the rod, yielding the regained line discreetly from the coil in his hand as, broad tail showing, the fish surged past. Then, as the reel shrilled and the reserve line flowed out, he followed after, feeling his way through the rapids with cautious steps, and disappeared in a curtain of driving rain that swept the valley.

Tented in my slicker, I crouched under the bushes, waiting impatiently for the worst of the downpour to pass. Lightning flashed through the murk and thunder rolled across the hills. Some-

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Harmsworth held him on the spring of the rod.—Page 441.

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where below, in the midst of this tumult and confusion, Harmsworth and "Old Bill" were having it out, with the odds all in favor of the fish.

Slowly the storm moved away; familiar outlines on bank and stream had begun to show, and through the haze below a blurred figure came into view at the head of the long, quiet pool.

I jumped up, for from the intent posture I sensed that the fight was still on, and, keeping close to the bank, I splashed down through the shallow water.

A gravel bank split the centre of the pool. Here Harmsworth stood, water dripping from his shapeless hat and drenched canvas fishing-coat, rod bending easily and straight line pointing to a break in the flat water where a black dorsal fin lazily disturbed the surface. Whatever the vicissitudes of the rapids, the odds were now all in Harmsworth's favor, and nothing but the giving way of the fly could reverse the issue.

"Old Bill" had met his match at last. Aimlessly, his great bulk rolled from side to side as Harmsworth worked him nearer to the shelving bank. The ring of the half-submerged landing-net crept past his slowly weaving tail, reached his middle, and, with a swift flash, encompassed his thick shoulders and gaping jaws in the fatal meshes. "Old Bill" scarcely flopped as Harmsworth heaved him onto the stones. He had died fighting—drowned—in his own element.

I splashed, knee-deep, to the gravel bar and hugged Harmsworth. In the annals of the Brant, no man, in my time, had accomplished such a feat under conditions so unusual and adverse.

"He'll go close to four pounds," I exulted, hefting the net with its shining burden. "It's a marvel you got away with it."

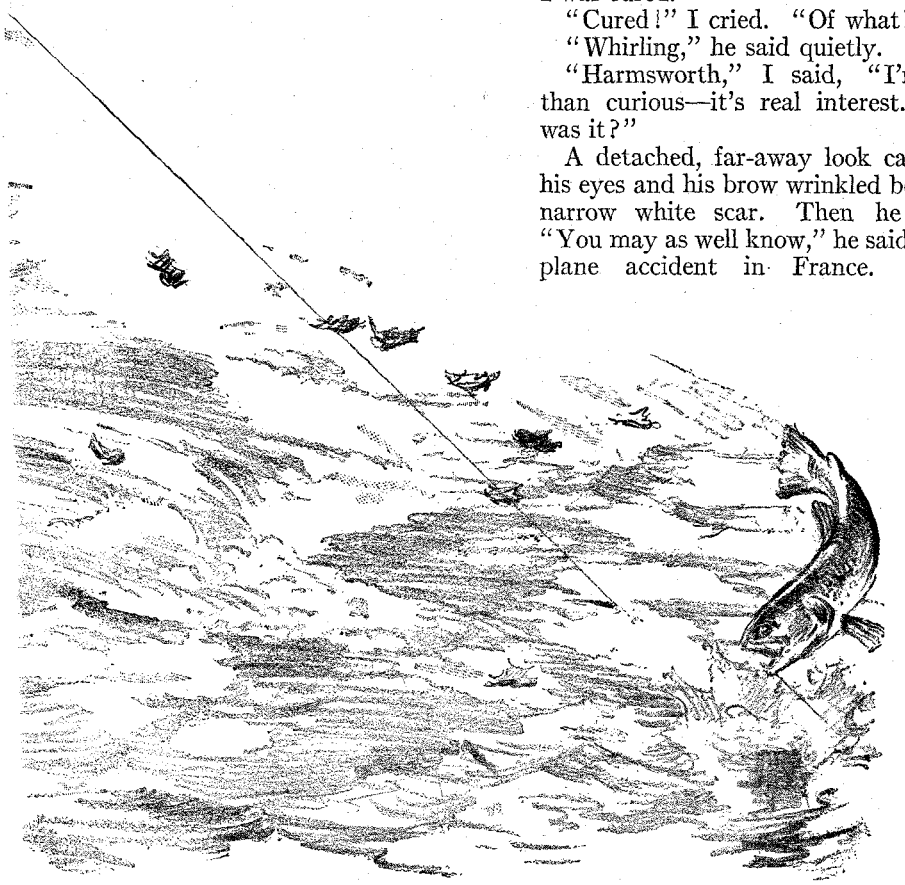
"It was nip and tuck," he said, shaking the rain-drops from his hat. "I couldn't have done it except that I knew I was cured."

"Cured!" I cried. "Of what?"

"Whirling," he said quietly.

"Harmsworth," I said, "I'm more than curious—it's real interest. What was it?"

A detached, far-away look came into his eyes and his brow wrinkled below the narrow white scar. Then he smiled. "You may as well know," he said. "Airplane accident in France. Rudder



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jammed; whirled down two thousand metres—and crashed."

I looked at him in silent amazement. Somehow I felt guilty—that we should not have known!

"Nothing unusual," he laughed, "except that I'm alive and that, until very recently, any foolish little twirling thing made me dizzy. Water eddies or——"

"Leaves!" I broke in.

"Yes," he went on, "leaves were the worst. It's surprising how often a fluttering leaf resembles a wounded plane in a spin."

"And you've been fighting this thing, alone, up here?" I said.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "Trout-fishing was just what I needed. It gave me lots of practice, above and below. But it was the fly that really did the trick in the end."

"Go on," I begged, remembering the twisting, fluttering enticement that had surely lured "Old Bill" to his last fight.

He bent over the landing-net, removed the draggled fly from the big trout's gristly snout, and blew the feathers into some semblance of fluffiness. "See," he said, and separating a lower section of one wing he caught it under the curve of the hook. "Tail rudder—set at angle. Given the proper impulse it's got to whirl—look."

He cast the fly over a little run between two rocks, with the leader across the current. Slowly it turned, and then, with the gut as a fulcrum, began to whirl madly.

"Water or air, it's all the same," said Harmsworth, his steady eyes intent on the gyrations of the fly. "But, believe me, I couldn't look at it this way two weeks ago without wabbling."

"Do you mean to say you actually worked that out and *made* yourself watch it?" I demanded.

"After I had discovered it by accident," he said, "and seen a fish rise to it—and lost him because I began to whirl myself. I knew I had a good thing for fishing—and for me—if I could stick it out."

The nerve of the thing and the wonder of it appalled me. Brain-sick from the after-effects of a head-spin crash, deliberately and painfully to work out his salvation through the medium of a whirling trout-fly was an astounding feat of practical psychology.

I looked at Harmsworth with new eyes, seeing in the man behind the fisherman the lonely warrior who had blithely given battle to an infinitely grimmer and more securely intrenched opponent than "Old Bill"—or Malden—and won.

Men seldom voice their inmost feelings. I did say: "The Brant has seen a damn good fight. I'm proud to have been let in at the finish."

Harmsworth understood. He looked pleased and held out his hand. "That's mighty good of you, sir," he said. "I appreciate it, and all your kindness to a rank outsider. I'll not forget it after I've gone."

"Now look here, my boy," I warned him. "Don't imagine you're going this evening. It's a time-honored custom here to give a special dinner whenever a fish of three pounds or over is taken on the fly. You'll be elected an *insider* tomorrow night."

"But—" he began.

"But—nothing!" I said firmly. "When four middle-aged gentlemen—experienced fishermen—invite a young whippersnapper to dine with them, he can't, in decency, refuse. It isn't done."

He looked at me, embarrassed.

"And when my own niece intimates that she will not be entirely displeased—if he *wishes* to stay, then—" I waved my hands hopelessly.

Harmsworth tapped his rod tip gently on the gravel, and looked at me with a boyish smile softening his firm mouth.

"No," he admitted. "*Then*—it isn't done."

"That fly will have to go on the record board with a card with the date, weight of fish, and everything," I said, as we prepared to leave. "What's its name? I can't place it."

Harmsworth dandled the nondescript bunch of feathers and silk on the leader, turning it slowly between thumb and finger. "It hasn't any name that I know of," he said, "but I'm going to christen it."

"What?" I asked.

"The Whirling Dervish," he grinned.

"You're cured, son," I said. "Let's go."

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Glamis Castle

"All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!"

BY M. E. LEICESTER ADDIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY ALFRED BRENNAN AND FLETCHER RANSOM AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

The Beaker of Glamis.

GLAMIS CASTLE is the Scots' seat of the Earls of Strathmore. Its association with Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is explained in the following article, which was written a number of years since. It is the home of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, whose betrothal to the Duke of York, second son of the King and Queen of Great Britain, was announced in January. One who visited the castle in the past summer recalls also the story of the haunted room referred to below, and the supposed lunatic who lived to the age of one hundred years and occasionally caused weird happenings in the castle. He died, it is now believed, several decades ago. The castle contains a remarkable old kitchen with walls eighteen feet thick and the "new kitchen" built in 1600—much the largest room in the castle. The castle roof was burned off and has been replaced with a temporary iron roof. In the meantime, the Earl, with true Scotch carefulness, is gathering slate from old houses in the neighborhood as they are pulled down, so that in due time he will have good old slate to replace the iron.

"The spirit of a time is writ
Not all in books; but who hath wit
Shall find it in the arrow-head,
The kelt, the barrow for the dead,
And stone-groined power
Beneath the massive tower."

THE study of literature is one of the most striking characteristics of the history of education during the past quarter of a century. But literature and history are handmaidens, and should be studied corelatively. Not the hard, dry facts of kings and parliaments, but a thorough knowledge of the development of our race and its customs is necessary to literature; and so folk-lore and the history of localities have assumed an importance in the eyes of students undreamed of twenty years ago. Shakespeare, above all men, excelled in his knowledge of folk-lore, and when in doubt as to the existence or prevalence of some quaint custom, we have only to turn to his pages to find the heart-life of the people there revealed.

Doctor Horace Howard Furness, the greatest Shakespearian scholar of the world, once said to me that fortune and power lay before the English teacher in America who had British folk-lore at his command.

Let me here state that Glamis is pronounced to rhyme with *clâms* and not in two syllables.

But although the love of history and its heroes is inherent to the great majority, *Macbeth* is to many as shadowy a personage as King Arthur; yet the home of Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, nearly nine hundred years ago, still stands—prouder, grander, statelier—the Warwick Castle of Scotland. Yet greater than Warwick, in that it was the royal residence of Gaelic-speaking kings—Kenneth, who united under his sway Picts and Scots; Malcolm, Duncan, Macbeth, and the great Canmore. Then it became the home of the Stuart kings, and has always ranked as a royal castle and a Jacobite shrine.

The turrets of its central keep and the

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wings were built under the direction of Inigo Jones in 1602, but the dungeons, kitchen, deep well, walls, winding stairs, Duncan's Hall, Malcolm's chamber, the crypt, and the present drawing-room were all swept by the robes of Lady Macbeth! Was ever home more worthy of a visit?

It was my good fortune to renew an old acquaintanceship some years since, and again to be invited to spend a day to see the castle's most private treasures, under the guidance of its mistress, the Countess of Strathmore, and her daughter, the Lady Glamis.

The poet Gray and many another notable writer have called it "a princely pile," than which no more fitting term can be made. Standing in the very heart of "fair Strathmore"—a lovely, fertile tract, surrounded by richly wooded hills, and the distant heather-clad Grampians—its natural position is perfect. Entering its magnificently carved gateway, the avenue lined with stately elms soon brings one within the garden enclosure—still marked by the remains of round towers—all that is left of the old walls.

Statues of the Stuart kings guard the drive, and the quaint, richly carved dial, with its eighty plates, is eagerly examined.

Over the low doorway are carved heads and coats of arms, the work of Jan Van Sanvoort; cannon stand by the old gunholes; the heavy-barred door and ribbed-work iron yett (or gate) call to us with no uncertain voice that they are not of yesterday.

Ascending the winding stone stair we reach the crypt, now used as an entrance-hall—such a hall as is rarely seen. Its walls and vaulted roof are of hewn stone. The old oaken settees, brass-bound coffer chests, coats of mail, stands of arms, deer, wolf, and badger heads carry us back to a time when this same hall rang with the tramp of Macbeth's warriors—Angus, Lennox, Menteith, and Ross.

One leather coat on a stand attracts special notice. It was the riding-coat of the great Graham of Claverhouse, "Bonnie Dundee," the one in which he fought at Killicrankie.

In the roof we see strong iron rings, and can but surmise their original use. Maybe the iron chain from the drawbridge below passed through them, or, as the Hunter's Hill rises out of the park, these rings may be survivals of the royal hunting days, when the deer and wild boar were borne in and hung up in triumph in the hall.

Toward one dark corner our eyes are drawn with feelings of awe. There, in popular belief, is the walled-up entrance to the noted haunted chamber of Glamis, an entrance known only to the earl, his son, and any third confidant.

The story goes that Earl Beardie, the cruel tiger Earl of Angus, killed his opponent at cards, and so his ghost sits there in penance, playing cards until the Day of Judgment. But good taste ever represses idle curiosity, and so one neither doubts nor questions the family tradition as to the authenticity of the haunted room.

Another turn of the stair brings us to King Duncan's chamber, claimed to be the real scene of his assassination. Its low door, iron-bound and studded, has a "thumbsneck" handle, while a curious grated recess in one corner leads to a secret stairway descending to the foundation and vaults of the castle.

There is little doubt that Malcolm II was assassinated here in 1032 or 1034, and from that time a small room, panelled in black oak, has been known as Malcolm's room. His murderers fled across the snowy fields, and, falling through the ice of Forfar Loch, were drowned. Numerous carved stones in the neighborhood tell in hieroglyphics the story and judgment of their crime, and one large stone in the Manse garden is popularly known as King Malcolm's gravestone.

Higher up in the turret rooms we see the beds in which the Pretender and Sir Walter Scott slept, with their gilded royal arms and faded silk embroidered coverlets, copies of the older furniture when James V, Queen Mary's father, and hero of the Lady of the Lake, resided in the castle.

Still higher, and at last we reach the roof, and only then realize the extent of the wings as we look down on them. What a magnificent panorama stretches on every side, recalling for us the lines:

"Scenes must be beautiful, which, if daily viewed,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years."

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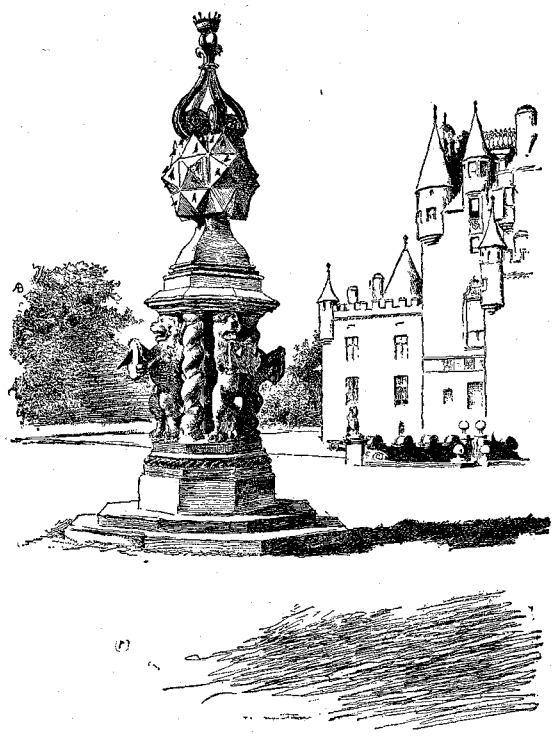
At our feet lies Thrums, while farther on, as noble background, are the heather-clad Grampians, peak after peak, till on the outline of the northwestern horizon we distinguish Byron's

"Dark frowning glories of wild Lochnagar,"

where nestling at its base is Balmoral, Scotland's present royal home. Turning toward Perthshire, we can clearly see the

"Tall trees they were,
And old, and had been old a century
Before my day. None living could say aught
About their youth."

Descending by another stair we pass over creaking floors, hearing the sough of the wind through loopholes, and even in broad daylight feel expectant that some wraith will appear suddenly at the grated covering of a secret doorway.



The quaint, richly carved dial, with its eighty plates.—Page 446.

sugar-loaf peak of Schiehallion and the extinct crater summit of Ben Lawers, while close at hand stands Dunsinane Hill, and not far off the locality of Birnam Wood. Turn where we will,

"Nor hill nor burn we pass along
But has its legend or its song."

If the twisted yews and rugged elms in the garden could only tell us the secrets of these haunted walls!

But with all else here, their record is too venerable. Like the Druids' oaks afield——

Passing under these feudal doorways, with bolts shot into the ten-feet-thick stone walls, one can faintly realize the feelings of a prisoner left to the pitiless cruelty of a jailer in such a stronghold—ghost-haunted. We talk contemptuously of our forefathers' credulity and superstitions—how would our twentieth century overworked nerves behave under similar circumstances?

The bump of locality was at a loss here, and speculations as to how new servants ever found their way flitted through the mind; then a door opened and we stood

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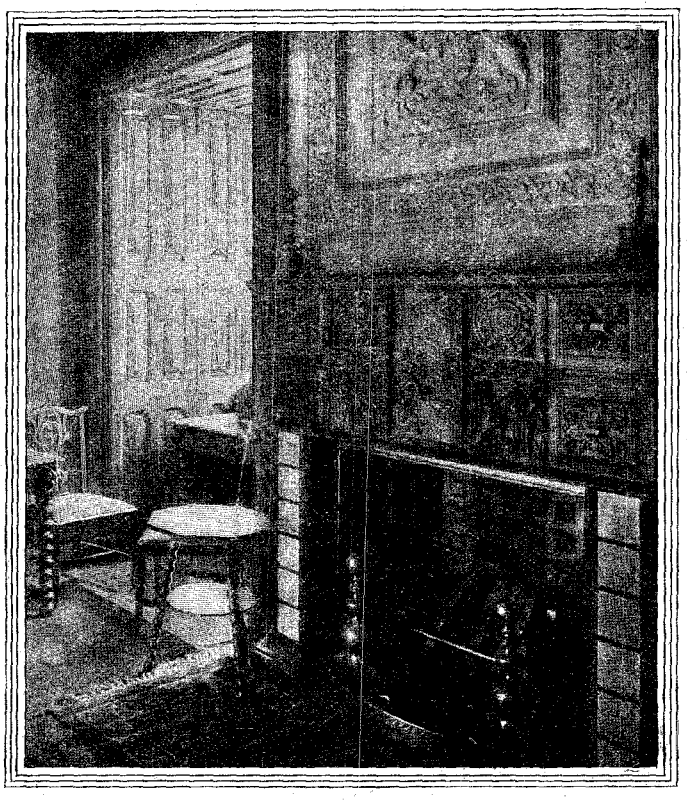
in a brilliantly lighted billiard-room hung with old tapestry, sewed in feudal days by the ladies of the castle. The colors were beautiful, and the scenes told their own tales—Nebuchadnezzar eating with the beasts of the field, Abraham offering up Isaac, Isaac blessing Jacob, etc. Several panels of terra-cotta-colored satin, with embroidered groups of children, flowers, and animals, were as soft and fresh as if they had been sewed last year and not during the fifteenth century.



Malcolm's Room.

There is little doubt that Malcolm II was assassinated here in 1032 or 1034.—Page 446.

But a greater pleasure was in store in the imposing drawing-room, sixty feet in length, and immediately over the crypt. What a perfect union of mediæval and modern—my lady's bower and my lady's drawing-room—masses of gay flowers, tall palms, cabinets of old china, soft inviting cushions, well-known photographs, with royal autographs—Ellen Terry as *Lady Macbeth*—all here within hewn stone walls, with arched doorways, embrasured windows, and vaulted, echoing roof. The carved mantel and fireplace, twelve feet wide, arrests attention; the old tiles and rampant lion "dogs," with crowns on their heads, so defiantly submissive to duty.

Then the curtained nooks, dainty with brackets and china, but on closer inspection found to be niches in those terrible walls, covered with tapestry worked by the fair fingers of the indefatigable Countess Helen, and lit at night by genuine copper "cruisey" lamps, hung from the chains and rings of non-electric days.

Looking down in painted royal majesty are the melancholy Stuarts, with their queens and the earls and countesses of former days.

The only one not of the family, but welcomed among them as an honored friend, is Claverhouse, striking in its tints of black and brown, and considered Sir Peter Lely's finest work. Seldom is "Bonnie Dundee" in his own place—loan exhibitions ever craving his presence as a most popular attraction.

One large picture, three hundred years old, is valuable. The Earl and his boys are in the foreground, in hunting-dress, with hawks and beagles; the dead mother, as an angel, hovers over them. But its value is its background, where we see the castle as it stood then, its towers, wings, walls, and watch-towers complete.

Turner's painting of the castle as we see it now is not so interesting, if more intrinsically valuable. Here we truly have a perfect union of past and present.

Passing from this magnificent room by

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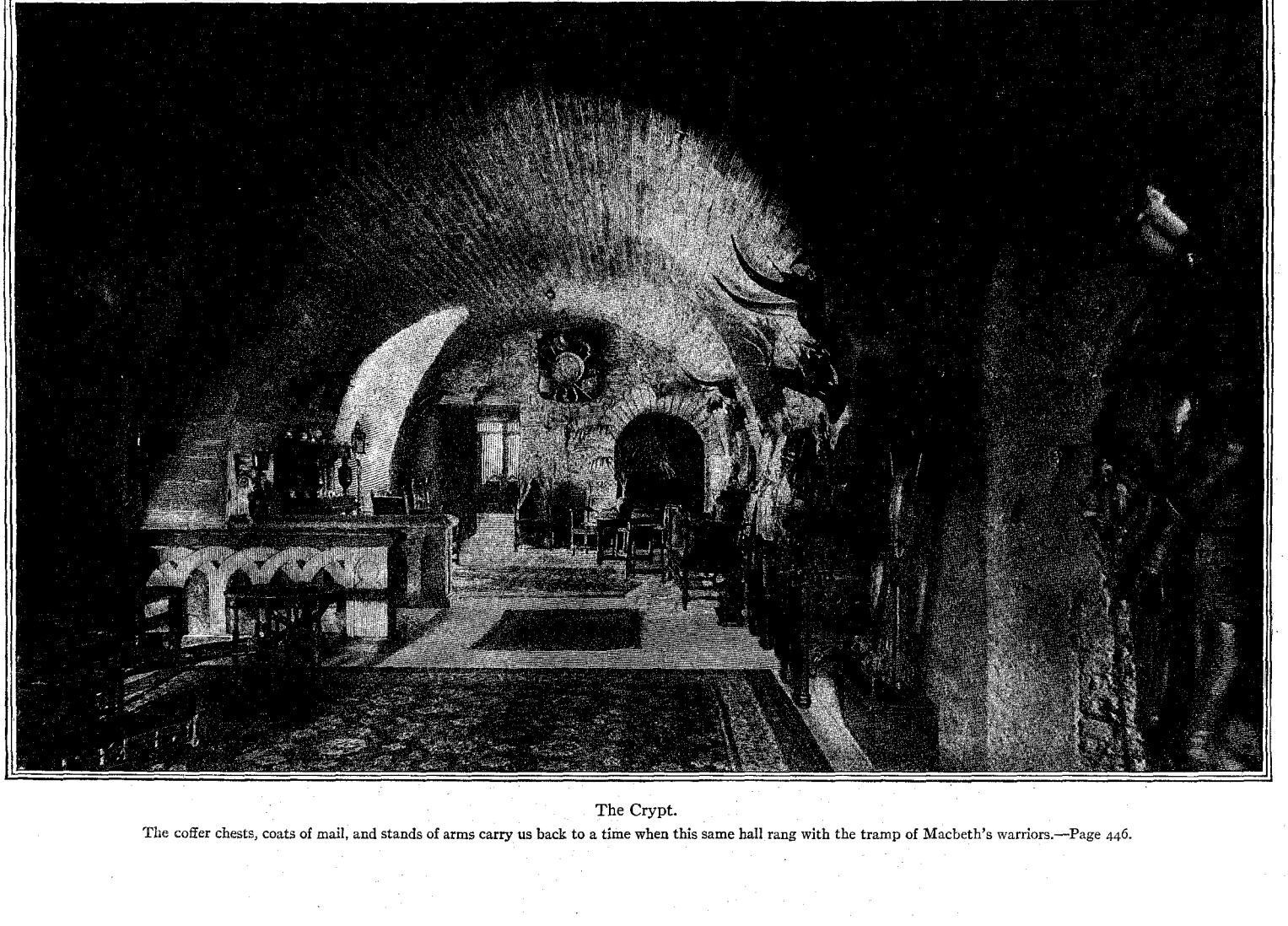

The Crypt.

The coffer chests, coats of mail, and stands of arms carry us back to a time when this same hall rang with the tramp of Macbeth's warriors.—Page 446.

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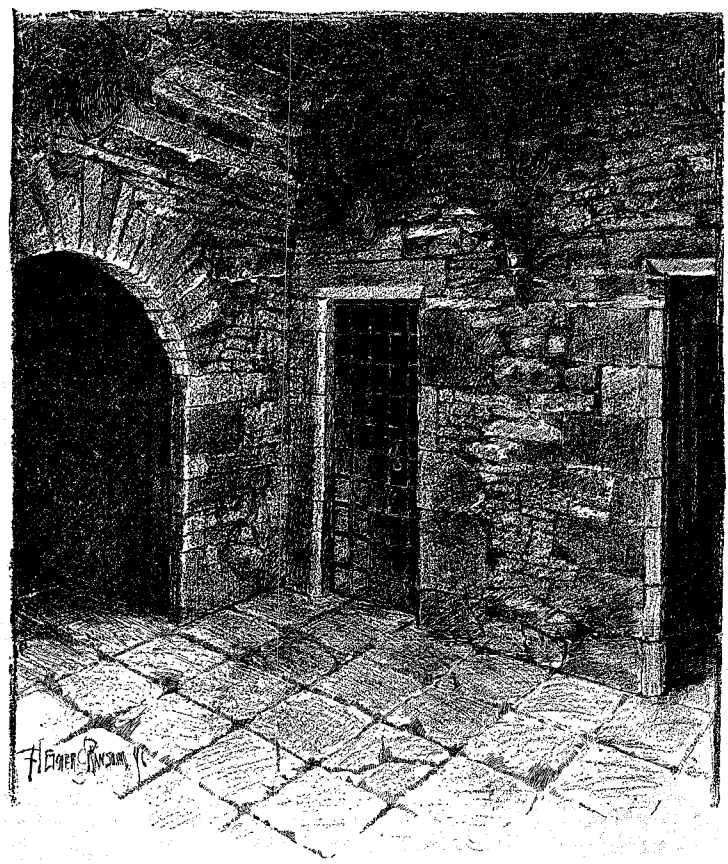
an arched passage formed through the massive walls, we reach the chapel, one of the finest private chapels in the kingdom. Its decorative paintings in panels are unique.

The ceiling is panelled in large and small divisions alternately. The scenes of our Saviour's life from childhood to his trial before Pilate are strikingly depicted in the larger panels and culminate in a beautiful painting of the Crucifixion over the altar. In the smaller panels are to be seen exquisite angels' heads and faces and the "attributes," the hand, the eye, the ear, the heart.

One starts involuntarily on looking upward to see that human eye, painted so lifelike that it seems as if a living brain must exercise its power.

In panels round the walls are figures of the twelve Disciples; the four Evangelists, two on either side, occupy the posts of honor by the Crucifixion. Beneath each portrait is painted a short account of the manner of death of the disciple.



Passing under these feudal doorways, with bolts shot into the ten-feet-thick stone walls, one can faintly realize the feelings of a prisoner left to the pitiless cruelty of a jailer in such a stronghold.—Page 447.

But one panel attracts attention above all others. Its subject is the embodiment of John, 20th chapter and 15th verse: "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him: Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Christ as the gardener, leaning humanly weary on his spade, looks on Mary so pitifully, but oh! so kindly. It seems so natural at first sight that one realizes only

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after repeated gazing that *never before* have we seen the Christ painted *with a hat on his head.* Yet the hat is familiar enough, large and soft and drooping, a *Cavalier* hat. Then slowly our waking perceptions pass from the familiar hat

"This chapel was finished and consecrated in the year of God
1688,"

we know that the resemblance is no fanciful illusion.

The Drawing-Room.

A perfect union of mediæval and modern.—Page 448.

of historic paintings to the face of the gardener. We forget for a moment the sacred allusion and association and we see in this gardener our royal Stuart martyr, Charles I.

It seems impossible! The softened gray light thrown on the figure from the beautiful Franco-Scottish stained-glass of the sixteenth century—such glass as Mary Stuart loved in Holyrood—heightens the startling effect. Then as the eye passes on and reads:

1688. A memorable year in the fortunes of the Stuarts, for William of Orange then landed at Torbay, and James II, the last of the luckless royal line, had fled.

We Scots have been accused by our English brethren of betraying Charles Stuart. This picture is but one of many proofs that to the mass of the people the Stuarts were inexpressibly dear.

It was a bold defiance at such a time, and we could well picture that loyal earl, with his friend and neighbor, Claverhouse

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—admiring gazers as we were—an example of fealty copied to the death by a worthy successor, who fell fighting at Sherrifmuir, in 1715.

For the Lyons of Strathmore were devoted Royalists, and afterward, in the chart room, our noble hostess gave the clew to this unique painting.

In the contract entered into between Earl Patrick and De Witt, the Dutch painter, the artist promised to paint Charles the Martyr in some suitable Scriptural scene.

During the Commonwealth the devotion of the subject had to resort to stratagem, and now, in the twentieth century, this painting in Macbeth's historic castle gives us a truer and more touching conception of the faith and devotion to the Stuart cause than can the most eloquent historian.

Looking down in painted royal majesty are the melancholy Stuarts and the earls of former days.—Page 448.

How could Earl Patrick admire Cromwell, who had stabled his horses in the castle hall and made a smiddy (shoeing forge) in the Chamber of Dais? The young earl, a minor, was fined £1,000 as punishment because his father had refused to betray Charles.

The Presbyterians of Scotland sympathized most heartily with the Puritans driven from the Old to the New England.

Yet religion and loyalty may be things apart. Who more loyal than the Howards and all the English Catholics at the dread invasion of the Armada? So, too, the loyalty of Scotch Presbyterians is unimpeachable. Even now in Scottish schools —those schools endowed by the wisdom and foresight of the great John Knox— teachers and pupils strive to do unbiassed justice to the memory of Queen Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, and John Milton, but there is a sad lack of enthusiasm in the effort. The misfortune and sad fate of Mary and Charles Stuart hang like a shadow over the pages, and still hold a tight grip on Scottish hearts. Surely never before nor since in the history of the world has there been such unswerving devotion to the personality of a race of kings. From Robert Bruce to Bonnie Prince Charlie everything nearest and dearest to Scottish liberty was entwined and woven with the fortunes of the White Rose.

Where else in Britain is there a more fitting home for such a picture? As a reward for bravery at Bannockburn, Robert Bruce gave Walter, the Steward of his palace, the coveted hand of his daughter Marjory. Their son was Robert II, the first Stewart king, and his daughter, the Princess Jane, on her marriage with a devoted and faithful subject, Sir John Lyon, received as her dowry the royal castle and lands of Glamis, carrying with it the *right* to quarter the lion and crown on the coat of arms. A royal Stewart home, indeed! Hoary with tradition even in the days of this first Stewart chatelaine.

Ere she entered its gates, the bodies of Malcolm II, Duncan I, and the great Macbeth had been borne therefrom to their last resting-place on the peaceful, fair island of Iona, when as yet England was Saxon, and knew not the Conqueror.

It was in her Scottish court that Queen Margaret instituted the Grace Cup; a cup afterward bequeathed, with her other

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treasures, to the church, and lost or destroyed at the Reformation.

But the custom was kept up, the cup was still passed, and so from the days of Princess Jane, the beaker of Glamis has been one of its treasures.

It is in the form of a rampant lion, beautifully modelled, and of that exquisite soft gray tint only seen in genuine old silver. The lion's head forms a neatly hinged lid, and the body holds a quart of liquor.

In olden days each peaceful guest must drain its contents, and on the home-coming of brides it still holds the honored place. But we have departed from the drinking capabilities of our ancestors, so a small silver cup, containing a wine-glass in quantity, has been inserted in the lion's gullet, and thus the modern bride and specially honored guest may still be able to drain and pledge the power of the rampant lion. A silver model of the beaker has been made, and rarely is the original cup displayed with the family plate on the sideboard. It has never before been sketched or photographed, and, as a good Scot, I duly appreciated the earl's placing it in my hand for a thorough inspection and the Lady Glamis's offer of a drawing of it. It is indeed a genuine relic of mediæval Scotland. The magnificent dining-room, alas, is not the room in which these royal hostesses presided, for fire destroyed this part of the old castle. But though modern, it is palatial, with its magnificent oaken wainscot, sideboard, chairs, and mantelpiece, all carved with the lion and national emblems; while round the walls as a dado are the richly colored and gilded shields of the various noble families with whom the Lyons have intermarried. As the sun poured through the high windows of rich glass and made rainbows round the flowers and quaint silver, one could not but be impressed by the educational power of such beautiful surroundings, and the lesson was enforced by the carved mottoes in Latin and Old French:

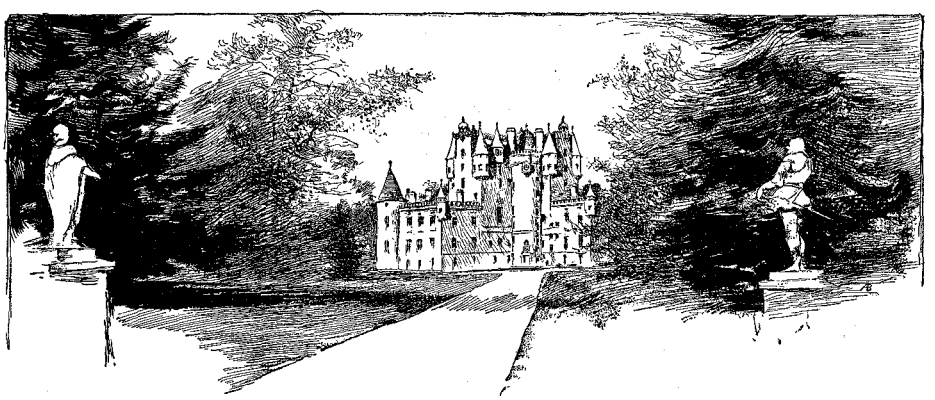
"In te Domine Speravi
Sans variance terme de ma vie——"

the latter most nobly fulfilled in loyalty to the Stuarts.

But his slanting rays also reminded us that the day was waning, and that ere its close we had to reach the Grampian slopes —"the loyal Braes o' Angus." So, with kindest expressions from our courtly host and hostesses we reluctantly said adieu to the venerable pile. Tempted again and again to "last peeps," we knew in our hearts it was but *au revoir*.

Let each one interested go and see that

"I have used no gloss nor varnish
To make things fairer look."



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By Due Process of Law

BY F. J. STIMSON

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following story is based on actual facts, though purposely altered somewhat and changed in places to avoid too close identification. The original tragedy may be found recounted in the late Colonel Waring's volume of war reminiscences entitled "Whip and Spur." For the vindication of the common law of English-speaking lands, besides the general history of England since (and before) the Bill of Rights, the reader need only be reminded of the trial for the Boston massacre, the decisions of our Supreme Court during the Reconstruction period, the Dow case, of stealing silver in Louisiana tried years afterward in Maine, and the decision whereby the family of General Lee recovered Arlington.

THE actors in this drama are now all dead. And I think the drama should have permanent record. The memories of our Civil War itself are now overlaid by those more poignant, far more terrible, memories of but yesterday. All the more is it needful for us citizens of our republic to vivify in our minds the understanding of our heritage of English law, and still more so for our citizens of alien birth; for the law of their birth-lands was of world-wide difference. Not too soon, nor too often, can they be taught that difference. And our women too, recently enfranchised, now must hasten to the study of those birth-rights which their sex has made unnecessary hitherto. The Prussians have just given us the object-lesson of their system; this story will remind you of our own.

In the June of 1862 John Brandon—for so I shall call him—was finishing his first year at Harvard College, where his father and grandfather had been before him. His father, though of Massachusetts birth, was possessed of large plantations in the State of Mississippi, where he made his home. Although the war had begun the year before, in view of John's extreme youth (he was then hardly fifteen) he had seen no reason for changing the plan of sending him to college there. The boy was in a Northern preparatory school when the war broke out, and was too young to fight, even if then prepared to take sides. Augustine Brandon, second of that name, was of course of Northern sympathies, but regarded himself as a citizen of Mississippi; and he was far too old for martial service, John being the younger child of a marriage he had, late in life, contracted with a beautiful young girl of New Orleans, whose father he had befriended. He had died, leaving his orphan daughter to his care. She also had died, in giving John birth, leaving also John's elder sister, Rose Mary, his senior by some seven years. Rose Mary was blond and of very gentle nature, sharing her mother's creole blood; he, on the contrary, was black-haired, determined, and of Northern, Norman type, sharing, as it were, the vigor of both Norman-French and Norman-English ancestry. But, as the family is now quite extinct, these facts are perhaps of little importance, save that he loved this sister with a love that is rarer perhaps in purely Saxon natures, while he adored his father with a reverence that had in it something Roman.

It was to Rose Mary that was due his early homecoming, without waiting for the Commencement festivities. It was still possible—easily possible for a gentleman of Mr. Brandon's position—to get letters through to the North. The Federal troops were already in possession of New Orleans, under General Butler; but without using that channel, it was quite easy for Mr. Brandon, an old gentleman over seventy, living on his estates and highly respected though known to be of Northern sympathies, to have his family

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letters passed through the Confederate lines to the North, with a mere pretense at censorship. And her letters of late had grown increasingly anxious. It was not only their loneliness and isolated situation and her father's age, nor fear of the blacks (in that belt of country perhaps the most primitively savage still in all the South), nor of course of the soldiers themselves—it was more than this, something she could not explain, yet something evident in all her letters. Her young brother light-heartedly attributed it merely to the loneliness, however. Perhaps it was; at all events he was glad, at any call of Rose Mary's or his father's, to come home. And there was another secret reason still. It was his fixed resolve after his return to the North to enlist in the Northern army. Next year he would not be too young. But it was necessary to have his father's consent, to win that of his sister (in whom he suspected some Southern sympathy), and then, most of all, to get them away from the old plantation, so far within the Southern lines, and he a Northern soldier.

Furnished with military passes, Brandon had little trouble in making his way as far as Corinth in northern Mississippi. That was the southernmost point of the Northern line. But the main military operations lay to the eastward of his way beyond that point, and he was assured that the country was practically free of soldiers, Northern or Southern; in any case, the latter, being of his State and neighbors, would give him little trouble. Relying on this, he had made no effort to get passes through the Southern lines, as his own route lay to the southwest, the great plantation of his father being on the southern slopes of the very last head of the great Appalachian chain that runs unbroken from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the lower Mississippi. Here the cultivation of rice begins to be possible, as well as cotton and the more Northern staples; and here his father had settled as a young man, and devoted his life to the cultivation not alone of the fields but of the neighborhood. Around Laurel Hill there were schools, the negroes were kindly treated; it was a little oasis of civilization on the very edge of the "Black Belt."

Railroad communication ended at Corinth, and young Brandon had little difficulty in procuring a horse on which to finish his journey. Although nominally all the horses had been seized for use of the Confederate army long before and he had no personal acquaintance in Corinth, his name and need sufficed to bring to the hotel door a fairly well-fed farm horse, in charge of a smiling darky, "to be returned at his convenience." He lost no time in mounting, as he was anxious to get home. His few belongings were soon bundled and strapped behind the saddle, and, throwing a gold piece to the darky, he was off.

Almost immediately on leaving the town behind him he entered the woods: the vast sparse growth of oak or pine that clothes these last Northern uplands. The road dwindled to a sandy track, and then a trail; and after a few miles he left it altogether, as the country grew familiar to him, for the forest was scanty and moreover carpeted, on hard sand, by that pretty herbage which we of Alabama call clover—though clover, of course, it is not, but a pleasant footing it makes for horse or man. He had started in the mid-forenoon, determined to get home that night, and was anxious to arrive in still more familiar surroundings ere the dark. The distance—some seventy to eighty miles—his horse was said to be good for with one rest. This he took, with a meal, after sunset; waiting for all twilight to fail and the stars to become bright before he started again. The moon was in its last quarter.

It seemed a very happy ride to him. What journeys can be more so than those of youth, in its first freedom, upon a horse, no care behind and home ahead? "Journeys end in lovers' meeting," how old a catch is that? And though there was no lover in the case, it may be questioned if the love of boy for a single and older sister be not deeper still.

He had met no one so far in all his journey. The few roads (which mainly ran westward toward the great river) when he had crossed them were unpicketed, showing that the country was not under military occupation; nor had there been a sound of distant gunfire nor a light of falling shell. One or two negro cabins he had passed, but they were de-

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serted; the negroes evidently fled either to their master's protection, southward, or northward to join the invading army. But the boy had been told at Corinth that it was probable that the present offensive of the Federals had ended; indeed, it had been hinted to him that their next movement might be a retreat.

He was getting very near home now. The country was quite familiar. Beyond that pine-clad height where the last rock cropped out he should see a long range of gentle hills whose slopes were already reclaimed to farming. These were his father's outlying plantations, mostly "truck" farms, given to the favored negroes, whence the supplies came to the great house. And beyond this long last range of hills lay the valley of home, on the farther side of which, on a gentle acclivity in the edge of a fine grove, rose the great mansion house where he had been born, two-storied, with wide veranda framed in high pillars rising to the dormered roof. Beside it his sister's favorite flower-garden; in front, the great lawn slanting to the lake that had been the sea of adventure of his boyhood, Rose Mary always with him, she just enough older to accompany him in all adventure, not so much older that he did not feel himself the protector, as any man should be. Rose Mary! Rose Marie—it was the old creole name his father had chosen for her. Himself had been plain John.

The light of the setting moon still lingered in the western horizon. It was strange how long it stayed. He thought he should lose it as he plunged into the last wood; but no, it was still there. Was it all the light of the moon? Clapping spurs to his horse, he galloped up the last acclivity from the summit of which, he knew, he should see his father's house. But he was never to enter his father's house again. Long before he reached the hilltop he saw that the light was not of the moon alone, but the redder glow of fire; and when he got to where he could look down across the valley he saw that it was his father's house that was burning.

The fire had apparently started in the servants' quarters, for the "offices" and household servants' cabins to the westward of the main house were already wrapped in flames, in the light of which the great façade now shone like marble, gleaming white, as yet untouched. No figures appeared on its broad veranda, and there was still light in the bedroom windows.

Brandon dropped the bridle and drove the spurs into his horse. So he fell down the mountain, and spurred across the lawn by the little lake. Then as he dashed upward through the jasmines and magnolias, the house now already on fire, he saw the great door open, both wings thrown inward, and his father, followed by his sister, appear on the veranda. At the same moment his horse stumbled, his bridle was seized, and he himself thrown to earth and held. The boy struggled, though he saw that they were Union soldiers, when the event occurred which made captors and captive motionless for the moment. "That's the Cossack!" one of them had said. A squadron of cavalry had been drawn up in front of the house, and the man who seemed to be in command had shouted, "—— you, come out!" and his father had come in his black coat and hair gleaming white; Rose Mary in her night-dress, her blond curls still unbraided; she seemed mad with fear or anger, the old man calm. He saw some of the family servants, armed but white with fear, behind them. "Don't speak to the villains, shoot them down," he heard his sister cry. It was at that moment and before he could wrench him free that he heard the man they called the Cossack give the order Fire!

He saw his father fall, riddled with many bullets; his sister, too. The shots seemed to come from every side. He struck at one of his captors with the hand he had struggled to free and the butt of his pistol, and the other struck him down with the clubbed gun, unconscious.

They left him there; and in the morning, a long time after sunrise, the negroes, his own servants, found him and brought him to. The house was now in ashes. Some of the negroes had gone away with the Northern troops, but his sister, they told him, was being nursed by the old mammy, her foster-mother. They seemed strangely loath even to tell him this, though voluble as to the other events of the night, the raid (for such they had dis-

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covered it was) of the Union cavalry; how they said they had come to take massa as a rebel spy, but had, after killing him, packed up and taken off with them all the silver. "But take me to Rose Mary," he cried, he ordered—and at last they did, and he found her struggling in her old mammy's arms—raving mad.

Rose Mary never recovered her reason. For a year or more John Brandon hardly left her, day or night. He got her North, to his nearest relations, in Massachusetts. Then, when all the doctors assured him that her case was hopeless, he enlisted in the Northern armies.

In the May of 1874—it was the Sunday before May 31, Decoration Day—the town, or rather, as it called itself, the city, of Centreville, situated in what is known as the Black Belt of southern Illinois, lay under a particularly hot sun even for that time of year and in that latitude. Main Street lay almost deserted, save for a few hogs that roamed at will through its miry centre (for there had been recent rains), and were only prevented from invading the plank sidewalks by the elevation at which these were set above the mud—or perhaps that the centre street made better hunting for refuse from the houses or, worse, in the gutters old peelings or tomato-cans. Centreville was not a new town; and the plank sidewalks that stretched up from the railroad depot in long perspective were old and worn, in some spots out of repair, so that a jump was necessary; and it looked as if this condition had lasted a long time. The houses that faced the sidewalks were for the most part wooden, too; though the Bank was of brick, and the Court-house. The Opera-house, however, was of wood, and so were the two rival churches that faced each other with crossless spires at the upper end of the street, and the only building that had more than two stories was the Centreville Hotel. Indeed, most of the shops had but one, but this was often eked out by a false front above with an elaborate wooden cornice, thus making an imposing façade and justifying Main Street's metropolitan pretensions. There were few dwelling-houses upon Main Street, the price per front foot not justifying their improvement for merely domestic uses. For one corner lot in the post-war boom times had been reported sold at $200 the front foot, a fact which other lot-owners (though all were mortgaged, and all but one for sale) had never let escape their memory.

This one lot not for sale was covered by the most modern structure in all Centreville. Of brick, with Indiana stone facings, it occupied the corner across Lincoln Street from the Centreville Hotel, just opposite the Soldiers' Monument in the park. In it was there lodged the I. O. O. F. and the Masons, and here were held the meetings of other fraternal or charitable societies; for the one that was proprietary was hospitable, one might add generous, not to say thrifty, and willingly let out for evenings that were not its own lodge nights its halls to more houseless organizations, or to Chautauqua lectures, or even to political rallies or caucuses not so big as to necessitate the city hall—the more secret arcana on such occasions being temporarily removed. Here also had its headquarters and met, when it met, the local post of the G. A. R.

That was not very often. Comparatively few soldiers had gone from Centreville, and fewer still had returned. Then there had been some disagreement about the Post's leadership. Its titular leader was, of course, dead, and the present head was the proprietor of the Centreville Hotel, a burly, black-haired, coarse-grained Hoosier whose name was Max Conrad, not, however, without much of what is called magnetism, and distinctly a good "mixer." Only, it was charged by his enemies, that he mixed too much; and that the meetings, post or lodge, held too lengthy adjournments around the iron stove's railing in his bar.

To-day, of course, being Sunday, there was no formal meeting of the Post; nor ordinarily would many of them, on that day, have congregated after meeting about the Centreville Hotel bar. But to-morrow was Decoration Day, their great day of the year. It was a spectacle then; it is perhaps more touching now—to see the survivors of those who saved the Union marching once a year in their worn uniforms to the graves of their dead com-

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rades, feebler, each year with more halting steps, in fewer numbers and with more graves to deck. But in that year, 1874, they were husky still and strong, and as an organization would march to their brass band, proudly, with all the consciousness of a great political power. Particularly in these remote and still rather primitive Western towns, where life offered few diversities and not so many counter ambitions, the local post leader was apt to become the political one, at least of one party. And what the G. A. R. said, went—as the saying goes.

"And where would they be but for us?" concluded Conrad, bringing his hairy fist down on the counter with a crash that caused the glasses to ring. They were discussing the subject of service pensions then already being agitated. Conrad was the oracle of his own bar, and there was no dissent. "That's the talk," said "Heinie" Wagner, his sycophant and understudy, approvingly. Grimes Walker, the local lawyer and candidate for Congress, nodded his head. "What do you think, Tom?" continued Conrad.

Tom Rymer, the person addressed, a sunburnt, delicate-featured farmer, his black clothes still reddened with the dust of the prairie road through which he had driven in to church, had been Conrad's rival for the local leadership, and the latter lost no opportunity of setting him at a disadvantage. But it was evident that the others held him in some consideration, for they waited without interruption for the reply. Only "Al" Hicks, visibly the worse for liquor, spat noisily in the ashpan encircling the stove.

"It seems to me," said Rymer hesitatingly, "the country first should more fully compensate those who are disabled or sick. We healthy ones can wait our turn."

Conrad banged open the hinged rail and came out from behind the bar. "And what do you think, sir?"

The form of address was so unusual that all turned with some curiosity toward the person indicated. He was a stranger, obviously an Easterner, who had been sitting a little back from the stove, watching the others.

"Oh, I forgot," Conrad continued. "Gentlemen, this is Mr. ——, Mr. ——. He only came in this morning. Mr. ——?"

"My name is John," said the stranger.

"John? John what?"

"I said my name was John," said the stranger in a voice that left no room for further discussion.

"The Scripture said call this man John," interposed Charley Baker, the popular member.

"That's so! and the drinks are on me!" answered the jovial host. "Well then, Mr. John, give us your own opinion."

"Why, I would only add the widows and orphans—and perhaps, after a time, old-age pensions. We did not fight for money."

"And that's right, too! A member of the Grand Army, sir?"

"I am." And then, as if fearing he had been too curt or uncommunicative, John Brandon added: "The Thirty-....th Massachusetts."

"Well, have a drink on that. To be long in Centreville, sir? You must come to our Post meetings." And Conrad drew forward a couple of black bottles.

"Thank you very much," said Mr. John. And, as all the others except Tom Rymer crowded up to the bar: "But as for the drink, you must excuse me."

"Well, if you won't—Tom Rymer?"

"You know I never drink, Conrad."

"I was just going to say you would keep Mr. John company."

"The Thirty-....th Massachusetts? I remember the Thirty-....th Massachusetts. It saw some fighting."

"Not so much as we of the West, though," said Conrad.

"Not so much as we Westerners," echoed Wagner.

"I was in at the very beginning, under Grant. At Fort Donelson—at Pittsburg Landing. Hardly ever saw a Yankee regiment."

"Hadn't much use for the Bluebellies," said Hicks.

"Except for that Louisiana expedition when Mr. Rymer saw us, I was in the Army of the Potomac all the time," said Mr. John.

"Fighting behind trenches," hiccoughed Hicks. But Charley Baker hastened to add an explanation.

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"Of course the Army of the Tennessee saw more open fighting at the start. But we all came to trenches in the end."

"You should have seen Pittsburg Landing," persisted Hicks.

"And Chattanooga," said Charley Baker.

John Brandon turned to the hotel-keeper. "What was your regiment?"

"The Hundred and ....th Illinois. But I left before Chattanooga." And Brandon, who was watching the party closely, thought he saw a half-smile on some faces. Conrad went on hurriedly: "Them first days were the best. Pittsburg Landing won the war."

"Them was the days," nodded Wagner. He was now almost as drunk as Hicks was.

"I thought we might 'a' moved on Vicksburg then," went on Conrad, with an air of mastery. "But the Old Man wouldn't."

Wagner nodded, with an air of drunken gravity. "His staff was bum. Why, we got miles beyond him, to Corinth and beyond. The country was all open to us. Cossack, you remember?"

At this word, "Cossack," John Brandon could not prevent the slightest possible start. To cover it he rose from his chair. Conrad made no reply to Wagner's question; only he asked the stranger if he knew Corinth—"in Mississippi," he added.

"I told you I was in the Army of the Potomac," Mr. John replied. Tom Rymer was going to the door, and he joined him. "Must have a bit of air before dinner."

Max Conrad looked after him suspiciously. But the others went on drinking.

It was the evening of the following Fourth of July. The day had been very hot and exhausting to all members of the Centreville G. A. R., who had joined in the procession and listened to the oration, all save "Cap" Conrad, and were now collected in his barroom, the civic centre of Centreville, partaking of well-earned refreshment. Thence they were to go for their annual election to the Post hall, across the street. Hicks and Wagner had been drinking heavily, and Conrad had joined them rather more than was his wont. Rymer was also there, and Charley Baker, and Sam Jackson, an old veteran of the Hundred and ....th, who had recently returned from California. The door opened, and in walked he-whom they knew as Mr. John. Greetings were exchanged; none too cordial on the part of Conrad. "Ain't seen you since you lit out last Decoration Day," he said. "Rather sudden, wa'n't it?"

"I had business in the South," said John.

"The South, eh? Thought you said you was an Easterner——"

"My business was in the South, this time."

"Come to stay a while this time? Put up with me?"

"No. I have a room in the town."

"We had hoped to see you at our Post meeting," interposed Charley Baker.

"I intend to come to-night. I only dropped in to have a word with Colonel Rymer."

Tom Rymer had been brevetted lieutenant-colonel after the war, a rank which ever rankled in the thoughts of Conrad, who had never got beyond that of captain. But he had not re-enlisted after the second year, whereas Rymer had served the war through. He got up as "Mr. John" spoke, and after a word or two more they went out together, John interchanging a glance with Jackson as they went, a thing which did not escape the notice of Conrad. "Known that feller before?" he said.

"Never saw him except once until I met him in New Orleans on my way back from California," said Jackson simply.

"What d'yer come back for?" queried Conrad bluntly. He got no answer to his question, and there was an awkward pause.

"I never cottoned to that feller," said Hicks.

"Nor me neither. But I can't stand Bluebellies." It was Wagner who spoke. "What's he doin' hereabouts, anyhow?"

"You may search me," grinned Conrad. "All I know is he lit out that next mornin'. But he paid his bill."

"And where'd he come from this time?"

"He blew in on the Central Limited from New Orleans," said somebody.

"Excuse me, fellers, I must go. I've

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got an old aunt still living in this burg. See you to-night." It was the man called Jackson who spoke, and as he spoke he left, giving no opportunity for further questions. Baker went with him, while the others remained to drown their curiosity in another round of drinks. All drinks were on the house this day; for it was the annual election for Commander of the Post, and Conrad was again a candidate. Some of the members took to sleep, others to throwing dice. Hicks and Wagner became incapacitated from going to the hotel supper, and were shown to rooms up-stairs by Conrad himself, cheerfully assuring him that they "would be all right in the evenin'." But to make assurance doubly sure, he dowsed a pitcher of cold water over each as he left them.

The contest at the election was close. Conrad seemed to have lost some popularity during the preceding year. John was there, but of course took no part in the voting. The election was determined only by the vote of Jackson, who cast his for Tom Rymer. Conrad, who had alternately bragged of the benefits he had conferred on Centreville and blustered of his record in the war—his loud voice in this giving him great advantage over the quiet Rymer—could not control his rage.

"I have my own opinion of fellers that don't care a damn about the town, or the Post either, and only skulk back in time to vote," he yelled, glaring at Jackson. "And of damned bluebellied interlopers," he hissed, almost in John's face. "The rest of ye can come and take a drink."

The latter made no reply, but Jackson did.

"It was necessary for the good name of the Post."

"The hell it was! Well, come along, you others."

But now Brandon stepped forward, a paper in his hand.

"Stop where you are! You cannot go back to your hotel. You are arrested on a charge of murder. I have extradition papers from the Governor of Mississippi."

"Murder? That's a good one! What the hell—" blustered Captain Conrad.

"Of murder—of Augustine Brandon, in Jackson County, Mississippi, in June, 1862."

Conrad still threatened, with a purple face, but Hicks and Wagner blanched.

"By God, Cossack, you remember—the night we burned that ranch—the old man *was* killed——"

"What if he was?" roared Conrad. "A damned rebel, and a spy!"

"A civilian and no spy, I am sure," replied John.

"Anyhow it was war time, and under orders!"

"You can try that out in a court of law."

"And how do you know? Who the hell are you?"

"I am his son," said Brandon.

There was a moment of tense silence in the hall. It was a strange scene. The gaunt, bare room with its scattered insignia and its torn flags behind the platform, on either side of a crude lithograph of General Grant; the startled group of men, many still in their old service uniforms; and calm among them all; this Eastern comrade come to beard their braggart leader in his very den. But after one tense minute, he began to swagger again.

"Well, young feller, I'm sorry. But he was a damned spy just the same. And, anyways, it was the fortune of war. Come on, boys——"

"Stop!" It was Brandon who threw the door open. On the stairway were two men in police uniform, with them an old negro dressed in clean black. With his white hair and dignified bearing, he looked like some ancient body-servant or butler. "Marshals, take your prisoner!" And Brandon pointed his finger at Conrad. The two policemen stepped forward, one of them jingling a pair of handcuffs. Jackson joined them.

"I am the messenger of the Governor of Mississippi, charged with the arrest and extradition of Max Conrad, indicted there for the murder of Augustine Brandon in June, 1862. These officers are under my command. And here is the extradition warrant signed last week by Governor —— of Illinois."

As Conrad whipped a pistol from his pocket he was seized. "Will you go quiet, or shall I have to put the handcuffs on?" said one.

"Go quiet? Hell! Fellers, comrades,

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will you stand for this? A couple of damned rebels from a rebel State come and take a citizen of Illinois?"

Up to that moment the members of the Post had stood quiet, spellbound; but this appeal moved them. There were several cries of No!

"We'll see them in hell first!" "Raise the whole city!" "Hold the train!" "Mob them! Mob them!" cried Hicks and Wagner and several of the others. But then, unnoticed in the excitement, Wagner bolted down the stairs, and it was Charley Baker who spoke.

"It may be right—I don't know the law—but how do we know he'll have a fair trial?"

"In Mississippi—hell!" said Hicks.

"Why can't he be tried here?" suggested another.

"They tell me that can't be," said Brandon. "It must be in the State of the crime. Of course he'll have his habeas corpus here, if he wishes, and he can get a lawyer."

At this moment was heard a clamoring at the door below. It was a number of excited citizens, led by Wagner. The chief marshal looked at Brandon inquiringly.

"Let him up," said he quietly. "Let them all up." And the crowd pressed into the hall.

"There he is! There's the feller!" shouted Wagner, pointing to Brandon. "Wants to take our captain down to Mississippi to try him there on some cock-and-bull charge of murder in the war, twelve years ago! In the war! D'ye ever hear o' such a thing? I never did in Germany, and I was a soldier there too. Will ye stand it, men?"

There was a general murmur. It seemed evident that they would stand by their comrade.

"I have an extradition charge against you, too, if your name is Wagner," said Brandon. "But it is not for the murder, though I know that you were there, and it might well have been. It is for stealing silver."

There was a little laughter at this, but the effect was to enrage Wagner still more, though now he spoke in fear as well as anger. "I say we'll stand by one another against all the blasted rebels in the South. Captain Conrad won't get no court trial down there—they'll just lynch him, that's all."

There was a very general assent to this. Many shook their heads.

"Gentlemen, I have come here to have this man duly tried. I should be glad to have the trial take place here, anywhere, where he could have a fair trial. Many, nearly all, of the witnesses are here. But all tell me it is impossible. But I promise you, I give you my word of honor, as a gentleman, as a comrade, that there will be no lynching." Brandon's words had effect, but only with some. He had a whispered conference with Jackson, the marshal, and Rymer. Then he turned and faced the hall, already crowded, and others still pressing up the stairs.

"Gentlemen, I have no authority to propose this. No authority under the law. But you say you will oppose the extradition of this man. It is not only that I want to avoid rioting, possibly bloodshed—I want first and only to convince the members of this Post, loyal soldiers in the war to save the Union, that this man should stand his trial. I have said the witnesses are here. [Conrad gave a start again at this, and looked furtively around, but seeing none but friends he forced a smile.] I propose we hold a trial here. It can have no legal validity, of course. Whatever be the result I shall do my best to carry the prisoner away. But it may determine you in your resolve whether to oppose it. Our train does not leave until to-morrow morning. We will have no lawyers, just the facts. We will have it here, in this room, and now."

"To-night," said somebody.

"Now," said Brandon. "Do you agree?"

There was a long pause. Conrad looked puzzled and dubious. Baker nodded his head. All seemed to wait for some one to speak first.

"It seems fair," said at last the oldest member of the Post.

"It can do no harm," assented another.

"Trial be damned," yelled Wagner. "Trial for what? I tell yer there ain't no offense. I say we pack the marshals down to New Orleans and ride the damned Bluebelly on a rail out o' town!"

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Hicks assented loudly, and one or two others; but Conrad was silent. The sentiment, even of the Post, seemed to favor the proposal.

"Shall we let the people in?" asked Rymer, who had not yet spoken for or against the strange proposal.

"I have no objection," answered Brandon.

"I think it matter for the Post," said the oldest member. "We can advise the people afterward." And so it was agreed.

Then, for the first time, the prisoner spoke. "Take these damned things off," indicating his handcuffs.

Brandon looked at Rymer and the oldest member. A glance of understanding passed between them. Brandon turned back to the marshal.

"Take them off," he said. "I am sure they will attempt no rescue here." The handcuffs were removed, and Conrad shook himself, and sank heavily upon a chair. It was announced that there was to be a Post meeting, and strangers were requested to vacate the hall.

The crowd behind the benches, murmuring or stilled, grew speechless as they saw Rymer mount the rostrum and seize the gavel. He struck it but twice. "Those not members of the Post will please withdraw. Marshals, make way—you may bring your witnesses to a front bench."

The white-haired negro, trembling, took a seat there, and with him Sam Jackson.

"I—I want a lawyer—" Conrad spoke with dry lips.

"This is a Post matter, not a lawyer's trial," said Rymer. "However, Comrade Grimes Walker is a lawyer. He will act for you."

The candidate for Congress looked uneasy. He held a whispered colloquy with Conrad. The two officers in blue coats had resumed their place at the door, and the women and children that Wagner had led in were marshalled out reluctantly. "I object," shouted Walker. "I object to the presence of Federal marshals. Illinois is not a State under reconstruction."

"Those are not United States marshals, but officers commissioned by the State of Mississippi to carry out this extradition." It was Brandon who spoke, but Rymer interrupted.

"The colonel's point is well taken. This is a Post matter. The officers will please leave the room." Brandon signalled them to go. Meantime Hicks had returned to Conrad with a glass of whiskey. He drank it neat, and his voice was heard.

"You mean to say they can try me for anything I did in the war?"

Walker hushed him, as he began to bluster, and turned to Rymer, presiding, with a touch of his professional manner. "My client," he began, "would like to know who is prosecuting this case, what the charges are, and to be confronted with the witnesses."

"I am." It was Brandon who spoke. "That is, in so far as there is a prosecution. I am here to bring my father's murderers to justice. The State of Mississippi has indicted this man Conrad. But so far as the Post is concerned, this is but a private inquiry among gentlemen to discover the truth and decide them whether they wish to intervene."

"The State of Mississippi," sneered Walker. "Where are your witnesses? That State doesn't allow a white man to be convicted on the testimony of one old nigger."

"I have other witnesses. And they are men of this Post."

Conrad started. He looked hastily around. Hicks could be trusted. Wagner had vanished. None others of those present he remembered in his company that eventful night. "Put on your nigger."

"Stand up, Cæsar."

The white-haired old servant stepped forward, and made a courtly bow to Rymer as president, another to the score of members present of Post No. ——, Grand Army of the Republic in the State of Illinois. Though made up of farmers, mechanics, traders, one or two professional men, they were not a motley group. Black coat or shirt-sleeves alike were covered by the old blue coat; in speech, in thought, in ideals they were alike; poor with the poverty of a southern Illinois town before its underlying seams of coal were opened; product of our common schools, they were, in our now

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much-abused phrase, more truly then "one hundred per cent American."

"Your name?"

"Cæsar Brandon."

Rymer interrupted. "Will you have him sworn? Comrade Baker, fetch the Bible."

"This is no court trial. An oath would be meaningless. This is just an inquiry among gentlemen. But he can be sworn, if you wish."

Conrad leaned eagerly forward and whispered to his counsel. Hicks took a swallow of his own glass of whiskey. "The damned nigger doesn't understand the nature of an oath," said he.

Grimes Walker nodded. "I agree with the—er—prosecution that an oath would be meaningless. These—irregular—proceedings can have no binding force."

"None at all," assented Brandon. "You were body-servant to the late Augustine Brandon?" The ancient negro nodded assent, his voice failing him.

"Any relation?" sneered Conrad, and Hicks snickered, but no one else responded. The negro wiped his eyes, but now his voice came clear. "It is the custom, sir, among us colored people that have been many generations in the service of the older families in the South to take our masters' names. And I was born on the plantation only a few weeks before my master."

"Tell us what happened on the 28th of June, 1862."

The old negro had bent his head to hear John Brandon's question, but now he stood erect and addressed the Post.

"My old master, and Miss—Miss Rose Mary," he sobbed, "were expecting Massa John."

"You mean John Brandon, now here," Tom Rymer interposed. The old negro nodded. "And Rose Mary?"

But the aged negro had sunk upon his chair. Charley Baker hurried to him with a glass of water.

"Rose Mary is my sister," John Brandon said for him.

"If the Post has no objection, we will allow the witness to testify seated," said Rymer. No one had any objection.

"I was in the great hall, givin' orders for the dinner to be ready. We done expect young massa home from the North by horseback from Corinth, that very night, but just naturally we don't know when he like come. It might 'a' been an hour after sundown. Sudden, I hear a rifle-shot. At first I thought it might 'a' been young massa signalling. But then quick come others, many others. And pretty soon, the niggers, they come a-rampin' and a-rushin' up to the great house. And the windows was thrown wide open down to the piazza, and I see the blue-coat soldiers come out from the woods in front and from the right where the nigger quarters were, and I see their houses all in flame. And master come in, and Miss Rose Mary in her nightgown, and now I see the house was burning, and she say, 'Shoot the villains,' but he say——"

"I object," shouted Grimes Walker.

There was a murmur of disapproval. The lawyer took backwater. "As you say, this is not a court of law, you may say what he said after she said, 'Shoot the villains.'"

"The massa he just put his hand upon her mouth, and say: 'They'm Union soldiers. They'll not harm an unarmed old man.' And he step out on the veranda, and he say: 'What do you want? We make no resistance.' And I think he say he was for the Union. But just then some one holler 'Fire!' and we had no guns, and the massa he fall and the niggers run away and Miss Rose Mary she and I lift him up and he tell us how he free we all niggers and then he kiss Miss Rose Mary and we carry him and he die on his own bed while the house done burn."

"That is all," said Brandon. There was a long pause. At last Grimes Walker got up.

"I see nothing to connect this—sad story—with the ....th Illinois."

"Young massa tell us when he come to next mornin'. I find him in the woods myself, and he was gagged and tied and knocked down senseless." The lawyer, taken aback, muttered something about "hearsay," but was evidently unprepared for the old man's quick response. "They soldiers pass the night, all robbin' and plunderin', and I see the number on their caps."

"I submit, *Judge* Rymer, that there is nothing to identify—to connect this un-

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fortunate occurrence with the pris—with Comrade Conrad."

There was a pause. Then Rymer spoke kindly. "Can you tell us, Cæsar, who was in command of the Union soldiers that night?"

"That man." Cæsar pointed to Conrad.

"You mean to say you see that officer once in the dark ten years ago and you come here and swear to his identity?"

"I see him twice—once in the mawnin', after I lay my old master out. I kill him then, but I have no gun."

"Gentlemen, you will observe the animus. Now this old negro——"

"He will tell the truth," interpolated Brandon.

"I hope so. Now, Cæsar, tell us this. Do you know who gave that order, Fire? Was it the prisoner?"

"I do not know, sir."

Grimes Walker turned triumphant to the members of the Post. "And yet you heard the lady give the order shoot. Why don't you bring her here!" He spoke to young Brandon, but it was Cæsar who answered.

"She can't remember, sir. She lost her mind. When we took her father's body out of the burning house, she ran away to find her brother, so she said. But we found her, the other servants and I found her, the next mornin' in the woods. And she was ravin' mad."

There was dead silence in the Post-room of the . . . . th Illinois. The old negro had placed his hand upon the Bible. From their frames on the wall the likenesses of Lincoln and of General Grant seemed to look down on the proceedings. Walker made no effort at further cross-examination. At last John Brandon rose.

"I may be permitted to corroborate the witness to this extent, that there was no defense on the part of the people in the house, and I too heard the order given, Fire! though I did not then know from whom the order proceeded. As for my sister, I have letters from the superintendent of the asylum showing that she has always been insane; I presume the Post will take my word for it. Samuel Jackson!"

"I submit that nothing sufficient is proved. The marshal——"

"I don't call him as marshal, but as witness," said Brandon dryly. "You were there?"

Conrad started up and scanned the stranger closely. "You were no member of the . . . . th," he said.

"No, but of the 77th. I was with your company that night. I had come to see the fun."

"Did you hear who gave the order, Fire?"

"It was after the old man had quieted his daughter. He was telling us that he was a Northern man and that all his house was at our service; and the order was: 'God damn you, fire!'"

"How many shots did you hear?"

"Only a few—perhaps half a dozen—and I saw some men aim into the air."

"Who gave the order?"

"Captain Conrad."

There was a long silence in the hall. Conrad was consulting with his lawyer. From down the street, where some band was still practising for the Fourth of July, came the blare of the refrain "Marching through Georgia."

At last Grimes Walker stood up. "It is yet to be proved who fired the fatal shot," said he.

"Not necessarily, I believe," said Brandon. "Still—" He turned to the door. No one had heard any knocking, but it opened, revealing "Heinie" Wagner, drunk but frightened, in the grasp of Charley Baker. Brandon went on, as if determined to suffer no interruption. "Corporal Wagner, Jackson has testified that it was Max Conrad who gave the order to fire on Augustine Brandon, an unarmed old man, that night when you were with your company beyond Corinth, Mississippi. The house was being burned and looted, but he—and you—are not now being tried for that. This case is murder. The question is, who fired the fatal shot——"

"It was him! It was him!" cried Wagner. "He grabbed my gun, and fired himself."

Conrad made a lunge at Wagner, but was held tight by the officers. There was another long pause. Again it was Brandon who broke the silence.

"It is for the defense now."

But Grimes Walker was silent.

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No one laid hands upon Wagner. But the cold sweat beaded on his brow as he cowered behind the two marshals. Conrad made an effort to rise.

"Do not let him go!" shrieked Wagner.

"Schweinhund!" shouted Conrad; then, turning to Rymer, "Have I right to speak?"

"Surely."

Conrad controlled himself. He ceased to bluster.

"Comrades!" He looked around. "Listen to me, comrades!" He looked in vain. No friendly eye would meet his. Even Hicks affected to be busy with his glass of whiskey. "All what I did was sacred under the laws of war. You have heard, she give the order, shoot. I was acting captain of my company. Of this Post." Failing other encouragement, he looked at the old lithographs of Grant and Lincoln on the wall. "Perhaps I saved their lives. And the life of a Union soldier is more important than any damned old rebel."

It was his climax. Nothing came.

"You cannot try me for what I did as a Union soldier." He wiped his forehead. He sat down. Still nobody spoke.

At last an old man—he was lame and poorly clothed—rose awkwardly and limped slowly down the aisle. He went through the door, and they could hear him stumbling down the stairs. He was the oldest member of the Post. Another followed, then another. They emptied the hall, until at last there remained only Conrad and the drunken Hicks. For Wagner, too, seeing that he was not restrained by the officers, had slunk out unobserved.

"Marshal, take your prisoner," said Charles Rymer, presiding.

At early dawn the next morning as the C., St. L. & N. O. limited pulled up at the Centreville station two handcuffed men were placed in the caboose by two men in sheriff's coats. They made no resistance; one seemed cowed, but the other with a fiery eye looked up and down the long platform as if for succor. But there was no one visible save two men who were guarding either exit of the station with rifles in the hollows of their arms. These wore the uniform of the G. A. R.

The Romancer

BY THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

FROM common things and blatant light of day,
And trough-like wallows where the swine-folk swill,
Suddenly and impatient he turns away
To silver horns that blare beyond the hill,
And with an exaltation they know not
Sees in the clouds, as light upon them shone,
The distant shining roofs of Camelot,
The far sea-hidden isle of Avalon.

Say he evades life's issue: must all be
The chroniclers of dust-encumbered things?
He dares to drink full draught of poetry,
And scorns drab sober prose; no Puritan,
Relishes dreams, the finest gold for man,
Nor fears the ache of dull awakenings.

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From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

VIII.—STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

EVERY period in the history of mankind had its revelation in science. Some periods were most fortunate in this respect. The first half of the nineteenth century saw the great scientific revelation called the Principle of Conservation of Energy, and considered it its greatest glory. Our own American philosopher, Benjamin Thompson, of Woburn, Massachusetts, known in Europe as Count Rumford, was one of several early prophets in science who foresaw the advent of this great dynamical doctrine. Its importance to mankind cannot be overestimated. I am sure that many a scientific man of those days felt grateful to heaven for the blessing of having lived during the age when that great revelation was received by mankind. The scientific men of to-day are grateful for having lived during the second half of the nineteenth century, when the great electromagnetic theory was revealed to man. Its importance, likewise, cannot be overestimated. But there is a radical difference in the historical progress of these two nineteenth-century revelations in science. The existence of the first was intuitively foreseen and may be said to have existed in one form or another in the minds of many scientific men long before it received its final form of statement. Its formulator, Helmholtz, thought that he was not announcing anything new, but was only stating his own view of something that was already well known. After his announcement, in 1847, every scientific man accepted the revelation as an almost self-evident truth. The electromagnetic theory of light and of matter had a different history. It was born as a dim vision in the mind of a single man, Faraday, and nearly fifty years elapsed before it was formulated by Maxwell and experimentally demonstrated by Hertz. It was only then that the world began to understand that a great scientific revelation had appeared to man. To-day we know that new physical concepts requiring a new language for their expression had to be created in the minds of scientific men before the modern electromagnetic doctrine could be revealed to the world. The first glimpses of that revelation I caught on the slope of Goat Fell mountain, and two years later I saw in Berlin what I believed to be a clear outline of its meaning.

When I look back to those days and consider how few were the physicists who had caught this meaning even twenty years after it was stated by Maxwell in 1865, I wonder whether it is possible to-day to convey that meaning to people who are not trained physicists. I think it is, and I believe that the attempt should be made, because the electromagnetic doctrine is to-day recognized to be the very foundation of all our knowledge of physical phenomena. I also think that one of the best methods of conveying that meaning is to describe my early attempts which failed to catch it.

Faraday's discoveries in the electrical science during the first half of the nineteenth century attracted world-wide attention and admiration. I knew that much at Arran, and I also knew of the rapid growth of the practical applications of his discoveries to telegraphy, to generation of electrical power for electrical lighting, electrical traction, and electrochemical work, and finally to telephonic transmission of speech. The world understood that all these wonderful things, which contributed so much to the comforts of mankind, came from those sources in the realm of abstract science which were opened up by Faraday's discoveries.

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Scientific research began to assume a different aspect even in the eyes of the captains of industry who in those days showed lamentable indifference to science which did not promise immediate tangible returns. The advocates of scientific research, like Tyndall, and his American and British friends, pointed with pride to Faraday's work whenever a question arose concerning the practical value of research in the domain of the so-called abstract physical sciences. This helped very much to arouse in this country and in Great Britain a deeper interest in what Andrew White called "strength and hope for higher endeavor."

But Tyndall's and Maxwell's descriptions of Faraday and of his work convinced me that Faraday's exalted position among his contemporaries like Maxwell, Henry, Tyndall, and Barnard was due not so much to the immediate practical value of his electrical discoveries, great as that value certainly was, as it was to the clear vision with which he searched for and revealed new morsels of the *eternal truth*. It was clear to me even at that time that inventions are the handwork of mortal man and that, though at first they appeal to us, as they ought to, as wonderful creations of human ingenuity, their ultimate fate is to become more or less commonplace. The telegraph and the telephone,

From a photograph by John Watkins, London.

Michael Faraday.

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the dynamo and the motor, the light of the electrical arc and of the incandescent filament, had lost much of their awe-inspiring character even at the time when I was a student at Cambridge. Inventions grow old and are superseded by other inventions, and, being the creation of the constructive schemes of mortal man, are themselves mortal. But the laws which the stars and the planets obey and have always obeyed in their paths through the heavens are unchangeable; they never grow old, and therefore they are immortal; they are a part of the *eternal truth*. We do not know of any natural processes by which eternal things have been evolved. Their existence is the best philosophic proof that back of all this changeable visible world there is the unchangeable, the eternal divinity. Archimedes, Galileo, and Newton co-operated in the discovery of immutable laws, and thereby revealed to mortal man morsels of the *eternal truth*. Oerstedt, a hundred years ago, discovered a morsel of the eternal truth when he discovered the magnetic force which is produced by the motion of electricity. Discoveries of immortal things and of the immutable laws which direct the mission of their immortal existence are themselves immortal. Their discoverers are, and deserve to be, immortal. Tyndall and Maxwell were the first to show me that Faraday occupied a distinguished place among such immortals as Archimedes, Galileo, Newton, and Oerstedt.

The closing sentence of Maxwell's biographical sketch of Faraday, in vol. VIII of "Nature," referred to above, reads as follows:

> We are probably ignorant even of the name of the science which will develop out of the materials we are now collecting, when the great philosopher next after Faraday makes his appearance.

To me these prophetic words indicated that Maxwell had something in his mind which was not explicitly expressed in Faraday's discoveries, but which enabled Maxwell to speak like a prophet. The words of a prophet are not always easy to understand. I discovered later that, when the world with the aid of the Hertzian experiments had caught Maxwell's meaning, then a new and wonderful epoch in the history of the physical sciences was inaugurated. Its end is not yet in sight. This inauguration I witnessed during my student days in Berlin. It is, I believe, of considerable interest to record here how the scientific world, as I saw it at that time, appeared to be preparing to receive the great revelation which was delivered to it on that historical inauguration day in 1887.

My communion with Faraday on the island of Arran began my own preparation for this inauguration day by developing gradually in my mind new physical concepts, which I discovered later to be fundamental physical concepts in the modern views of physics. Long before I had finished my reading of Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity," I began to understand why Tyndall, referring to them, said: "Read them; their story is just as new and as stirring to-day as it was when these volumes were first printed. They will help you much to interpret Maxwell." The same statement is true to-day, and therefore I proceed now, with much trepidation, to tell a part at least of that story as briefly as I can, in order to describe, even if it be quite inadequately, Faraday's relation to the present great epoch of modern physics, the epoch of the electromagnetic view not only of *light* but also of *matter*.

The gradual development of this view was due to the gradual development of new physical concepts which were born in Faraday's mind and existed there as a poetical vision; but in Maxwell's mind they appeared as physical quantities having definite quantitative relations to other well-known physical quantities, which a physicist can measure in his laboratory. In every creative physicist there is hidden a metaphysicist and a poet; but the physicist is less apt to persist in his occasional errors as metaphysicist and poet, because the creations of his speculative mind and of his poetical vision can be subjected to crucial experimental tests.

Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity," published in three thick volumes, looked like very long reading. But my studies at Arran soon convinced me that no reading is long which continually stirs up the interest of the eager reader. Faraday was a pioneer in science,

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and the descriptions of his explorations read like tales from a new world of physical phenomena, full of poetical visions which his discoveries suggested to his imagination. It must be said, however, that in spite of his wonderful imagination and his free use of it, no investigator ever succeeded better than Faraday in drawing a sharp line of division between the new facts and principles which he had discovered, and the visions which his imagination saw in the still unexplored background of his discoveries. For instance, his discovery that a perfectly definite and invariable quantity of electricity is, as we express it to-day, attached to every valency of an atom and molecule, expresses a physical law which his experiments revealed and which he illuminated with all the light of his brilliant intellect. But when this new and precious morsel of the eternal truth had been disclosed by his experiments, then Faraday the scientist stepped aside, and Faraday the poet disclosed his visions about the constitution of matter suggested by what I called at Arran the atomic distribution of electricity in material bodies.

A man who discovers one of the most remarkable facts in modern science, namely, that in every atom and molecule there are definite and equal quantities of positive and negative electricity, and that the forces between these electricities are by far the largest known forces which keep together the components of chemical structures, cannot, if he has the imagination of a discoverer, refrain from asking the question: "What is matter?" The reader of Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity" rejoices whenever Faraday, the poet and prophet, asks an apparently speculative question of this kind, because he knows that he will be thrilled by the poetical fancy which dictates Faraday's answer. Faraday's new facts and principles revealed by experiment are steeped in the honey of his fancy; they are rich food made delicious by the flavor of his poetical imagination, even when that flavor leaves the ordinary mortal guessing as to its exact meaning.

Two other questions Faraday often approached in these researches; they may be stated as follows: What is electricity? and, What is magnetism? He discovered that motion of magnetism produces electrical forces in a manner similar to that in which, according to Oerstedt's discovery, motion of electricity produces magnetic forces. This remarkable reciprocal relation between electricity and magnetism stirs up the imagination, and makes it eager to look behind the curtain which separates the region of the revealed truth from that which is still unrevealed. It was undoubtedly this eagerness of the explorer which encouraged Faraday to approach the questions, What is electricity? and, What is magnetism? Faraday never gave a final answer to these questions, but his magnificent efforts to find this answer gave birth to new ideas which are the foundation of our modern electromagnetic view of physical forces. One of the great pleasures of my life has been the contemplation of the gradual unfolding of this new view, and if in the course of this simple narrative I succeed in describing some of its beauties, I shall consider that this narrative was not written in vain.

Since, as explicitly stated by Faraday, electricity and magnetism are known by the forces, only, which they exert, it was plain to him, as his books, "Experimental Researches in Electricity," testify, that the first question which must be answered was the question: How are the forces between electrical charges and between magnetic charges transmitted through the intervening space? The same way as gravitational forces, or are they transmitted in a different way? In his unceasing efforts to answer this question Faraday made a radical and fundamental departure from the view of the natural philosophers of his time. He stood alone and devoted a very large part of his experimental work and of his philosophical thought to the justification of his position. He stood alone for a very long time, because he was formulating a radically new physical concept which the world knows now to be one of the most fundamental concepts of the electromagnetic science of to-day, and it was difficult for his contemporaries and for his students of forty years ago, including myself, to understand him. In an address on Faraday by Helmholtz, which I read during my student days in Berlin, the following sentence

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refers to Faraday's difficulty just mentioned:

> It is generally very difficult to define by a general statement a new abstraction, so that no misunderstandings of any kind can arise. The originator of a new concept of that kind finds, as a rule, that it is much more difficult to find out why other people do not understand him than it was to discover the new truths.

It was very consoling to me to find out in Berlin from no less an authority than Helmholtz that I was not the only poor mortal who was guessing in vain about the exact meaning of Faraday's visions.

Newton's law of gravitation enables the astronomers to calculate accurately from a simple mathematical formula the motion of celestial bodies, without any assumption concerning the mechanism by which gravitational force is transmitted from one body to another body at a distance, say, from the sun to the earth. Newton's formula says nothing about the time of transmission. The action can be assumed to be direct action at a distance and therefore instantaneous. Experience seemed to indicate that this assumption is correct, because no detectable errors are committed when one assumes that gravitational force travels with infinite velocity. Faraday refused to accept this belief in direct action at a distance for electric and magnetic forces. A few words, only, will suffice to describe how Faraday attempted to eliminate the belief in this direct action at a distance for electrical and magnetic forces. These attempts will always be recorded in history as the first steps in the development of the modern electromagnetic science.

Faraday, starting from points in the electrical and in the magnetic charges, drew numerous curves which indicated at every point in space the direction of the electric or of the magnetic force, and in that manner the whole space surrounding the charges he divided geometrically into *tubular filaments which he called the lines of force*. Every one of these filaments was constructed in accordance with a simple rule, so that it indicated at every point in space not only the direction but also the intensity of the force. A specific example, often employed by me at Arran, will illustrate this. A conducting sphere, say of copper or brass, is charged with positive or with negative electricity. When that charge is in equilibrium it is, as was well known, all on the surface of the sphere and uniformly distributed. Its force of attraction or repulsion, for electrical charges in the space outside of the sphere, is obviously along radii drawn from the centre of the sphere. These radii, drawn in every direction and sufficiently numerous, envelop little cones the vertices of which are at the centre of the sphere. Adjust the size of the cones in such a way that the area of the section of every one of them with the sphere is the same, and make their total number proportional to the charge on the sphere. These little cones are then in this particular case the Faraday lines of force, because their direction gives the direction of the electrical force, and their number per unit area of the surface of any concentric sphere is proportional to the electrical force at any point of the surface of this concentric sphere. According to this picture there are attached to each little element of the total charge a definite number of these conical filaments or lines of force, and each element of the charge on the sphere is nothing more than the terminal of these filaments. When the charge on the sphere is increased or diminished the number of these filaments is also increased or diminished proportionately, and therefore they are more densely or less densely packed in the space which they occupy.

Should the charge on the sphere be set in motion, then the filaments or lines of force attached to it would also move. Thus far I followed Faraday, but went no farther; if I had gone just a little farther I should have met Maxwell. But, unfortunately for me, this simple picture which I constructed, in order to aid my understanding of Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity" over which I pondered at Arran, suggested nothing more than a mere geometrical representation of the electrical force which the charged sphere exerts at any point in space. It conveyed no additional information which a simple mathematical formula, well-known at that time, did not convey. Additional information, however, was added by Faraday's imagination, which introduced here what I and many other mortals at that time consid-

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ered a strange hypothesis. He described the hypothesis at great length in his books, and here is a brief statement of it:

Faraday claimed that all electrical and magnetic actions are transmitted from point to point along his lines of force; and, impelled by a remarkable intuition, he insisted that his lines of force are not mere geometrical pictures but that they had a real physical existence, and that there was something like muscular tension along these lines of force tending to contract them, and a pressure perpendicular to them tending to expand them; and that these tensions and pressures give the same numerical value for the mechanical force between the charges as that calculated from Coulomb's law, but with the fundamental difference, which Faraday pointed out, that his hypothesis demands a definite finite time for the transmission of electrical and magnetic forces; whereas according to the hypothesis of direct action at a distance, which Coulomb's law neither favors nor opposes, these forces are transmitted instantaneously. The question of the velocity of transmission of electrical and of magnetic forces through space became, therefore, a crucial question in the decision between the old view and Faraday's view.

In a letter addressed to Maxwell in 1857, and quoted by Campbell, Faraday said:

> I hope this summer to make some experiments on the time of magnetic action . . . that may help the subject on. The time must probably be short as the time of light; but the greatness of the result, if affirmative, makes me not despair. Perhaps I had better have said nothing about it, for I am often long in realizing my intentions, and a failing memory is against me.

This letter was written ten years before Faraday's death, and nothing was ever reported about the result of the experiment planned by him. We know, however, that the result which he expected from the experiment was obtained thirty years later by Hertz, a pupil of Helmholtz.

I imagined at Arran that I could hear Faraday say:

> Where the lines of magnetic force are there is magnetism, and where the lines of electric force are there is electricity.

Faraday's answer to the questions, "What is electricity?" and, "What is magnetism?" was, therefore, according to my understanding at that time, that they were manifestations of force; and where these manifestations exist there is electricity and there is magnetism, in the sense that there are pressures and tensions which are the result of a certain state of the space which may be called the electrical or the magnetic state. Faraday's visions, as I found them nearly forty years ago, disclosed in his "Experimental Researches in Electricity," went even so far as to suggest that matter itself consists of centres of force with lines of force proceeding from these centres in every direction to infinite distances, and where these lines are there is the body; in other words, every material body, like every electrical and every magnetic charge, extends to infinity by means of its lines of force; and hence all material bodies are in contact, explicitly denying the existence of ether. No mortal man ever suggested a bolder conception! And yet to-day we know that a conception regarding the structure of matter very similar to that first conceived by Faraday is rapidly gaining universal recognition, not merely as a new metaphysical speculation but as the logical and inexorable demand of experiment. But when Faraday told me all these strange things as I listened attentively on the slope of Goat Fell mountain at Arran, I could not see anything in them except geometrical pictures and a lot of what appeared to me like pure metaphysics in the background of simple geometrical structures. Although I was sure that Faraday's metaphysics had some definite physics back of it, I was unable to disentangle it from the hypothetical notions which I did not understand clearly. Maxwell, I thought, must have disentangled that physics, and I often thought of my Scotch friend at Arran who asked me the question: "Can you see in Faraday as far as Maxwell, the Scotchman, saw?"

When I came to Berlin my head was full of Faraday's lines of force starting at electrical and magnetic charges and winding in all sorts of shapes through space, like stream lines which start from the sources of a river and follow it in its flow

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toward the ocean. The physical facts and principles which Faraday discovered stood out sharply defined like the bright stars in the firmament of a clear and quiescent summer night; but the conception of the new view of attracting and repelling electric and magnetic forces, which he represented graphically by his lines of force, endowed with strange physical powers residing in pressures and tensions, left in my mind impressions which made me feel that my faith in the new doctrine was not very strong. Faith without conviction is a house built upon sand. Helmholtz said once:

> I know too well how often I sat staring hopelessly at his descriptions of the lines of force, their number and their tensions.

Little I thought during my journey from Arran to Berlin in October, 1885, that two years later all the nebulous notions in my perplexed mind would lift like the mist before the early rays of a sunny autumn morning. I continued my studies of Faraday during my first year in Berlin, reserving for that purpose the necessary time for extra reading. What did the physicists of Berlin think, I wondered, of Faraday's tubes or lines of force?

I went to Berlin to study experimental physics with Herman von Helmholtz, the famous professor of physics at the University of Berlin, the formulator of the principle of conservation of energy, and the first interpreter of the meaning of color both in vision and in music and speech. He was then the director of the Physical Institute of the university. His title, conferred upon him by the old Emperor, was Excellenz, and the whole teaching staff of the institute stood in awe when the name of Excellenz was mentioned. The whole scientific world of Germany, nay, the whole intellectual world of Germany, stood in awe when the name of Excellenz von Helmholtz was pronounced. Next to Bismarck and the old Emperor he was at that time the most illustrious man in the German Empire.

I had letters of introduction to him from President Barnard of Columbia College, and also from Professor John Tyndall of the Royal Institution. Professor Arthur Koenig, the right-hand man of Helmholtz and the senior instructor in the Physical Institute, took me to the office of Excellenz von Helmholtz and introduced me as Herr Pupin, a student from America, and the proposed John Tyndall fellow of physics of Columbia College. I was awarded the fellowship three months later. Koenig bowed before his master as if he wished to touch the ground with his forehead. I bowed American fashion, that is, with a bow of the head which did not extend below my shoulders, the same kind of bow which was practised at the University of Cambridge at that time, and I called it the Anglo-Saxon bow; it was entirely different from Koenig's bow. Helmholtz seemed to notice the difference and he smiled a benevolent smile; the contrast evidently amused him. He had much of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins; his mother was a lineal descendant of William Penn. It was understood in Berlin that he was the most "hoffaehig" (presentable at court) scientist in the German Empire.

He received me kindly and showed deep interest in my proposed plan of study. His appearance was most striking; he was then sixty-four years of age, but looked older. The deep furrows in his face and the projecting veins on the sides and across his towering brow gave him the appearance of a deep introspective thinker, whereas his protruding, scrutinizing eyes marked him a man anxious to penetrate the secrets of nature's hidden mysteries. The size of his head was enormous, and the muscular neck and huge thorax seemed to form a suitable foundation for such an intellectual dome. His hands and feet were small and beautifully shaped, and his mouth gave evidence of a sweet and gentle disposition. He spoke in the sweetest of accents, and little, but his questions were direct and to the point. When I told him that I never had an opportunity to work in a physical laboratory and had paid exclusive attention to mathematical physics, he smiled and suggested that I should make up this deficiency as soon as possible. "A few experiments successfully carried out usually lead to results more important than all mathematical theories," he assured me. He then requested Professor Koenig to map out for me a suitable course in the laboratory and to look after me. Koenig did it and I shall always be grateful to the sadly deformed and extremely kind little

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man with bushy red hair and distressingly defective eyesight, which he tried to correct with the aid of enormous spectacles employing lenses of extraordinary thick-

Herman von Helmholtz.
From a painting by L. Knaus.

ness. Helmholtz was always mellow-hearted to little Koenig, partly because, I think, Koenig reminded him of his own son Robert, who was deformed in hand and foot and back, but had the magnificently shaped head of his distinguished father.

During my first year's study in Berlin I attended Helmholtz's lectures on experimental physics. They were most inspiring, not so much on account of the many beautiful experiments which were shown, as on account of the wonderfully suggestive remarks which Helmholtz would drop every now and then under the inspiration of the moment. Helmholtz threw the search-light of his giant intellect upon the meaning of the experiments, and they blazed up like the brilliant colors of a flower garden when a

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beam of sunlight breaks through the clouds, and tears up the dark shadows which cover the landscape on a cloudy summer day. These lectures were attended not only by students in physics, mathematics, and chemistry, but also by medical students and army officers. The official world, and particularly the army and navy, paid close attention to what Excellenz von Helmholtz had to say, and I had much reason to believe that they consulted his scientific opinions at every step. I have often been called upon to correct the opinion that Helmholtz was a pure scientist par excellence. There is no doubt that his great work dealt principally with fundamental problems in scientific theory and in philosophy, but there is also no doubt that, like many other German scientists, he was intensely interested in the application of science to the solution of problems which would advance the industries of Germany. His earliest career is associated with his invention of the ophthalmoscope. The optical glass industry of Germany was being developed by some of his former students, who led the world in geometrical optics, a part of physics to which Helmholtz devoted much attention in his younger days.

One day I was on my way to the institute; in front of me walked a tall German army officer, smoking a big cigar. When we reached the entrance of the institute the officer stopped and read a sign which said: "Smoking is strictly forbidden in the institute building." He threw his cigar away and walked in. I recognized Crown Prince Frederick in the officer. Two years later he became Emperor of Germany and ruled for ninety days. I watched his footsteps and saw that he entered Helmholtz's office and stayed there over an hour. He undoubtedly consulted the great scientist on some scientific problem which was then interesting the German army and navy.

Helmholtz's personality was overpowering and seemed to compel one's interest in problems in which he was interested, and at that time his principal interest was outside of the electromagnetic theory. Nevertheless, I kept up my interest in Faraday, which interest I brought with me from Arran; but I found no opportunity to ascertain Helmholtz's opinion concerning Faraday. Finally the opportunity came toward the end of my first year at the University of Berlin.

Gustav Robert Kirchhoff, the famous discoverer, formulator, and interpreter of the science of spectrum analysis, and the founder of the theory of radiation, was at that time professor of mathematical physics at the university. He was considered the leading mathematical physicist of Germany. His contributions to the electrical theory occupied a very high place. The most important of these was undoubtedly his theory of transmission of telegraphic signals over a thin wire conductor stretched on insulated poles, high above the ground. It was a magnificent mathematical analysis of the problem, and it showed for the first time that theoretically the velocity of propagation of these signals along the wire is equal to the velocity of light. The university catalogue announced that he was to deliver a course of lectures on theoretical electricity during the first term of my residence at the university. I attended the course and waited and waited, but waited in vain to hear Kirchhoff's interpretation of Faraday and Maxwell. At the close of the semester the course ended and the electromagnetic theory of Faraday and Maxwell was referred to on two pages only, out of two hundred; and the part so honored was not, even according to my opinion at that time, the essential part of the theory. In this respect the lectures were disappointing, but nevertheless I was most amply rewarded for my pains. I never heard a more elegant mathematical analysis of the old-school electrical problems than that which Kirchhoff developed before his admiring classes. That was the last course of lectures which he delivered; he died in the following year, and was succeeded by Helmholtz as temporary lecturer on mathematical physics.

Helmholtz was rather reserved and could not easily be approached by his students, unless they had some physical problem or a question which was unquestionably worthy of his attention. I made up my mind to ask him, when suitable opportunity presented itself, why Kirchhoff in his lectures paid so little attention to Faraday and Maxwell. It was a very significant sign of those days and I did not understand its meaning. Professor Koenig threw up his hands in holy horror

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when I informed him of my intention, and prophesied that all kinds of dire consequences would result from my daring proposition, pointing out that such a question would betray a lack of respect on my part both for Kirchhoff and for Helmholtz. Koenig himself could not answer my question except to say that he did not see why the German school of physics should worry much about the English school, particularly when there was a radical difference between the two in the realm of the theory of electromagnetic phenomena. I admitted that if Kirchhoff was the spokesman of the German school then there was a radical difference, intimating however, in the mildest possible way that, in my humble opinion, the difference counted in favor of the English school. I really did not know enough to express that opinion, but I did it under provocation. Koenig flushed up and there would have been quite a lively verbal contest if Helmholtz had not entered my room at that very moment, like a *deus ex machina*. He was making his customary round of visits to the rooms of his research students, in order to find out how their work was moving along. Both Koenig and I looked somewhat perplexed, betraying the fact that we had been engaged in a heated argument, and Helmholtz noticed it. We confessed that we had had a lively discussion; when he learned the subject of our discussion he smiled and referred us both to an address which he had delivered before the Chemical Society of London, five years before. It is entitled, "Recent Developments in Faraday's Ideas Concerning Electricity." The same day saw me with two volumes of Helmholtz's addresses in my hands analyzing his Faraday address. I felt as I went on with this study as if the heavy mist were lifting which had prevented me from seeing a clear view of Faraday's and Maxwell's ideas. Tyndall's fame for clearing up obscure points in physical science was deservedly great, but when I compared Helmholtz's interpretation of Faraday and Maxwell with that which Tyndall gave me in his book entitled "Faraday as Discoverer," I marvelled at Helmholtz's superiority. It must also be remembered that Tyndall was for many years in almost daily contact with Faraday, and, as I pointed out before, he must also have had close personal relations with Maxwell during the period 1860–1865. To me it seemed a miracle that Helmholtz, a German, saw, so much more clearly what was in the minds of two great English philosophers, although he never had met them personally, than did another great English physicist Tyndall, who knew Faraday and Maxwell personally, and one of them at least intimately. In the article in *Nature*, to which Tyndall first referred me and which Maxwell had written, will be found the following closing paragraph:

> Helmholtz is now in Berlin, directing the labors of able men of science in his splendid laboratory. Let us hope that from his present position he will again take a comprehensive view of the waves and ripples of our intellectual progress, and give us from time to time his idea of the meaning of it all.

Helmholtz's address on Faraday was one of those comprehensive views of which Maxwell spoke in 1874. Now what did Helmholtz see in Faraday and Maxwell which other physicists, like Tyndall, and even so famous a mathematical physicist as Kirchhoff, failed to see? It was, I thought after reading Helmholtz's address, the simplest thing in the world, particularly for one who, like myself, had been wrestling with Faraday's lines of force, and with the hypothetical powers with which Faraday had endowed them. So simple, indeed, that I venture to describe it here. But in order to make the description as brief and as simple as possible I must go back again to the charged spherical conductor which always rendered good service in those days when I was trying to solve the riddle of Faraday's new physical concepts.

By means of an electrical force generated by an electrical machine we can increase or diminish the charge on the surface of the conducting sphere. Now, the charge on the sphere increases or diminishes because the electrical force generated by the machine drives through a suitable conducting wire additional electrical charge to the sphere, or takes it away from it. This motion of the electrical charge through the conducting wire to or from the sphere is the electrical current. Here comes now the historical question: Does the electrical current stop at the surface of the charged sphere?

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The old electrical theories said "Yes," but Maxwell, interpreting the ideas of Faraday, said, "No." Helmholtz was the first to tell me that clearly and distinctly, and I understood him.

Since, according to Faraday, each particle of the charge on the sphere carries attached to it a definite number of filaments or lines of force, it is obvious that the rate at which the charge on the sphere increases is, as I described above, the same as the rate at which the number of these lines of force are crowded into the space surrounding the sphere. Motion of the charge to the surface of the sphere is accompanied by a motion of the Faraday lines of force through every surface which surrounds the charged sphere. Since, according to Faraday, electricity is everywhere where the lines of force are, it follows that the motion of the lines through any surface means motion of electricity (in the sense in which I use this word) through that surface. Maxwell said, according to my understanding of Helmholtz, that motion of electricity, as represented by the motion of Faraday's lines of force, is an electrical current just as much as the motion of electrical charges is. Electrical charges are terminals, only, of the lines of force; and why should the motion of the terminals be endowed with a power which is denied to the remaining parts of the lines of force? The principal power is, according to Oerstedt's discovery, the generation of magnetism; that is, magnetic lines of force. According to Maxwell, then, the electrical current (that is, the motion of electrical charges through conductors) does not stop at the surface of the conductor, but continues in the non-conducting space beyond as motion of Faraday's lines of force, as motion of electricity. The extension of the meaning of the word electrical current, just described, was, according to Helmholtz, the cardinal difference between the old electrical theories and the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory, and Helmholtz declared in favor of the last. I applauded Helmholtz and took off my hat to his clear vision of things which other people, including myself, failed to see. But can any one blame ordinary mortals, who were always accustomed to look upon the electrical current as motion of electrical charges in conductors, when they failed to see that the electrical current can take place even in a vacuum where there are no electrical charges at all, and therefore no motion of them? That was the physical concept which found its way so slowly into minds polarized by preconceived notions even after Helmholtz's lucid explanation. This is substantially all there is in the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory as I gathered it directly from the Helmholtz address. But there is another very important element which I ought to describe here.

A corollary of Maxwell's extension of the meaning of electrical current, which Helmholtz did not mention explicitly but which I soon found in Maxwell, is this: Electrical charges move because a force acts upon them; similarly the number of Faraday's lines of force, passing through any surface in space, increase or diminish because there is a force acting upon them. Wherever there is an action there is an equal and opposite reaction, according to the most fundamental law of Newton's dynamics. Hence space, including the vacuum, must react when Faraday's lines of force, that is, when the electricity represented by them, moves through it. But if this reaction really exists in space, how can it be expressed? Faraday and Maxwell devoted much thought and many experimental investigations in search for a definite answer to this question, and they found it.

Faraday showed by experiment that if the charged sphere is immersed in an insulating fluid, such as one of various kinds of oils, or in a solid insulator like rubber, or even if a piece of an insulator is brought near it, then the reacting force for a given charge on the sphere is smaller than when the sphere is surrounded by a vacuum; or, in other words, liquid and solid insulators are more *permeable* to the electrical lines of force (that is, to electricity) than a vacuum is. Therefore, an electrical force which is acting in order to increase the charge on the sphere and, as a result, increase the number of lines of force through the surrounding space, will experience the less reaction the more permeable the surrounding medium is. The reaction of an insulator against the action of an electrical force appears therefore as a reaction against the passage of electricity, that is, of electrical lines of force, through it.

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That picture of the process has stayed with me ever since my Berlin days.

The same line of reasoning which I followed above, regarding electrical lines of force, leads to similar results with regard to the magnetic lines of force. The reaction of the medium against an increase of the electrical and of the magnetic lines of force through it was the second new physical concept introduced into the electrical science by Faraday and Maxwell.

The Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory extended the well-known electrical and magnetic actions and reactions from conductors to non-conductors, including the vacuum. If this theory is correct, then electromagnetic disturbances will be propagated from their source to all parts of space, and not along conductors only, by definite waves travelling at a definite velocity.

Maxwell's calculation showed that electromagnetic disturbances are propagated through insulators in the same manner as light is propagated, and that, therefore, *light is in all probability an electromagnetic disturbance.* This is the substance of Maxwell's electromagnetic theory of light; it is his answer to the question: "What is light?"

That, broadly stated, was the information which Helmholtz first conveyed to me in terms which I understood clearly; and for this service I have always been profoundly grateful to him. He showed me that the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory was incomparably simpler than I thought it to be and also much more beautiful. I do not believe that in 1881 there was another physicist in continental Europe who could have given me that information, and perhaps not even in 1886, when I first read that wonderful address. My friend Niven in Cambridge, editor of the second edition of Maxwell's great mathematical treatise, never volunteered to tell me how Maxwell answered the question: "What is light?" Neither did Tyndall. I do not know whether Rayleigh or Stokes or anybody else in Cambridge when I was there could have done it as well as Helmholtz did. I shall describe later an historical event which indicates that they probably could not.

Toward the end of that semester I felt certain that I understood Helmholtz's interpretation of Faraday, and of Maxwell's answer to the question: "What is light?" I then managed to have another discussion with Professor Koenig. He listened most attentively to my description of the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory as I had gathered it from Helmholtz, and it was, as far as I can recall it now, very similar to the description given above. This was my first lecture at the University of Berlin, delivered to a very intelligent audience of one person, dear little Doctor Koenig. It would have been a signal success if I had not closed it with a tactless remark, to the effect that Helmholtz, in his Faraday address, rejected every one of the four German electrical theories, and declared himself in favor of Faraday and Maxwell. Helmholtz intimated, and unfortunately I did not hesitate to say so to Doctor Koenig, that physicists of continental Europe had not accepted the English theory because it was above their heads. Finally I said that all this explained most satisfactorily why Kirchhoff paid so little attention to Faraday and Maxwell. Koenig looked at his watch, and, as if suddenly remembering an important engagement, he turned on his heels and left without his customary bow and greeting. His national pride was evidently wounded. I regretted it deeply. I did my best to make up with him and succeeded finally, by admitting unreservedly that, after all, the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory rested upon several bold assumptions which had not yet been verified by experiment. The German electrical theories also rested upon unverified assumptions, but I said nothing about that for fear of endangering the re-established *entente cordiale* between Doctor Koenig and myself.

Excellenz von Helmholtz had left Berlin for his summer vacation; among my German fellow students at the Physical Institute there was not much interest in Faraday and Maxwell. I do not know how difficult it is to conceal a deep secret, because I never had one to conceal; but I do know how hard it is to keep imprisoned in one's heart the joy which one feels when the light of new knowledge rises above one's mental horizon. I had planned to visit my mother during that summer; I had not seen her

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for nearly two years. Perhaps, I thought, I might find somebody in my native Banat to whom I could disclose the joy which I received from the revelation which came to me through Helmholtz. Kos, my teacher of fifteen years before in Panchevo, was no longer among the living; in fact, that school was no longer in existence, the Hungarian régime having replaced it by a Hungarian school. I would have liked nothing better than to tell him how Maxwell answered the question: "What is light?"

In the beginning of August of that summer I was in Idvor again, carrying with me the two volumes of Helmholtz's addresses. My mother received me with a heart which she described as overflowing with blessings which my visit and the visit of God's grace upon Idvor was pouring into it. The golden harvest was all in, and it was the richest that Idvor had seen for many a year; the grapes in the old vineyards were beginning to ripen, and the peach-trees among the rows of vines in the vineyards were heavily loaded with the juicy fruit of ambrosial flavor; the melons in the endless melon patches looked big and flourishing, and suggested that at any moment they might burst with the fulness of their exuberant prosperity. The dark-green corn-fields seemed to groan under the heavy load of the young ears of corn, and the pasturelands alongside of the corn-fields were alive with flocks of sheep, carrying udders which reminded one of the abundance of milk, cream, and cheese such as Idvor had seldom seen. All these things my mother pointed out to me, and she assured me that by the grace of God she was enabled to be a bountiful hostess to me, because she had everything in great abundance which she knew I always liked. Melons, cooled at the bottom of a deep well; grapes and peaches picked before sunrise and covered up with vine-leaves to keep them cool and fresh; young corn picked late in the afternoon and roasted in the evening in front of a wood-fire; cream from sheep's milk supplied by the blessed sheep the day before. All these were sweet and delicious things, but have you ever tasted them when their sweetness is flavored by the love of an indulgent mother? If you have not, then you do not know what sweetness is. I warned my mother that her hospitality might transform me, as three years before, into a pampered pet who would be too slow to return to Berlin. Reminding me of the story which she had told me two years before, describing my climb up the steep and slippery roof of Bukovala's mill in search of a star, she said: "You have done much climbing during the last two years, and I know that in your climbing you have found several real stars from heaven. One of them is now in Berlin and no sweets in Idvor will keep you away from it." She guessed right, undoubtedly because she observed with what joy I kept up, during that vacation, my reading of Helmholtz's addresses.

Many a night during that summer I spent in my mother's vineyard sleeping on sheepskins under the open sky and looking at the stars at which I looked fifteen years before, when I helped the herdsman to guard the village oxen during the starlit summer nights. I remembered the puzzles which I tried to solve at that time concerning the nature of sound and of light, succeeding in the case of sound and failing in the case of light. I rejoiced at the feeling that I had finally succeeded in finding from Faraday and Maxwell through Helmholtz that sound and light resembled each other, one being a vibration of matter, and the other a vibration of electricity. The fact that I did not know what electricity is did not disturb me, because I did not know what matter is. Nobody knows the exact nature of these even to-day, except, as Faraday suggested, that they are manifestations of force. David's nineteenth Psalm, which I recited so often fifteen years before during my training in herdsmanship, conveyed a different meaning, and so did Lyermontoff's line which says that "star speaketh to star." They certainly spoke to me during those glorious August nights, when, covered with sheepskins, I lay in my mother's vineyard and amid the deep silence of slumbering earth I listened to their heavenly tales. The more I listened the more I became reconciled to the idea that the language of the stars reaches me in the same way as human language does, when it speeds on over the telephone wire, conveyed by vibratory electric and magnetic forces;

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except that in the transmission of the telephonic message the vibratory forces glide along the conducting wire, whereas the stars pour out their waves of vibratory electromagnetic forces in ever-expanding spheres so that they may carry the heavenly message to every other star and to everything that lives, and to everything that has a being. I could not help telling my mother of my new knowledge which persuaded me that light is a vibration of electricity, very much like the vibration of the melodious string described in the Serbian figure of speech, familiar to her, which says:

My heart quivers like the melodious string under the gouslar's bow.

She always was the most attentive audience that I ever had, and the most responsive. Her wonderful memory, even at that time when she was seventy years of age, assigned to every essential event of her experience a suitable place, so that it became a vital chord in the symphony of her life. She never heard anything worth hearing without responding with one of these harmonious chords, and this was particularly true when I was speaking to her. On this particular occasion, referring to my new knowledge which I brought to Idvor from Berlin, she reminded me of my new knowledge about lightning which I had acquired from my teacher Kos, in Panchevo, some fifteen years before, and afterward tried to explain it to my father and his peasant friends, who accused me of heresy; and she recalled her defense of me. She suggested, jokingly, that if my father and his old friends had still been living they would perhaps accuse me again of heresy on account of some old legends which clashed with my new knowledge, and she assured me that she would defend me again. "God sends sunlight," she said, "to melt the ice and snow of the early spring, and to resurrect from death everything that lay lifeless in the cold grave of the bosom of mother earth, chilled by the icy breath of winter. The same sunlight," she continued, "awakens the fields, the meadows, and the pasturelands, and bids them raise the daily bread of man and beast; it also ripens the honey-hearted fruit in orchards and vineyards. If that is all done by the same heavenly power which hurls the lightning across the sombre summer clouds pregnant with showers, and also carries, as you say, the humble human voice over the wires between distant peoples, then I see in it a new proof of God's infinite wisdom which uses one means only to do great things as well as small. Ko che ko Bog! Who can fathom the power of God!" I reminded her of her saying which she often addressed to me when I was a boy and which I quoted before, namely: "Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven," and asked her whether she included in this the knowledge which I was describing to her.

"I include every knowledge," she said, "which brings me nearer to God, and this new knowledge certainly does. Just think of it, my son: God has been sending his messages from star to star and, according to David, from the stars to man, ever since the creation of Adam, employing the very same method and means which man, imitating the divine method, is beginning to use when he employs electricity to carry his message to a distant friend. Your teachers who gave you that knowledge are as wise as the prophets and as holy as the holiest saints in heaven."

When I told her of Faraday's vision, that all things extend to and exist in every spot of the universe at the same time and that, therefore, all things are in perpetual contact with each other, every star feeling, so to speak, the heart-beat of every other star and of every living thing, even of the tiniest little worm in the earth, she answered:

"Faraday's science is that part of my religion which is described in the words addressed to God by King David:

"'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

"'If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.'

God is everywhere, and where he is, there is every part of his creation." Her religion taught her how to catch the spirit of science, and I was always certain that science can teach us how to catch the spirit of her religion.

(To be continued.)

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Fairer Greens

BY McCREADY HUSTON
Author of "His"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

THE small caddies fell back as Cyrus Mefford summoned from the locker-room steps a grown Hungarian, a stalwart striking coal-miner, with long mustaches. Though Big Savage was a new club and though Cyrus wore a celluloid collar when he played golf, the caddies, who still lacked discipline, always gave him respect.

Taking the driver, Mefford settled his flexible straw hat over his eyes and ran a thumb under the suspenders that drew his trousers well under his armpits. These were the simple preliminaries to his daily round on the links that lay across the State highway from his old home. He never sought a partner, playing stolidly and methodically in many honestly recorded strokes. This had been his land until he sold it to the club, and he played over it much as he had ploughed.

As he drove, another solitary player left the green ahead and began to climb the rise toward the second tee, her caddy dawdling after. On the line of the horizon she turned and took a long look back to where he was coming up to his ball for the second stroke. She watched him make it, then turned and passed from view.

When Mefford had at last holed out on the first green and came marching up the hill behind his Hungarian, he found her sitting on the bench at Number Two. It was, he saw, the Carrier girl—Norma, he recalled her name after a moment. He supposed she wanted him to pass through and nodded to his caddy; but she stopped him.

"Would you be furious if I asked you to let me go around with you, Mr. Mefford?" she drawled, smiling up at him. In her tan shirt with its black tie, her sand-colored trousers and gray stockings, she was a pleasant and effective figure. Her hair, Cyrus noted, was not cut but rolled under her soft felt hat.

"I've always wanted to play with the man who owned the land, but you'd never ask me," she added.

"You won't get much fun out of it," answered the man shortly. He had never played with a woman. "You play too good," he went on. "An old man like me is no company for a girl like you. I'll get out of your way."

"You're not old," said Norma, rising and taking a pinch of sand.

"I'm sixty."

"Well, even so," said the other, "we'll finish the round, and then if you want to drown me in the water hole, all right."

Without preliminary fidgeting she sent a hard, straight ball down the middle of the fairway, beautiful to see. Mefford's ball dribbled ineffectually thirty feet from the tee.

They found the second green dotted with a dozen ragged little girls digging crab-grass in the sun under the direction of a gardener. Mefford picked up both balls at the edge and gave his Hungarian a handful of nickels to distribute among the children. Norma, frowning, remonstrated.

"You oughtn't to do that. Rich members like you spoil the club help with money. The rest of us can't get any service."

"You don't need much, do you?" he responded. "Those are the children of miners who haven't worked for months. I sold the land and the coal under it. I have too much, in a way."

It was the first comment he had made since Norma joined him. The third tee was in the shadow of an elm and there Norma dropped on the bench in the shade, motioning her odd-looking partner to a place beside her.

"Nobody coming behind us," she said. "Let's loaf a little." She handed her boy

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a coin and motioned him toward the club-house for ginger ale. "Let your man go and smoke a pipe."

Cyrus sat down at the end of the bench and dug absently with his putter. He was disturbed, but in a moment, strangely, he was not surprised when the girl moved over beside him. Her pretext, he discovered, was to offer him a cigarette from her case. He shook his head.

"See here, Mr. Mefford," said Norma, after her first deep inhalation, "I've been wanting to talk to you. Why don't you play around more with the girls and men of the club? You have the time, and you admit you have more than enough money. You could have a wonderful time; and it would keep you young."

Cyrus coughed and fumbled with his made-up bow tie.

"I play around on this land, I guess, because I've been on it for sixty years, and my father and his father. It was in the family ninety-two years. From the coal I got enough to be called rich, I guess; and then I sold the surface. I been sort of lonesome. It's a feeling you don't know unless you've owned land and lived on it. The club-house—that was our old home. My father built it."

"But walking over these hills alone, dubbing at a golf-ball," Norma cut in sharply. "You need to dance; play in the matches; be with people more."

"I couldn't dance in the club-house after what we went through there. Both my girls were born there."

"But——"

"We raised 'em there, my wife and me. Our dancin' was all done forty years ago, before you were born. I couldn't dance there, especially this new way, all shaking."

"I know other men—" began Norma, but the other went on:

"My wife, she never had any fun on this land, or in that house; what you'd call fun. Nothing but work; for while we had some money even then, while father was living we couldn't live any different from the way he was used to. I'm not saying he wasn't right; but it was mighty hard on my mother and my wife. They both died too soon from too much work."

He stopped, finding himself looking at her and noting her eyes. Women were prettier at all ages to-day than they used to be, he reflected.

"You oughtn't to die without any fun," she said in a low voice, and suddenly clasped a warm, strong hand over his as it rested on the bench. In a moment it was gone. "Go on," she said.

"Well, a man my age don't see much fun in what they do now. I guess I expect young folks to settle down. Amanda and I were married when I was twenty and she was eighteen—that's a little younger than you, isn't it?"

"I'm thirty-two years old," said the other.

"Well, now, you don't look more than twenty!" exclaimed Cyrus, his voice rising in the first real interest he had shown.

"I don't dare to. Competition is too keen."

"Competition?"

"Don't you see? I'm thirty-two and poor. I've got to get married."

"Girls used to do something when they were left."

"Go on; I don't mind. You were going to say 'left over.' I could do something; I could teach. But it's funny; our crowd is essentially honest. I know I'm not fit to teach, so I wouldn't do it. I'm not trained for anything but getting married to somebody with money."

For the first time since he had known this Big Savage Club crowd, Mefford was really interested.

"You don't think of being in—in love, then, in order to be married?"

"I don't; not at my age. And a good many of the younger girls don't. Neither should you, if you should think of marriage again."

Cyrus looked at her. He never had thought of it. He was embarrassed and grew silent again. His relief at the arrival of the boy was plain. The pail in which ginger-ale bottles and glasses were embedded in ice was placed on the bench between them, and Norma motioned the boy away. She uncapped a bottle and let it fizz into the glass.

"I reckon Isabelle doesn't think of me marrying again," remarked Cyrus, after a taste of the cold drink.

"Isabelle Tripp can look out for herself," was Norma's cool response. "And

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Eunice, too. You think of yourself a little, once in a while."

Norma, Cyrus noted as they climbed the long hill to the fifth tee, was pleasant to look at. He had known her mother years ago but not her father. She led a rather precarious life among her mother's relatives since the death of her parents, he had heard Isabelle Tripp say. Her remark about thinking of himself stuck in his mind. He had never done that. His father, Eli Mefford, and his grandfather, the first Cyrus, had taught against that; the slightest indulgence, relaxation, was ruled out. When Norma brushed past him at the sand-box he caught a peculiar and pleasurable fragrance, an air of her presence that he had never known in his life. He felt invigorated, smiled, and addressed his ball with confidence. His drive brought a note of approval from the other.

"A few lessons and you would be in tournaments."

At Number Seven they looked directly across a deep ravine at the tenant house Cyrus had taken for his own use when he sold the homestead. At the bottom of the ravine a dam had been thrown across, backing the water up into a reservoir for the greens. It was deep, dark, and forbidding, among many low trees. It was not a water hazard, for the fairway lay the other way, but it was used for a bathing-pool, and with the motions and shouts of swimmers to distract him and the possibility of a sliced ball going into the reservoir, a player had to drive carefully.

"That Velma at your house," remarked Norma, as if casually, catching sight of Mefford's housekeeper hanging clothes in the little yard on the opposite hill, "who is she? She doesn't look to me like an ordinary servant."

"I don't know much about her," responded the man. "She was our girl before my wife died, a year or so. I told her she could go; I thought she might mind staying, a young girl like that; but she said she would rather stay and do for me. She's a good cook."

"Cook? You can hire lots of cooks. She's a beauty. Didn't you know it?"

Cyrus teed his ball.

"No. Well, of course, she always looks nice. But I haven't thought about women being pretty since my wife was young."

"It won't hurt you," said the other in a low, insistent voice. And then, in a change of tone, she said: "I am having a little dinner at the club to-morrow night; it's Isabelle's tenth wedding anniversary. I know you never go to the club to eat, but this is different. There'll be only a few; about eight o'clock."

"Isabelle married ten years? Well, now, it don't seem that long. I guess I can come to that, all right."

Norma looked away across at Mefford's house on the hill.

"I want you to come—on my account partly. Will you?"

He smiled.

"Well, maybe," he answered.

"Good! I'm going now and let you finish the round in peace. Until to-morrow night!"

Norma smiled, pressed his arm for a brief moment that seemed an age to Cyrus, gestured to her caddy, and was gone. Instead of driving, the man picked up his ball and started along the foot-path toward the club-house.

At the breakfast-table in the little tenant-house kitchen next morning Cyrus said:

"You don't need to get supper for me this evening, Velma. I am going over to the club. There's going to be a little party for my daughter Isabelle."

The girl paused, the coffee-pot in her hand, and regarded her employer. Her arms were bare to the elbow, and for the first time Cyrus noted their roundness and their strength.

"Then that'll make it easy for me," she said. "The steward wants me to go over and wait table, there are so many reservations for dinner at six."

Her voice always made Cyrus think of the sound he obtained when he pulled out the stop on the old parlor-organ labelled "vox humana." She was always quiet; never surprised. Cyrus would have used the word "repose" if he had known it.

He tipped his chair back and contemplated her, feeling in his waistcoat pocket for a cigar.

"How old are you, Velma?" he asked.

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"I'm twenty-nine," she answered directly and simply.

"Funny you've never married; a girl like you."

"I had a fellow; he died in the war. He was a fine boy. I have never thought of anybody else. He was not a handsome fellow, but he was a maker of things. He could make a whole car. He could make a house; and he was quiet and kind. After the war we were going to a Western wheat country and farm."

"Were you born in this country? Sometimes you talk——"

"My people came over from Sweden when I was a little girl. We lived a long time in Minnesota. I was East to see my fellow in camp; he was so sick. And he died. I could not go back right away, so I got housework."

"You like it—here?"

"Yes; but I think of the wheat, the green, and then the yellow we used to watch. I think if I had my man I would go there."

Cyrus rose and strolled out to the little front porch. Across the ravine the morning sun was dimpling the hills of Big Savage, and from where he stood he could see three greens, like emerald pools, among the rolling fairways.

"There's a pretty shade of green over there," he observed, pointing with his cigar.

"I'm not trained for anything but getting married to somebody with money."—Page 481.

Velma, in the kitchen behind him, did not reply.

Norma, by some magic known only to herself, had the room called the grill empty of other parties by the time she sat down with her guests at the largest of the round tables. At her left Cyrus, in his black Sunday suit, looked around curiously. He had not been in the old house since he had left it. The architect, he saw, had managed this grill-room by tearing away partitions and throwing together the old back parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. The result was a pleasing, almost square, room with gray panelled

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walls and smooth birch floors, waxed for dancing. The base-boards, Cyrus noted, were the same, for behind him, as he peered around, he found a bruise in the woodwork Eunice had made with a heavy toy locomotive.

Eunice sat across from him now with Kelly Williams beside her. He did not see much of Eunice, he reflected. After her mother's death she had withdrawn, going into Brownsville to live with her sister. She was twenty now; or was she twenty-one? She was born the year the bank barn was struck by lightning. She was a fair, tall girl with light-blue eyes, set far apart, her yellow hair short in the prevailing graceful style. Cyrus watched here as she sat and played with her fruit cocktail and listened absently to young Williams, who was leaning toward her, talking earnestly. Eunice had recognized her father's presence with a light pressure of the arm as he had stood in the hall waiting nervously for Norma. Then she had disappeared with Charlie Tripp. The pair was immediately sought by Isabelle, who had come up to her father breathless. Isabelle was getting heavy.

"Oh, daddy! I can't stop a minute; but isn't it scrumptious of Norma? And to make you come too! Well, see you at dinner. I must find Charlie."

Cyrus looked around for Charlie now. Norma had placed Isabelle Tripp on her right and Charlie next. Cyrus could see his son-in-law only in profile, but he noted how old he was beginning to look. Well, Charlie must be forty-two now. The sole owner of the Bootery in Brownsville, he was a considerable business personage, Cyrus had heard. The Bootery, under old Elam Tripp, had been simply Tripp's Boot and Shoe Store.

Cyrus pushed back his cocktail cup and ran an appraising eye over the round white shoulder the hostess on his right turned to him. Norma's dress was such as he had never seen—black. He wondered what it was made of, so soft-looking, revealing such arms and shoulders as he had never supposed existed. There was a faint fragrance that disturbed him. Surprising himself, he asked the name and had the word "heliotrope" to ponder.

The waitress—it was Velma—was placing before him an enormous plate containing fried chicken, ham, green corn, and a waffle. He looked at it uncertainly.

"I gave the dinner for Isabelle and Charles, but I planned what I thought you might like," said Norma, turning to him for the first time.

Around the table the ten of Norma's party were applying themselves to the serious business of eating. There were exclamations, sudden bursts of harsh laughter, comments on the food, but little conversation. Cyrus noted how greedily the men, in particular, ate, and how little they seemed to be aware of the presence of the women. In a moment, it seemed to him, the plates had been carried away and the air was full of cigarette-smoke. Then the appearance of the dessert, a rich peach shortcake, demanded and received a brief tribute of greedy diligence.

Again the cloud of smoke, and then suddenly attention was fixed by young Howard Graham, who rose in his place and rapped for quiet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, with a coarse attempt at a travesty on a side-show barker, "we are gathered here to-night to celebrate the tenth wedding anniversary of our respected club fellow, Charles Albert Tripp, and his charming wife, our little Isabelle."

This caused inordinate laughter from Alena Grover and Graham's wife. Isabelle smiled acridly at the reference to her lost slenderness. Eunice, Cyrus noticed, was still bored with her attentive Williams, and was listening eagerly to Graham, who was going on:

"We are also delighted to welcome Mrs. Tripp's handsome father, Mr. Cyrus Mefford. It is Norma Carrier's dinner, but I as a committee of one am furnishing an extra and added course for which there will be no charge. Let us drink to the health, long life, and happiness of Charlie and Isabelle!"

Amid shouts, it seemed, from all but Norma, who frowned and picked at the cloth, Graham dived beneath the table and came up with two large bottles of what seemed to Cyrus to be water. He held them above his head.

"Gin!" he cried. "Eight dollars a quart. The real thing."

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"I had a fellow; he died in the war."—Page 483.

In a moment he had uncorked both bottles and had handed them right and left.

Mrs. Grover took the bottle that came to her and poured herself a liberal drink in an empty tumbler, then handed it to Williams, who poured for Eunice and then for himself. In a moment Norma was offering Cyrus the other bottle, and when he shook his head, frowned, hesitated, and then poured some of the gin for herself.

"You see, it's my party. I mustn't spoil their fun. They mean it all right," she said to Cyrus.

But Cyrus was watching his daughter. Eunice sat revolving the tumbler on the cloth, but she was merely waiting, he saw; for when everybody was served she raised her glass and drank with the rest to her sister's future happiness. She took the gin with a toss of her bobbed hair and with a peculiar, defiant glance at her father. When everybody sat again, the bottles were started around and formalities were forgotten. Eunice had more gin; so did Norma. Beyond, Isabelle was becoming talkative.

"I suppose it is strange to you, in a way?" Norma leaned toward Mefford, narrowing her eyes.

"Well, I don't suppose I can get used to seeing Eunice drink and smoke. I used to put the girls to bed in this room in the winter when we couldn't heat the upstairs——"

"There's a lot you don't know about Eunice; I can see that. But everybody else knows it. She doesn't care for young Kelly Williams; it's funny, but she likes Charlie."

"Charlie who?"

"Why, Charlie Tripp, you old goose. And Isabelle's furious with her and jeal-

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ous as a cat. She's afraid they will run away some day."

Cyrus suddenly felt himself growing rather faint and sick. For the first time since he sat down in the familiar old house he thought of the gentle woman who had been his wife here and who with him had cared for the children in these rooms. He suddenly wanted her very much. He felt helpless. Across the table Eunice was letting Williams pour something brown into her glass from a bottle that had come around the table. The Tripps and Norma had started to sing a melancholy song about somebody's mammy. Howard Graham and Grover's wife were dancing to music from the phonograph in the corner.

"I guess I'll be going. You excuse me, please," said Cyrus. "I don't belong in here with the young folks and I think I'll go on over home."

Norma rose with him, a little unsteadily. She had been tasting the brown liquid too. Isabelle tried to fasten a dead flower in her father's lapel.

"Poor old dad," she crooned. "He has to go home early and get his beauty sleep."

"I know!"

It was Eunice's voice, shrill, insistent.

"This party has no pep! Let's all go down and take a plunge, just as we are!"

"You're crazy!"

"No, I'm not. I'll dare any of you. I'll race any of you to the pool and out to the raft."

"It's almost midnight!"

"So much the better; I love swimming at night. Come on!"

"You're on!" croaked Graham, kicking a chair over and making for the door.

"I'll give you all twenty yards' start and be on the raft first," said Charlie.

"You'll not go a step," said Isabelle in his ear. "You're drunk now. So is Eunice. If she wasn't she'd never suggest it."

But Eunice was already at the door, and Charlie wrenched himself away from Isabelle and followed. The rest streamed out to the porch and into the night.

"They'll be all right," said Norma, turning to Mefford and putting her arm through his. "It's a foolish stunt, but they all can swim. Let's walk across the course, under the moon."

They stood at the first tee, Norma close to him, stroking his hand. Up the hill, a hundred yards away, the others were panting and screaming after Eunice, who had disappeared.

"Shall we go up and sit where we sat yesterday, under the big elm? We can watch the moon from there; it's wonderful."

She turned her face up toward his and drew him toward the fairway.

"But Eunice—I can't leave her!"

Mefford took Norma's arm and with a sudden powerful aversion forced her away from him.

"She's my baby! We used to be so close. She's gotten away from me; and now she may need me. I'm going."

He turned and ran up the hill. Norma stood at the tee-box and watched him. She saw him running as a man who had dropped thirty years, and as he ran he tore off his coat and his collar—the collar that had so amused Norma.

As he disappeared over the sky-line the woman turned and made her way toward a short cut she knew to the pool. In a moment she was followed by another, also a woman.

When Mefford reached the top of the hill that dropped down to the black water of the reservoir the moonlight was flooding the whole scene so that he could see far below the midnight bathers as they stood in a huddle on the little pier that ran from the dressing-room. He stood for a moment and gazed down, and as he gazed the huddle divided and one figure separated itself and ran back a few yards, then dashed along the pier and hurtled into the water in a headlong dive. He knew it was Eunice.

One by one the others jumped or plunged into the reservoir and then began the splashing, shouting, screaming progress toward the raft, lying out in the middle. Somehow Cyrus reached the little dock, where Isabelle Tripp was still standing wringing her hands.

"Daddy, daddy, make them come in. They'll all be drowned. They're all full. I couldn't make them stop. Oh, please, daddy, make Eunice come in. They'll all follow her."

Some of them had turned already and were coming back. They knew their

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danger, apparently. Graham and the Grover woman clambered out and began an idiotic dance on the dock in their soaked clothes. In a moment Grover climbed out.

"Water's too cold," he muttered. "I'm going up and get my car and go home. Coming, Alena?"

Far out at the raft, Eunice, Charlie, and Kelly Williams were swimming. Eunice had reached it, winning the race, and now she and Tripp were wrestling and splashing each other, with Williams looking on.

Then, as Cyrus stood on the pier and watched, Eunice screamed and disappeared. In a moment she was on the surface again, for a moment, giving one loud terrifying call:

"Daddy, come!"

The man on the pier leaped into the water and in a second was swimming toward the group with powerful, terrible strokes.

"She's tryin' to kid us!"

It was Tripp, shaking the water out of his eyes and hair, and pointing to where Williams was struggling with Eunice in the water ten feet away.

At that moment Williams lost her and she went under.

"She's drowning; don't listen to Charlie," gurgled Williams, going under and groping for Eunice.

Then Cyrus Mefford went under the water, too, for a crazing, torturing age. At the last moment of consciousness he fastened his hand in Eunice's hair; with his final strength he drew her slender body close to him, and down there under the black water he felt something he had not known for years. To die like this if Eunice, his little girl, understood that her daddy had not failed her; it was not such a bad ending——

Was that a hand in his collar? Such a strong hand. Holding Eunice by the hair, Cyrus felt himself rising.

On the dock a little later he heard somebody say, "Let the damn fools go; I'll take care of them," and opened his eyes. It was Velma, half dressed, soaking wet.

Eunice, able in two days to creep out to the little porch of the tenant house, found her father sitting on the step, gazing across at Big Savage course. White and still, she found a place at his knee, leaning against it, her head against his arm. Neither spoke for a long while. It was Eunice who broke the communion of early-morning silence.

"Is it true what they said about Charlie, daddy?"

"I guess it is; when he saw you and I were goners, or he thought we were, he streaked it for the shore. Velma passed him when she swam for us."

"I didn't really care for him. I was just crazy. Girls get like that—these days. Velma is packing her trunk. Where is she going?"

Cyrus stirred uneasily. "I don't know. Maybe out West. She comes from out there."

"Daddy, are you going to get married again?"

He turned toward her sharply; then, at sight of her white, drawn face, he softened and kissed her hair.

"No; what made you ask that?"

"Something Velma said. Norma Carrier was on the dock at the reservoir when Velma got there. She said something to Velma."

"Something? What could she say?"

"I don't know; anyhow, Norma's been intending to marry you. I could see that."

Mefford rose.

"I wonder what she said to Velma?"

"You'd better ask Velma."

"That's true; I guess I had. I didn't think of that."

He sat down, and after a while Eunice slipped away.

Mefford's eyes were fixed on the greens across the ravine. They had fascinated him by their coloring since the art of the course architect began to be apparent. They told him of pure beauty, something he had never considered or known, and he had searched them out from every angle and vantage-point on the hills around, in the varying moods of light and shade. He was so absorbed in them now that he did not hear Velma when she came and stood behind him on the porch.

"Miss Eunice says you wanted to speak to me."

It was the tone of the old *vox humana* stop on his mother's little old parlor-or-

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gan. He looked up at her with one of his rare smiles.

"I am not going to get married to that lady who spoke to you the other night," he said.

She looked away from him, twisting her hands in her apron, and turned to go into the house again.

"You saw me the other night swimming," he remarked, his tone stopping her. "I'm still pretty good; I'm sixty, but I'm as sound as some of these fellows of forty."

He saw at once he had said something wrong. She was crying quietly, her apron lifted to her eyes.

He got slowly to his feet.

"What I mean is—well, you said if you could get a man——"

She started into the house, but he caught her wrist.

"I am a man; I'll be kind and quiet and I'm rich—take me to some of that wheat land you know about. I want to farm again."

"It's such a wide, clean sweep of green—miles—you cannot see." She had wiped her eyes and stood smiling, her hand in his.

"Is it prettier, that green, than what you see yonder?" he asked, pointing across the valley.

"That's nothing; you have ahead—much," said Velma.

"Daddy, are you going to get married again?"—Page 487.

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Mainsprings of Men

BY WHITING WILLIAMS
Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

IV. FAITH VS. FEAR INSIDE THE FACTORY AND OUT

"TEN MILLION TONS! That's the size of the order we're workin' on." So my companion explained as we pushed through our great "cold-rolls" ton after ton of steel sheets for the sides and fenders of automobiles. The figure sounded impressive, until I recollected that the country's entire yearly output of fabricated steel was less than forty millions—with little likelihood that more than a fourth could be used by one customer!

"I dunno. Somethin' about steel." During the preceding ten years of my miner friend's working life every ton of coal he and his neighbors raised had gone to the mine company's steel plant; when that ran out of orders, the mine stopped. Yet "Somethin' about steel" was as close as he could come to explaining the near-tragedy of his life: namely, the weeks in which the come-to-work whistle blew only two or three times.

"The Reign of Rumor"—that describes the situation which I have found throughout the mines and factories of America—and, for that matter, of western Europe as well. Of that reign the cause—also the result—is the worker's unbelievable ignorance of his employer's plans and purposes, his aims and his ideals. That unbelievable ignorance is unequalled by anything I know—except the employer's amazing ignorance of the plans and purposes, the aims and ideals of his employees.

It goes without saying that the maintenance of such law and order as exists throughout this twilight realm of "Old King Idunno" is put upon the strong but unfeeling, cruel shoulders of his Prime Minister and shadow-companion, old General Fear.

For plotting the overthrow of this mighty pair which curses our modern industrial world, no better time will ever come than *now*. A Europe of Bolshevism, invasion, and Fascismo; an America of the flapper, the jazz cow-bell, the hooded Klan, and the Herrin Massacre—all these unite in broadcasting the same unanimous and universal announcement:

"The old loyalties are hereby laid aside. Pending further examination, the age-old leaderships are herewith discontinued. It's 'anybody's ball'!"

Such a condition is largely the result of the war. But something like it was bound to happen, war or no war. The wireless and the turbine, the movie and the Sunday supplement—these have increased the geographical and the numerical size of the operating groups in both industry and politics too fast for the old leaders to hold them within the bonds of united thought and action. In the absence of that bond, old groups have split and strange new ones have formed. What is most to the point is this: that this splitting-off has taken place along new lines of cleavage, I mean the lines of "class"—lines which are dangerous even though they appear inevitable. Naturally enough, when it's anybody's ball, we all find it easy to join up with those whose thought and feeling is like our own because they are living our kind of life. That is bound to be the result of that truth which bears repeating: We tend to *live* our way into our thinking enormously more than we tend to *think* our way into our living. And that living of our way together into our thinking and feeling must, in these industrial days, be determined by the living we do there where we earn it—on our job.

In such wise a strange thing happens—strange, yes, and sinister: the coal-miner in West Virginia's Panhandle finds himself closer in thought and feeling, because in work and therefore in life, to the miner in England's Rhondda or Europe's Ruhr than he is to the mind of a reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE in Pittsburgh! So, too, all those who go through Manhattan's subways to their jobs at 6:30 in the morning are likely to feel themselves

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in greater communion with their fellow early-risers in Chicago or San Francisco than with the bankers or lawyers who hang to exactly the same subway straps three hours later.

Thus it comes about that such leadership as there is tends more and more to lodge with him whose appeal is directed only to his fellow steam-fitters, coal-miners, farmers, or legionaries—his followers because they are his associated sharers in the common emotions of that common experience which follows inevitably upon the common liberties and limitations of a common job.

The Reign of Rumor stands thus to be displaced by the Kingdom of Class Conflict—unless there can be found in the common emotions of some common experience the bond which will tie into something like unity great hosts of men of more than one level of education, intelligence, and training.

Can such a bond of emotions be discovered?

I believe it is presented by exactly that same department of our modern doings which has created the yawning rifts. I mean the department of industry. That deep-going and universal wish for demonstrated worth as a man because of demonstrated worth as a *work*man—this mainspring wish of men furnishes us to-day, I contend, the common emotion for the new unity which somewhere and somehow we must contrive to find.

I submit the underlying unity of such testimonies as these:

"You see, if I fall down on my job," says the inspector as we go over the great locomotive for the last time out on the yard's "ready tracks," "there's the devil to pay—and maybe scores of lives lost. (Tap, tap on the piston cross-head pin.) If they pull into 'old Chi' even fifteen minutes late because this here works loose—(tap, tap on the dowel-pin on the eccentric or the valve-stem)—it gets right back to me, you understand? You see, this is the 'power' [engine] for Train Number Eight, the pride o' the road. And the engineer—well, I'll say he's some particular guy!"

"Yes, it's like this," says the engineer himself. "There's probably a lot of fellows back there who will miss their engagements up at the Chamber of Commerce unless I get down to the round-house on time, give the old girl a proper look-over, and hook up at the station on the dot—with me feeling fit-like myself. But I can't get my 'power' at the 'house' unless the street-cars get me down on time—and the conductor and the motorman can't make sure of that without the chaps over at the power-house, or the gang that puts the new rails in. And then—but watch now, how a real driver [engineer] ought to put his air on to slow up around this curve without shakin' them Chamber fellows up too much."

"You understand, of course," inquires in turn the president of the road, "that America has been called 'an experiment in transportation.' Without our keeping the rails down and in shape, these United States just *aren't*—they may be states but they aren't united."

In spite of all the bitterness of the recent railway strike, I found that every railroader continued to feel closer in spirit to the executive he was fighting than to the rest of us outsiders. As to us, he is only sorry that we are so unfortunate as not to know the joys and thrills of railroading—of playing a part in providing service so indisputably essential to the life of our country. When, incidentally, our railroaders cease to feel that common joy in their common undertaking, in meeting a common necessity, then all those monster engines will suddenly cease their pantings and grow cold—nor will all our gold suffice to get them going again until within the hearts of their masters the joy of service is brought back again.

In steel, too, it is the same—except that every steel worker is sure it takes more "guts" to serve in steel than on the railroad. And in the mines, down in the pitch-dark galleries where men joy in the danger, and get to liking the smell of dust and powder and sweat as they dig their coal or other metal, the same song is sung; and the same common pride in having a shoulder to the wheel serves as the tie that binds them all together, high and low, in a common thrill of the certainty of self-justification.

Furthermore, the differences indicated by the white collar of the company president and the flannel shirt of the track-walker or repairer furnish, I fully believe, no knife of division and enmity sharp

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enough completely to sever that tie that binds them together so inextricably, simply because it binds them where they really live—in their heart's-bottom wish for a worth which can be demonstrated by means of their respective parts in their common and indispensable enterprise. For all of them alike, it is their job, their common job, that is making them important not only to themselves but to each other and to us outsiders. In turn, it is their job that is making other people important to them.

"But if that is true, why then do these men find themselves so often opposed to each other?"

The answer, I believe, is this: on our railways, in our steel plants and mines—everywhere throughout our new multiple-unit industry—the man in charge has grown too firmly into the habit of trying to draft men's co-operation by the fear of punishment instead of aiming to secure it by the promise of satisfactions—he has too long depended upon compulsion instead of leadership.

That is the natural result of the Reign of Rumor which came into power when our factory roofs grew much too fast to permit manager and man to continue shoulder to shoulder. Of the resulting mutual ignorance, one consequence is sure—the mutual fear which, as its shadow, walks hand in hand beside it. Because he fears that his workers wish to lessen his share of the spiritual and economic satisfactions of the common enterprise, the manager conceives it necessary to base his appeal for their co-operation upon their fear of him.

"What's it to you?" so the foreman expresses his fear that you are after his "know-how," and therefore his job when you inquire as to where the steel sheets go when you have lifted them from the rolls and watched them, in the clutches of the overhead crane, soar off down into the smoke of the grimy "hot-floor."

"Why, don't ye see, Jack," the young inspector's eyes glow with pride as he explains how "if you'd 'a' side-stepped this little blemish here, that sheet 'ud be an 'A' prime. A d—d shame, I call it."

"You're right. But we didn't know!" you protest. "Why doesn't somebody tell——?"

"Here, young fellow!" interrupts the plant policeman. "Beat it back to your department—and be quick—unless you're ready to quit your job!"

"And in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer."

Of vast hosts this can be said to-day. Their prayer is in their work because they know that by that handiwork they "maintain the fabric of the world." But of these vast hosts, there are literally millions—needless millions—who in all their lives have never seen the completed whole of the article of which for years they have been making parts!

It is to-day all but impossible to overstate the length and breadth of the worker's ignorance as to the underlying facts of the particular industry of which he is himself a member. In like measure, it is all but impossible to overstate the length and breadth of the opportunity in industry to-day for a new leadership of co-operation—a leadership of co-operation based upon the worker's wider understanding of the facts which underlie his enterprise and its service. For these facts are sure to favor the enjoyment of those feelings of worth which manager and man unite in wishing more fully to enjoy.

Such a change from the compulsions of fear exerted through ignorance to the "sweet influences" of knowledge and confidence is not easy. But it is easier than it looks. For the reign of ignorance has been the result decidedly less of purpose and design than of the failure to keep up with the sudden expansion of the working world and its units.

"How can we tell these workers of ours anything! Why, they speak eighteen different languages—without mentioning English!"

The employer's protest would surely be our own under such bewildering conditions—if we were so convinced as he is that we can *think* together only as we talk or read together.

"Sure, moocha monee in breecks," so Nicola in the steel plant showed me the message he got direct from the president's office every time he looked about him at the careless and disorderly destruction of costly fire-brick. "But deesa companee no care—want da beega monee from da beega furnace.—Lak dees!—(Business of rubbing finger and thumb together.)

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You?—me?—damn breeck?—too littla!—too small!—W'at da hell!"

As a matter of fact, he had learned more accurately about his employer than if he had read all the notices of his company or spent a month in careful research. As a matter of fact, also, the bricks, and their precept via example, could not fail to cost the company a pretty penny. Undoubtedly, such an example was responsible for all those instructions in the saving of physical energies and social standing with the "gang" which never failed to come in whispers to the newcomer who started to move the bricks too fast:

"Pss't! Hey, boodie! Take easy! Go slow! W'at da hell!"

After taking some pains to view the field, I am sure of this:—the ill feeling of such a situation is, on the part of both the president and Nick, more apparent than real. The great majority of employers, I believe, possess toward their co-workers an abundant measure of good-will. The trouble is that by far too few of them possess a good-will that *understands* the worker and so knows how to *demonstrate* itself to him.

For, needless to say, good-will simply is not visible to the eye of the worker unless he can see it operate and operate *for him*—unless somehow it can be *felt by him* in his experience. So the word of the president or of the company fails to reach its destination until it has been translated into the job—into life as it is lived by the laborer in the presence of the superintendent, the foreman, the gang boss, and the paymaster's clerk. For it is these who together incarnate the company and the president to the wage-earner.

"LEMME TELL YE MY EXPERIENCE!"

More than any other, I should like to see this placard on the desk of every business executive—and, for that matter, of every one else who wishes to project his influence out upon the thought or action of persons far beyond the reach of personal contact. More than any other phrase, it makes plain the one unfailing coinage into which thought or feeling must be put before it passes current from mind to mind among the vast majority of our fellow citizens throughout not only the industrial but the political and social world around us. And, for most of the minority, the only change required is that "my experience" should be given a little wider base by means of those two stalwarts: "I see by the papers—" or "A chap was saying the other night in the smoker——"

"How do you explain this?" a village pastor asked his boyhood chum, the League's most famous pitcher. "I used to study while you were playing hookey. Today you draw your $10,000, and I manage to exist on $1,500. What's the answer!"

"Well," his friend began to impart the secret, "it's all in the delivery!"

In a company of thousands of employees, such a "delivery" of the message of the company's fairness and squareness in the coinage of the worker's actual experience is certainly part of the job of any fair-and-square executive who really "executes." But that is not enough: he must also make sure that throughout his organization this complete "delivery" becomes an unvarying habit! Where an executive accomplishes this, he is entitled to our praise—unless his organization is so small as to make the matter as easy as in the case of my hobo friend:

"No," he explained one of the satisfying simplicities of his life, "I don't have no monicker [professional name]. 'Cause why?— Well, you see, if you get into a crowd of 'boes and somebody starts something that ends up with a murder or two, then all the 'bulls' [policemen] broadcast to everybody everywhere to pick up 'Frisco Fred' and 'Pennsy Pete.' No siree, *in my business I don't want no reputation.*"

The distance from him to the head of the modern business organization with its "branches in all cities," is the distance which modern society has travelled from primitive Crusoe-like simplicity. It is not a little, but a long, long journey in responsibility. That responsibility is an unavoidable necessity at every single point where the action of the company touches a human being or a human need. Also it is a responsibility that must be met year after year with something like an abiding consistency. For without something like consistency in the "delivery" and demonstration of whatever convictions the company possesses, the execu-

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tive's aggregation of men, machines, and money has no character. In that case it cannot live because it has no means by which to secure the recognition and confidence of any one, stockholder, customer, or co-worker.

"The most even-tempered man in Cleveland: he's always mad!" The phrase describes, it must be admitted, a man of character because so marked a consistency establishes a working "expectability" as to the future. To an extent far beyond the hopes of a generation ago, our business friend has learned that successful selling is impossible until he has demonstrated for his products not only character, but *good* character. That is impossible until he has developed a high degree of sensibility—sympathetic sensibility—to the need and the demand of his potential customers:

"Ask the man who owns one."
"Our profit depends on your service."
"'To Serve and De-Serve': our Aim."

As soon as the president and the "super" begin to see exactly the same necessity for consistent character and consistently *good* character in connection with the problem of production as well as distribution, then the "labor problem" begins, if not to vanish, at least to fold up its tents of war. For one-tenth of a good sales-manager's sensibility, once the situation is freed from that slimy film of mutual ignorance and fear, would be more than enough to discover all that is necessary: namely, that both man and manager unite in desiring, more than anything else in the world, the opportunity to justify their existence by means of exactly the same thing—the utmost of diligence and fair-minded workmanliness.

"We want to stop this eternal fighting," testifies a leader in the recent transportation trouble, "and help put railroading on its feet. After all, we workers have more to gain or lose through the condition of the industry than anybody else. It's not only our bread and butter but our ice-cream and cake."

"Where the boys get out of humor with their jobs," reports one of his fellow union heads, "they try to get all their grouches out of their system by means of wage demands. We no sooner get one raise for them than they want us to get another. It gives a leader a dog's life—until we can help get 'em interested in their jobs again."

A really good "super"—one with that ten per cent of the real sales-manager's sensibility—knows the reasonableness of these testimonies as to the worker's deeper interests in his work, wherever his mainspring wish for worth has not been overstimulated and misdirected by needless ignorance or abuse. He knows also the truth of this further finding of my studies:

The normal worker under normal conditions wants a larger share of the satisfactions of doing his job much more than he wants a larger share of the satisfactions of managing the enterprise which furnishes the job.

Only where management demonstrates too little capability or sensibility to provide these indispensable satisfactions in the job, does the worker's protest go the length of demanding a share in the executive councils. That is why the Industrial Workers of the World want to "make the managers go to work": it is the only way they see in certain industries to make the job such that it entitles the worker to respect himself and so enables him to "hold up his end." Of their unhappiness one cause looms up above all others—joblessness, the unsteadiness, the irregularity of most of the world's unskilled employment. The unhappiness caused by unemployment makes it plain that beyond question the deep-down cause of the various radical protests against the present capitalistic system is a desire not for less work but *more* work—not a larger share of management but a fuller and more regular enjoyment not simply of the economic but of the accompanying spiritual rewards of work. We miss our best means of meeting the objection of our most troubled worker friends if we fail to see that it is their appreciation of these underlying spiritual rewards that justifies, in their minds, their request for such an exchange of responsibilities as the skipper and the engineer arranged one day.

"I say there, you on the bridge!" the captain roared up the tube from the engine-room. "I can't get another turn out of your blamed old machine here!"

"Well," answered the chief from the bridge, "it ain't so all-fired necessary—we're aground!"

Most workers are not radicals simply because in most industries the result of

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such an exchange of function is known to be too risky. But the fact that the worker does not want his executive's job does not mean that he is entirely happy in his own. Every worker knows that from hour to hour he has a big margin within which either to release his energies or withhold them—and still keep his job. I am somewhat ashamed to recall the unholy glee we laborers used to get out of making a needlessly grouchy foreman think we were working when we knew we weren't. But, after all, he had to *think* so in order to save his face as a foreman. Likewise, we had to *know* the opposite in order to save our own. Such waste will go on until the end of time—unless manager and man can come to a better understanding of what both of them desire. For not one amongst us but will direct—and should direct—all the energies of our being against the threat of him who assumes that the only way he can secure the energies of our hands and heads is to do his utmost to displace us from the captaincy of our souls.

That is exactly why our industry is today so largely a matter of needless, costly inefficiencies and needless, super-costly conflicts. And that is exactly why higher wages and more regular work for the worker, in so large a proportion of modern industry, will not fail to bring *lower labor costs* for the executive—and so either lower selling prices or larger profits. Inside the factory and out we are all paying the price of the industrial captain's failure to see that in the thrill of the common enterprise he has the basis of an appeal for the utmost of men's energies, through his appeal to his men's highest selves—to their hearts'-bottom and soul-stirring main-spring wish to think better of themselves.

The labor leader has not failed to make full use of the field thus left to him:

" 'Tis befoor the mon in ye thot I lay my case," so the leader of the "Bolshies" in the Welsh mine used to plead. "Not for ourselves but for our kiddies thot will coom after oos—'tis for them thot we moost fight for decenter conditions! Coom! Hov ye no love of God or mon in ye?"

Needless to say, the executive cannot make his high appeal until he can build a corporate character which can be trusted unfailingly to "deliver" the promised satisfaction. Otherwise some "Lemme tell ye *my* experience!" makes his appeal in vain. It is to be hoped, accordingly, that the new schools and colleges of administration will help the new crop of executives to build organizations which will stand the strain of such appeals. No citizen among us but can pray for such a consummation. For besides the obvious wastes of industrial energies which stand to-day available but so largely unused, there are all those demoralizing efforts to find in class conflict—or, as earlier mentioned, in the degradations of alcohol and vice—those face-saving recognitions and satisfactions which they would so infinitely prefer to find in work.

In addition to all this loss due to misapplication there is that huge store of fresh potential energies and capacities which stand ready to be grown and developed; for not one of us but knows that our effort to master the responsibilities of our job is the chief factor of our personal growth. These new abilities and capacities stand ready to be brought forth in amazing degree by all, from the vice-president and the superintendent down, once the dislodgment of King Ignorance and General Fear can be brought about. For then there will be enough responsibility to go around—without the foreman "hogging face" from his men, because the "super" is forced to "hog" it from him. Then employer and employee will be quite willing for their mutual advantage to agree upon this fundamental assignment of rewards: for the young worker or executive, the maximum feasible *opportunity* to demonstrate by his job the caliber of his manhood; for the old, the maximum feasible security in the assurance, not merely of his food and shelter, but of the status and standing which he gained through the manliness demonstrated by his acceptance of that maximum opportunity.

Only on such a basis of unfailing reward for unfailing effort can industry be called efficient. Only so can it return the maximum of value to its owners, its managers, or its workers. By means of the demonstrated certainties of such efficiency we can lessen the number of those who punch the clock and await the orders of the whistle—and the costly oversight

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of the inspector, and the inspector of inspectors—and thus increase the number of those who can be trusted to do a better day's work without these so-called aids to regularity and reliability.

To make the change is not as difficult as might appear. It demands only that we make faith easier by giving a more continuous and more consistent delivery and demonstration of the unfailing connection between physical or mental effort and social and spiritual reward. That requires nothing except that we establish for our industrial and commercial corporations, unions, and other institutions, the same kind of character—the same certainty of expectability—that is known to be indispensable to any worthy individual. Sooner or later, whether we like it or not, we have simply got to do exactly this. When the successful administration of a modern corporation or other so-called "impersonal concern" is understood to require nothing less than this, then the discipline of fear with all its wasteful clock-watching and restriction of output will begin to give way to the larger and more effective discipline of confidence and faith.

The character—the "expectability"—thus required for the successful career of any organized group of persons is pretty sure to require the practice of a certain rule called golden. It goes without saying that such practice is far from simple where, as in modern business, it is a matter of dealing justly not only with tens of thousands of employees but also thousands of stockholders and perhaps millions of customers. But this complicated responsibility has seldom had a fair chance. It has always suffered from the manager's tendency to exercise his sensibilities in connection with his customers while depending upon his sense—his logic—in connection with his workers. In order to save valuable time he has been too likely to use his imagination and his logic to tell him the wishes of his workers, instead of asking them. "Besides, I know what's good for them better than they do. You know, I used to be one of them myself." But even the logic of the Golden Rule may bring trouble unless it is guided by the Eleventh Commandment:

"Thou shalt not take thy neighbor for granted."

In my opinion only ignorance can claim that the sellers of brawn and skill are in the nature of the case more certain to make unreasonable and unfair demands than are the sellers of brains or money, though it is true that market conditions are not entirely the same. There are, of course, many who believe that no fair and reasonable — no golden — co-ordination and balance of the interested and competing though indispensable groups can be achieved under the present system of society. What they are really seeking is some convenient simplicity by which the hoped-for balance and co-ordination can be made easy. Of their programme, the real enemies are the turbine, the wireless, the movie, and all that multitude of other agencies which are continuously spreading out the boundaries of the word "neighbor" and complicating the problem of deciding how in his shoes we would be done by.

No, such a change of system is both impossible and unnecessary. Our modern complexity cannot be side-stepped. It must therefore be captured. That capture is within the limits of the powers already in our hands. For these powers, Karl Marx and others to the contrary notwithstanding, are not the powers of "economic determinism." They are the powers of *social* determinism.

With the sceptre of our approval and the sword of our disapproval, we have to date failed to accomplish what we should for the children of men because we have been too quick to use the dollar as the yardstick for determining who should be marked as worthiest among us. Men set about to gain dollars as the surest means —no, not to power, but to honor—the esteem, the approval, the kowtowings of so large a group as to make it impossible longer to doubt the high success of this "break-through" on their life's "Western Front." The moment we decide that financial profit may be without honor—that mere dollars alone will not buy our kowtowings unless they register value—social value received because delivered in terms of service—then, and only then, will men begin to seek the satisfaction of their own best wish for their own worth *through, and not at the cost of*, the satisfaction of that same deep-down desire for worth in the hearts of others.

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The power to make our demand that profit shall represent the measure of service lies ready in our hand. To exercise it is to secure a genuine and a practicable co-operation, because it will enable us to give to the common enterprise all those energies which we now must devote so largely to saving ourselves against the threats of those whom we must fear because they fear us. To exercise it is to bring the profitable and gratifying co-operation of the willing bird that flies farther than a thrown stone. Such co-operation is indispensable to the better world we all desire. But it is not easy to attain, and there is no system, no institutional short cut, which will make it so. Under any system the path must lead through two difficult defiles. One is that we must train our youth to prefer to obtain that longed-for substantiation of their favorable thought about their worth from a discriminating minority rather than from a careless and unthinking majority. The other is that we must all do our part to help this great majority to hold its priceless kowtowings at a higher figure—to save them for those—dollar-getters or others—who really register real service.

"Of course, I'd rather die than not play the man," the soldier wrote from the trenches. Of course—of course, because he knows that the pouring out of his last full measure of devotion can not by any chance fail to secure for him in death what he might have missed in life—the everlasting banishment of that fear which haunts the heart of every one of us—the fear that we may somehow fail to count in the great total of the final worth and ultimate nobility of man.

It is not strange that these days which follow in the wake of the Great War are days of gloom—days when we lose our belief not only in the old leaderships and loyalties, but, worst of all, in ourselves and in the nobility of our common human nature.

It is only a natural consequence of those high moments of supreme emotion required to resist the Great War's threat against our lives and souls. If only the extreme intensities of such crucial moments could be ended the instant they have served their purpose! On the contrary, they appear always to subside only as the waves subside long after the storm has passed and gone. On the day that brings a sudden peace with their ancient enemy, the Irish direct their unexpended hatreds against each other: it is, after all, only a normal means of starting back to national calm.

So with ourselves. Returning weary and disappointed from the war, shaken rudely out of the old confidences in ourselves and in things as they were, we try to save our face by seeking the weaknesses of each other and of all the institutions which we have built up for our security. Shortly we shall be rested from our fatigues. Then we shall set about the task of discarding the bad and restoring the good, of building a better civilization than we have ever known. In it "Old King Idunno" will not be able to keep us from seeing that our neighbors are everywhere, like ourselves, seeking to find the longed-for reassurance of their worth to themselves through the demonstration of their worth to others in the hours not of their leisure but of their labor.

"The only member of the faculty who shed tears when I left," reports a college president, "was the head janitor. He knew I knew the importance of his job. 'Of course, we professors,' I told him, 'know that cleanliness is next to godliness, but we can only try to teach it to the students by *talking* about it. Your job is higher—*you* can *demonstrate* it!'"

"Sure, I might make a whole auto myself," says the "specialist" as he swings back and forth, adding his single screw, number B77, to the chassis as it glides past him. "But think of all the millions of my fellow workin' men that could only *dream* of takin' the wife and the kids out in the flivver, if I did!"

No, we cannot—and we need not—do away with the vast and complicated machine of present-day living and working which science has put into our hands. But—when our wearied faith is rested and restored—we can capture that machine. We can capture it by seeing deeper into the souls of men. For it is there that the ultimate motive power of it all resides. Coal or steel, fire-box or screw, textbook or broom—of them all the final force that makes them move is the force of your desire and mine—our common desire together—rather to die than not to play the man!

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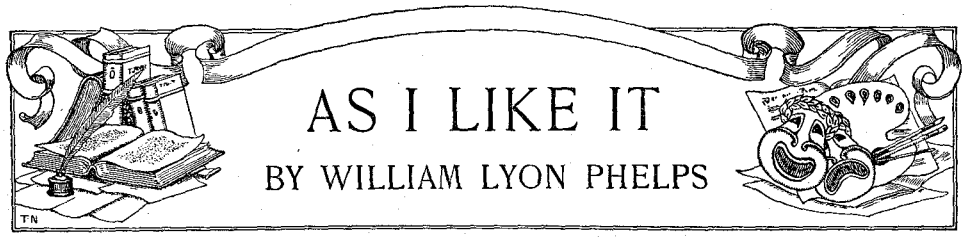

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

AFTER all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."

I taught English at Harvard one year, and at Yale thirty-one, an equitable division of my time between the two universities. My year at Harvard was 1891–1892, and my instruction was confined to English composition. There is no doubt that I learned more than I taught. I had one division of freshmen, one of sophomores, and one hundred and twenty picked seniors and juniors. Coming from Yale, I had previously spent only one year at Harvard, and that chiefly in monastic seclusion, being engaged upon a doctor's thesis; so that this invitation to teach gave me my first opportunity to become acquainted with Harvard undergraduates. I cannot remember much about the freshmen, the Class of 1895; but I remember awarding to my sophomore pupils only two As, the recipients being Lindsay Todd Damon, who is now professor of English in Brown University, and Edwin Francis Edgett, who is now literary editor of the Boston *Transcript*.

For many years Barrett Wendell had given a course in daily themes, open to juniors and seniors. Every student who had the temerity to elect it was compelled to write a long composition every other week, and a short one every day. Mr. Wendell read the biweeklies, and I read the dailies. This meant that during the academic year I read every day the diary of one hundred and twenty representative Harvard upper-classmen, which to a visitor from Yale was deeply interesting. Professor Briggs told me that I probably knew more about undergraduate life at both Yale and Harvard than any one else. If I did not, it was my fault. Among the pupils were William Vaughn Moody, Percy Atherton, Oswald Garrison Villard, and other later notables; also David Wells, who, in the short interval between his graduation and his death, made a brilliant reputation as a novelist. These senior and junior diarists were exceedingly frank, both in their themes and in "consultation hours." A fine lot of fellows they were, and courteous to the Yale barbarian.

During that winter Jean and Edouard de Reszké made their first appearance in Boston. Maurice Grau brought over the whole Metropolitan company from New York, and they sang in a big barn called Mechanics Hall. What singing! Never has there been an operatic troupe like that.

One Saturday afternoon I heard Adelina Patti stop in the middle of "Martha" and sing "Home, Sweet Home." But on the same evening I heard the de Reszké brothers and Emma Eames in "Faust," and I forgot all about Patti.

Lewis Gates, instructor in English, was one of the most brilliant and inspiring men on the Harvard faculty. He was a recluse, seeking no acquaintances, and sitting up all night in his room. But he was an enthusiast about good music, and this gave me a chance to draw him out, and become intimately acquainted with him, for which I have always been grateful. We used to go in to Boston together to hear the opera, and walk back to Cambridge over the Harvard Bridge at one o'clock in the morning, eagerly discussing the music and the performers. As the curtain fell on the departing figure of Lohengrin one evening, I heard Gates murmur, "There goes the ideal—it can never stay!"

The next afternoon I read among my themes one written either by a senior or a junior—I wish I were able to remember the man's name—which was a glowing appreciation of the opera I had just heard; and I have never forgotten the young critic's final sentence—*After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."* If, by some miracle, he should see these lines, I should like to have him know that even if I have

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forgotten his name, I have not forgotten his theme.

After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin." Thirty years of listening have strengthened my conviction that the boy was right. It is my favorite opera, because it is the most dramatic and the most beautiful. I am quite aware that this is not the proper thing to say; "Lohengrin" belongs to Wagner's "earlier period," when he was "feeling his way to a method," and hence it ought not to be nearly so great music as "Tristan," "Siegfried," or "Meistersinger." It is, though. To put "Lohengrin" at the head of all the operas in the world may be an indication that one's musical taste is untrained, unelevated; but I don't care what the vote indicates; I had rather hear "Lohengrin" than anything else. I am a shameless Wagnerite, an uncompromising worshipper; I never get too much of Wagner. I like to hear his works presented without any cuts; and in symphony concerts, I particularly delight in a "Richard Wagner Abend." I enjoy the whole "Ring"; I enjoy "Tristan"; I enjoy "Meistersinger"; I enjoy "Der fliegende Holländer"; I enjoy "Parsifal." I believe the operas of Wagner are superior to the operas of all other composers put together; but I also believe that the Vorspiel and first act of "Lohengrin" have never been equalled either by Wagner or any one else. *After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."*

Probably no one in the next two or three centuries will witness so fine a performance of "Lohengrin" as we saw in the early nineties. Jean de Reszké as the Holy Knight, Edouard as the King, and Emma Eames as Elsa were just as inspiring to see as to hear—they were ideal representatives of ideal characters. Their intelligence was as subtle as their voices were glorious. "Lohengrin," as they gave it, was a perfect materialization: it left nothing to be desired. It pleased the ear, the eye, and the mind. If the angels in heaven sing oratorios as well as these artists sang operas, I shall be satisfied. To hear the ravishing and climactic music of Elsa's dream, to see the swan approaching, the noble dignity of Jean de Reszké's figure as he stepped ashore, to feel the ineffable beauty and tenderness of his Farewell to the Swan—these are imperishable memories. *After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."*

The Vorspiel is an example of crescendo, beginning faintly, and rising to a climax. Of course it cannot be translated into words; but one of the best verbal interpretations I have ever read occurs in George Moore's novel, "Sister Teresa," the sequel to "Evelyn Innes." (I remember once asking Madame Nordica if she thought these two novels by George Moore contained any suggestions on music that were of value; and she replied emphatically that they were worthless, that the music-stuff in them was bogus and absurd. Later I asked Horatio Parker the same question, and he said that the musical suggestions were most valuable, even profound. The two authorities were alike only in the emphasis with which they uttered their irreconcilable opinions, by which we see that there is as much divergence in musical as in literary criticism.)

Evelyn Innes plays the Vorspiel to a nun in the convent and asks her for her idea of the music, to which the sister said, "It seemed to me as if I stood waiting on some mountain top, somewhere where there is no boundary. The dawn seemed to be breaking, light seemed to increase, the rays grew brighter, and my soul seemed to be waiting amid the increasing light."

Greatly as I enjoy hearing the Vorspiel played at symphony concerts, it is always tantalizing; for as the last notes die away, I long to see the curtains open, and reveal the King, Telramund, and the Herald in their familiar positions. Nothing in any other opera is so dramatic as the first act of "Lohengrin." The defenseless figure of Elsa; the horrible accusation by Telramund; Elsa's dream; her unexpected consent to trial by combat; the challenge of the trumpets followed by absolute silence; Elsa's request for a second summons; again the trumpets, and the silence; Elsa on her knees in prayer; the thrilling promise of the violins; the apparition of the swan, bringing the knight in armor; the swelling excitement of the crowd; the consternation of Telramund and Ortrud; the entrance of Lohengrin; the fight; the triumph. It is a complete play in itself.

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After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."

When the Knight appears, he is radiant with celestial glory; we know he is the divine ambassador—*der Gottgesandte.*

I am always reminded of two poems by Browning and Milton. In "Count Gismond," we have a similar scene; the defenseless orphan girl publicly slandered by Gautier, and the unexpected appearance of her champion.

> "Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
> That I was saved. I never met
> His face before, but, at first view,
> I felt quite sure that God had set
> Himself to Satan; who would spend
> A minute's mistrust on the end?"

And in "Comus," we have the couplet, summing up both poems and the opera:

> "Or, if virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her."

After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."

The players of the Moscow Art Theatre made a profound impression in New York—both on the spectators, and, as a normal school, on professional actors. I went to see "The Cherry Orchard," by Chekhov. The play was first produced in 1904, by this same company in Moscow. The author, although in his last illness, attended the performance, and his wife played the same part she still adorns. This play has been repeatedly translated into English, but the honor of making the first English translation belongs to Max S. Mandell, M.A., instructor in Russian at Yale. His version was published in 1908 by the undergraduate editors of the *Yale Courant.* The most illuminating interpretation and criticism both of this drama and of Chekhov as a dramatist was written by the late George Calderon, a brilliant young Englishman who lost his life in the war. In his introduction to "Two Plays by Chekhov," published in 1912, he makes Russian drama as clear as it can be made to English-speaking people. He points out the real difference between our theatre and theirs; our plays are *centripetal*, theirs *centrifugal.* That is, the English playwright endeavors to draw the attention of the spectators to a group of people on the stage; the Russian's idea is, that by looking at the *dramatis personæ* we shall be forced to consider life in general—universal humanity. This method accounts for the lack of plot, incidents, and coherence that so many Occidentals feel in reading a Russian play.

Chekhov must be seen to be appreciated. One who had formed an opinion of "The Cherry Orchard" merely by reading it, would be amazed at the revelation of the play's possibilities on the stage. There was literally not a dull moment, and the close was inexpressibly affecting. I heard an American woman say, after the fall of the final curtain, "How strange it is that I should be crying at the performance of a drama, not one word of which am I able to understand!" The secret of the success of the Moscow company lies in one word—team-play. They know what ought to be self-evident, that team-play in acting is as necessary as in football. There are just as good actors in other countries as in Russia, but it remained for the Moscow company to show what could be done by intelligent training and co-operative effort. The men and women seem to be living rather than acting.

The two all-important elements seem to be these: 1. A good play. 2. Good acting. With these two conditions, everything else is subordinate and secondary. I thought the scenery in "The Cherry Orchard" so inadequate that it seemed amateurish; it was certainly inferior to the average American production on Broadway; but one was so interested in the progress of the play and in the persons on the stage, that the cheap scenery was forgotten. But it was cheap.

How times have changed since Orlenev and Nazimova first came to America! They nearly starved. Americans had to be browbeaten to be induced to hear them. The same is true of the visit of Madame Komisarzhevskaia, who gave the best performance of Ibsen's "Doll's House" that I have ever seen—there were perhaps twenty-three persons in the audience. I thought of those pioneer expeditions last week at "The Cherry Orchard"—one of the largest theatres in New York (all orchestra seats $5.50) jammed and packed to the last inch, hundreds standing up. I wonder what the weekly receipts would be in rubles—one

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would have to calculate them in logarithms or light-years. I dare say that the actors seem no more strange to us than America must seem to them. They come from a country where death by starvation has ceased to attract any attention; where epidemics and normalcy mean the same thing; where for years no one has seen any actual money.

New York may or may not be the largest city in the world. It is certainly the earth's musical and artistic metropolis. Simply stay on Manhattan Island, and you will see every person in the world most worth seeing. Authors, actors, composers, musicians, scientists, statesmen, physicians, prophets, and prize-fighters—they all come to New York. And the quality of hospitality is not strained.

Among new novels in English, the success of the season has been won by a young man's first book—"Futility," by William Gerhardi. This author was born in Russia of English parents, and with a family name neither Russian nor British. Bilingual from childhood, he is a cosmopolitan. Just as an American who knows French can teach that language better to Americans than the average Frenchman, so Mr. Gerhardi interprets the Russian temperament better to Occidentals than was possible to a genius like Dostoevski. He knows the Russians; they were round about him in his infancy; but he sees them also with the eye of the Englishman. A sincere humorist, he loves them and laughs at them. Ever since Turgenev in his novel "Rudin," revealed to the world and to Russians themselves the national incapacity to do anything, the Russian fiction "hero" has run true to form. Sienkiewicz, in his psychological novel, "Without Dogma," said the whole race was cursed with what he called *improductivité slave*. It is true. They are the most eager, brilliant, original, and profound conversationalists in the world; one reason why they need no athletic sports is because their ordinary conversation is more effective than any setting-up exercises; they are eternally expecting the impossible to happen; had Dickens lived longer, he would have made Micawber a Russian. In Russian novels and plays, various projects are discussed with such ardor, such expense of energy, that to realize them would seem to require considerably less effort; yet they are never realized. An impatient Anglo-Saxon reader wonders why the Russian characters don't "do something"; for he can see no real obstacle in the path. But the obstacle is in the Russian himself, in his lack of practicality. The machine has no motor. They are at once the most lovable and the most irritating of human beings. Nor is this will-power missing only in the intellectuals. One of the best books ever written on Russia is that by E. Nelson Fell, called "Russian and Nomad." His experiences as a business man with Russian muzhiks should be read by all who are interested in the Slav temperament. Had he not possessed a magnificent sense of humor, he would have given up in despair.

Mr. Gerhardi's book, absolutely up to date, describing a Russian family in 1922, shows that the national characteristics, as set forth by Turgenev in the fifties, have not changed. In addition to the light thrown on the central theme, Mr. Gerhardi has given us a story so charming, so brilliant, so subtle in characterization, so unusual, that the average intelligent reader will find it irresistible. A new force has appeared in fiction. Hats off!

Chekhov was a physician, whose medical training appears in the power of diagnosis revealed in his stories and plays. (In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for 4 November, 1922, there is an interesting article on him by Doctor Herbert Thoms, of New Haven.)

In his story "On the Way," Chekhov remarked: "Nature has set in every Russian an inquiring mind, a tendency to speculation, an extraordinary capacity for belief; but all these are broken into dust against our improvidence, indolence, and fantastic triviality."

"Futility" may be taken as a foot-note to Chekhov: but what a foot-note! It seems more like a foundation.

Yet Chekhov furnished the point of departure for this new novel, and perhaps also the impulse. The hero goes with three Russian sisters to see Chekhov's play, "The Three Sisters," and in his blind optimism, he wondered where Chekhov got his characters, not then realizing

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that his three companions were to illustrate Chekhov's powers of portraiture fully as well as the persons on the stage. Could anything be more opportune than the appearance of "Futility" just as "The Three Sisters" appears in New York?

Mr. Gerhardi's powers of irony are sufficiently displayed in the following passage. The people are watching the play:

"You know the manner of Chekhov's writing. You know the people in his plays. It seems as though they had all been born on the line of demarcation between comedy and tragedy—in a kind of No Man's Land. Fanny Ivanovna and the three sisters watched the play with intense interest, as if the Three Sisters were indeed their own particular tragedy. I sat behind Nina, and watched with that stupid scepticism that comes from too much happiness. To me, buoyant and impatient, the people in the play appeared preposterous. They annoyed me. They distressed me intensely. Their black melancholy, their incredible inefficiency, their paralyzing inertia, crept over me. How different, I thought, were those three lovable creatures who sat in our box. How careless and free they were in their own happy home. The people in the play were hopeless."

He relieved his mind to Nikolai, insisting that the people in the play were impossible. But Nikolai said, and the remark turned out to be prophetic, "Chekhov is a great artist."

Now I submit a good subject for a novel, which I present free to any one who wants it. Take a determined, practical, efficient, common-sense Yankee spinster, full of gumption—the kind of female whom we New Englanders call "a capable woman"—and plant her in a large Russian family in Moscow. Things would shortly begin to happen. Aunt Ophelia in St. Clare's family would be nothing to it.

Modern fiction is just now being discussed from the astronomical point of view, owing to the fashion in which Mr. Galsworthy and others have treated the moon. Thirteen years ago, in an essay on Hermann Sudermann, I endeavored to call the attention of fiction-writers to this phenomenon, but I fear my words made little impression. Stevenson came to grief with the moon in "Prince Otto," and he repentantly declared that the next time he wrote a novel, he would use an almanac. All novelists seem to need the harmless, necessary almanac. In "Es War," Sudermann placed a young crescent moon in the eastern sky! And in "Der Katzensteg," the moon follows the heroine even as in the theatre the calcium-light follows the star. In other words, the moon in novels is not scientific, but decorative. To see it used correctly is exceptional. Francis Brett Young, in his novel called "The Crescent Moon," represents that slim object as frequently climbing the heavens. Shakespeare, in the "Merchant of Venice," has the full moon and all the stars visible at the same time, which happens never in the sky. The late Hugh McCulloch, a poet of distinct promise, wrote a poem for the *Century Magazine*, and the last line of every stanza was

"And in the west the waning moon hangs low."

I found him in a state of rage, because the editor had changed "waning" to "weary." He wrote to his mentor angrily, saying he was a poet, not an astronomer, and he would place his moon where he jolly well pleased. The answer was to the effect that he might place his moon wherever he liked in other periodicals, but not in the *Century*. He surrendered to science.

I wish I might read one American novel where the heroine's eyes were not compared to pools. Every new one I read fills me with a vague sporting interest as to exactly on what page the pool will make its first appearance. Violet pools, deep pools, dark pools, troubled pools, untroubled pools, forest pools—how I wish this ocular geography would change! But as nearly all novelists follow the prevailing fashion, I have little hope. The girl model of 1923 must be fitted to a pair of pools.

In reading Esther Singleton's interesting and valuable book, "The Shakespeare Garden," I newly lament my ignorance of flowers. I have a perfect literary knowledge of them. I know the names of all the flowers but cannot remember their

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faces. The common-or-garden rose and the lily-of-the-valley are the only two flowers I know by sight. I should hate to pass an examination in a garden; I cannot tell a begonia from a four-o'clock. Why is it that all women know the names and faces of flowers by intuition? An enormous number of man-made novels have what I call the Botanical Beginning. The first three pages sound like D. M. Ferry's catalogue. Yet the truth is, that very few men know anything whatever about flowers. A distinguished Bostonian scholar told me that if no flowers at all came up in the spring, he would be unaware of their absence. Yet how explain these man-made novels, where, in the first three pages specifically named flowers trail all over the veranda, rage like Herod all over the lawn, and almost smother the reader with their incense? My own belief is that in nearly every case the botanical beginning is either a queen's gambit—that is, the flower-names are all supplied by the author's wife—or it is pure bluff.

"The Shakespeare Garden" should interest all who love Shakespeare or flowers and particularly those who are acquainted with both. It is a valuable and important contribution to the subject, is written from the heart, and the numerous illustrations help an ignoramus like me to obtain some notion of the actual appearance of Elizabethan flowers. Fortunately it requires no botany to appreciate such magic lines as

> "And winking mary-buds begin
> To ope their golden eyes."

What really is plagiarism? One of our popular magazines recently published a short story where the entire plot, except the conclusion, was taken from Browning's "In a Balcony." The editor announced that the woman who signed her name to the story "proves that the most powerful stories are not necessarily written by men." Did she feel that Browning's tragedy is so well known that any one has a right to transprose it? Or did she think that the readers of this particular periodical would never detect its source? Even the title was taken from Browning, though from another poem. Surely the editor did not guess its origin, else why did he point with pride to what he thought it proved?

In the February number I stated that the Ninth Symphony was not played in the Eastern States during the season of 1921–1922; I am grateful to a correspondent who corrects my error. He gives chapter and verse. It was played in New York April 26 and April 30, 1922.

The justly distinguished dramatic critic of *The Nation*, Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, writes the following sentence concerning Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool," one of the most popular plays now running in New York: "Its spirit is so fine, its intentions so honorable to the author, that it seems difficult to characterize it as a work of art." Just exactly what does that pronouncement mean? If the spirit of a work is fine, and its "intentions honorable," is the thing therefore doubly and fatally handicapped? I have during the last year seen so many books, where the spirit was abominable and the intentions worse, characterized as great works of art, that I was for the moment nonplussed. But I suppose that the accomplished critic merely meant to say that the play contained such earnest pleading, and showed so sympathetic a heart, that it was difficult to judge it simply on its artistic merits.

Another dramatic critic, George Jean Nathan, is so disgusted with Barrie's "Mary Rose," that he solemnly announces he is beginning to lose faith in Barrie's earlier works; "It brings one to turn again to a closer scrutiny of its author's antecedent plays that one has admired, and to ponder . . . and to ponder. . . ." I can only imagine with what heartrending suspense J. M. Barrie must be awaiting the result of this portentous and ponderous pondering. . . .

A novelist that may make us all sit up some day is young Waldo Frank. His philosophy of life is the opposite of mine, and I should not wish to be born into the kind of world in which he believes; but he is an original writer, with an original method. His radicalism in art begins where that of others quits; but he has a great deal to say, and he is both honest and sincere. To those who are interested in the newest developments in the art of fiction, I recommend "City Block." But

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it is not, as the French say, for all hands.

Charles D. Stewart, the author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" and "Partners of Providence," has proved that his creative powers as a novelist are as fresh and vigorous as in his youth. He has proved it by his latest book, "Valley Waters," a well-constructed, well-written, and altogether delightfully populated story. The citizens of Zanesville, Ohio, should give him the freedom of the city and erect a monument to him while he is yet alive; for the interesting and astounding fact is, that although he was born in Zanesville, *he loves the town*. Before I had finished reading the book, I made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Zanesville. I thought I had been in every part of Ohio, but in some unaccountable manner, I missed Zanesville. The theme of "Valley Waters" is as old as literature; but the characters are so real—even the minor ones—and the style is so masterly in its restraint, that I shall be sorry for any one who does not like it. The author's varied and detailed experience of life stands him in good stead; the novel abounds in shrewd observations. "Valley Waters" is solid without being heavy; it is solid like a perfect apple, the kind that come from Hood River, good all the way to the core. Mr. Stewart, who knows the worst phases of humanity, seems to believe in life; that the custom of birthday congratulations springs from a true instinct.

To turn from an excellent to a notorious writer, I was much amused to see in a newspaper this morning the following publisher's advertisement of Robert Keable's latest novel. "Some of the early reviews . . . criticise the author because he has not 'told a story' in the conventional style." This is like criticising a murderer because he wears detachable cuffs.

Those who are not yet familiar with John V. A. Weaver's poems, "In American," had better lose no time; it is the sort of book that eventually becomes much sought after by collectors. Now he has just printed another one, "Finders." It is impossible to describe John Weaver's poetry; one must read it, or still better hear Mr. Weaver read it. He has humor, pathos, and tragic force in his New York slang poems. I have seen nothing I enjoyed so much in this fashion since Wallace Irwin's incomparable "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." Will any one tell me why that work is not in freer circulation? There ought to be fresh editions of it every year, but several lustra have passed since I have seen any copy exposed for sale. In my opinion, the "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" by Irwin, and "Casey at the Bat," by Somebody-or-other, are representative and permanent specimens of American literature.

Carl Sandburg has written a charming, quaintly nonsensical, and highly imaginative book, called "Rootabaga Stories." I confidently recommend this to all children and their parents, relations and friends. Personally I think it far better than his other prose works, such as "Smoke and Steel," and "Chicago Poems."

Nearly every post brings some candidate for the Ignoble prize. A Texas professor suggests the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum. A woman votes for "Jane Eyre," and I agree with her to this extent. I always resent Charlotte Brontë's being bracketed with Jane Austen and George Eliot as the three great women novelists of the nineteenth century. She lacked what the other two richly possessed—genius.

Question. What is the best novel ever written by a woman?

Answer. "Pride and Prejudice."

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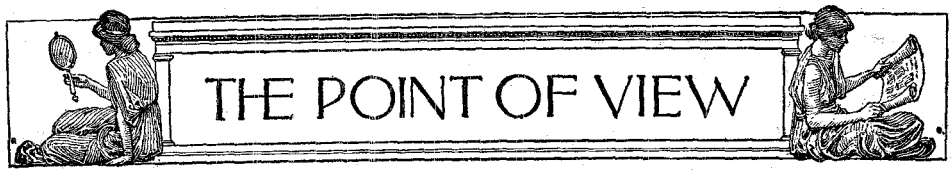

SCOTT FITZGERALD, in a magazine article, has put into print the feelings and the outlook upon life of a twenty-five-year-older. Booth Tarkington, in his "Seventeen," has given to his readers the impressions of a seventeen-year-older. However, in this article and novel from the pens of two of the foremost writers of to-day there lies one essential difference: Mr. Fitzgerald is twenty-five and Mr. Tarkington is not seventeen. Mr. Fitzgerald can, with perfect safety, tell us how he feels at his age, but Mr. Tarkington cannot with an equal amount of assurance successfully depict seventeen.

The Truth

Mr. Fitzgerald is living in the time of which he writes, and his material is every-day matter. Mr. Tarkington must exercise his imagination and observation, and perhaps a bit of memory. Consequently the seventeen depicted by Mr. Tarkington is not the seventeen of to-day. It is the seventeen of imagination and of humor. The seventeen of to-day is the twenty-one of yesterday, with the significant exception of sophistication, on which point the twenty-one of yesterday fades deeply into the background.

But this is not to be a criticism, nor is it an attempt to set forth the evolution of the modern seventeen. It is merely an effort to present the outlook upon life of youth, including the impressions, the desires, and the every-day emotions. Unfortunately, it would give me greater pleasure to depict Booth Tarkington's seventeen as it really exists, but since I am two years past that age I must content myself with the next best thing. I am nineteen—therefore I shall depict nineteen. And yet it is such a short step from seventeen to nineteen that one might almost concede that I am setting forth the reality of youth, with its genuine heartaches, its follies, its ambitions, and its innermost secrets. Perhaps you of lesser years will agree with me—perhaps you will not. Perhaps you of mature years will scoff at me—perhaps you will not. But nevertheless, this is to be my idea of youth. It is to tell, regardless of pride, the truth; and this truth will be told by one who is experiencing that of which he is writing.

To every one whose lot it is to be among the average and to experience the average trials of life, there are three great stages of fear. First is the fear of childhood: of the bogey man, of darkness, of material objects. It is the time when mother is the only solace. It is the time when the shaggy dog and the queer-looking man send terror through our hearts. It is all imagination, but it is fear.

And second is the fear of youth. To many this fear is varied, but to the average it is the same. But let me tell the fear of youth—my fear—later in this article.

The third fear of life is the fear of age. It is the fear of the business man for his business. It is the fear of a man for a more weighty concern. It is perhaps a more mature fear, a fear of more worldly worth, but it is not one degree more sincere nor one degree more worthy than the fear of childhood or of youth.

And now let me tell you of the fear of youth, of the fear under which I and all others of my age live. The fear of youth is past the fear of childhood with its material and spiritual haunts; it has not yet reached the fear of age. The fear of nineteen is the fear that acquaintances will consider him—nineteen; the fear that acquaintances will consider him the nineteen of Tarkington's and the others' pens. It is the fear of being considered a child or a "kid." Nineteen wishes to be considered upon the threshold of manhood. He wishes to be considered a man with a youth's body. He dislikes to be babied; he wishes to be thought handsome; he wishes to be considered refined, cultured, and, most of all, sophisticated. He wants to be thought blasé and well informed of the shadowy part of the world. He wishes to be known as leading a double life, to be considered a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

That is the fear of youth. It is the fear that rests upon and overlaps the fears of younger and older life. It is more heart-rending than either of the others, and means as much to the individual's happiness as both of them together.

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And during this time of youth and during the physical growth, there is also a growth of liberality, a growth of mind. And there is the period of the shattering of ideals and the period of the religious disbelief.

At seventeen the ideals of youth are in full bloom. Womanhood is placed upon a pedestal of immortal worth. There is nothing mortal about her; she is superhuman. A woman whose sophistication allows her to indulge in osculation is considered near the dregs of the cup. It is not because of innocence; it is because of the idealistic stage. And somewhere between seventeen and nineteen the youth discovers that women are mortal and that they possess the same human desires and emotions as he himself. It is here that he finds that women who permit themselves to be kissed are not of the very worst, and often he finds them to be of the very best.

At nineteen we are philosophers and reformers. Discussions of morals and current events are our favorite diversion. We have our own unswayable opinions, and we expound them whenever we can obtain an interested and sympathetic listener. When our opinions are met with disfavor, we are angry and are disappointed and we go over our philosophy until we have again formed the same unshakable opinions. If we are agreed with, we are gratified and we make it known by the expounding of more philosophy.

At nineteen we feel that life is before us with a thousand opportunities. We feel that our talents are many and great, and need but a little development. We are optimists to the end. We are ambitious for financial gain. We are desirous of "making a hit" with women from sixteen to sixty. We wish to appear in a thousand ways what we are not, and, if we succeed, we feel that we are the vilest of hypocrites. Nevertheless, we bask in our own good graces and enjoy the reward of pretending to be what we feel we are not.

I should like, by way of conclusion, to consider Booth Tarkington's Willie Baxter as the youth of to-day. If the modern Willie Baxter should meet such a baby-talk lady as is presented in the novel, he would not fall madly in love with her. He would be hugely disgusted, and would avoid her gushiness as much as possible. He would say she was a "kid," and would go in search of a girl with "sense." And the modern Willie Baxter would never dream of listening with envy to fabulous tales of premature marriages. He might wish it were possible to marry the lady of his heart, but he would never consider any consuming desire to sacrifice everything to do so. The modern seventeen would never listen to stories of unusual lads who had begun to grow beards. The seventeen of to-day is just beginning, or has already begun, to shave. The modern Willie Baxter is older in sophistication, in good common sense, than he is painted.

And let me say—you may agree or you may not—the average or typical American youth between the ages of seventeen and nineteen is vastly superior to the youth of fiction or the stage.

Local Discolor

EVEN for a man of high imaginative genius, to attempt the minute description of a region that he has never visited is at best a hazardous undertaking. Such a venture is liable to betray him into the most ludicrous mistakes, and they are of a character which renders escape from downright blame impossible. Of course, some writers exercise the security of a wary choice of localities, selecting those which, though they themselves have not visited them, no one else can visit; for example, Dante's descriptions of hell and of paradise are accurate in the sense that we know no more than he did about those diverting regions. Much the same case is that of Virgil, who gave us a description of a city and of a civilization and of a queen long vanished into the mists of the silent past. They were actually here on earth; but Virgil's account, whether accurate or inaccurate, cannot be criticised by us who have no reasonable hope of seeing Carthage or Dido. Possibly some day we shall see both Virgil and Dido; and I can imagine no more interesting dialogue than would ensue between this pair. I fancy that no woman cares to be immortalized as one who took her life because a mere man scorned her. Both Dante and Virgil were more naïve in their choice of subjects than some modern authors.

An example in point is that great poet, William Vaughn Moody, whose early death was a dreadful blow to American letters. In his superb "Ode in Time of Hesitation,"

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he is describing the burial of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who was killed on Morris Island at the storming of Battery Wagner. In an exquisite lyrical outburst, Moody sings:

"Now heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose
In Nature's busy old democracy,
To flush the mountain-laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea."

As poetry, this is arrestingly beautiful; but one would search the whole Atlantic seaboard in vain, from the Virginia capes to Key West, to find a mountain laurel. With the particular locality in question I happen to have been familiar since boyhood; and I can attest that there's no mountain laurel nearer than the Blue Ridge Range, which is more than a hundred miles to the northward. I had the temerity to call Mr. Moody's attention to this slip; and he charmingly answered, with most disarming frankness. He said that he was like Doctor Johnson, who, when taken to task by a learned lady for having defined in his massy dictionary the term "pastern" as "the knee of a horse," instead of making some elaborate defense, merely said: "It was ignorance, madame, pure ignorance."

Just across the harbor-bar from Morris Island is Sullivan's Island, the scene of Poe's "The Gold Bug." Poe was never in that part of the country, and to natives his description of the island is, to say the least, distorted. But it is Poe's description of the mainland adjacent to the island that is most highly discolored. He writes:

"Ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland . . . we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined."

Poe, who was a stickler as a rule about accuracy, should have made some inquiries concerning the character of this seacoast. It has no hills of any kind whatsoever. There assuredly are no valleys. And there are not only no boulders; there are no rocks of any kind in this flat, dead sea-line country. Had Lowell been aware of the error in the description quoted, he might have had some more ammunition for "A Fable for Critics."

Perhaps the most perfect example of local discolor is supplied by Goldsmith. His "History of Animated Nature" is flamboyant with it. He tells us, for example, that "the insidious tiger roams the wilds of western Canada"; that "the rattlesnake advances to attack on the tip of its tail"; and that "the catamountain, an American animal, is like a cat, larger yet more slimly formed, the color reddish, the color interspersed with black spots and stripes." To this day, no one seems to know what creature poor Noll had in mind. "If he knows the difference between a horse and a cow, that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology," said his friend Johnson.

Probably during the American Civil War we experienced the greatest riot of discolor in our literature's history. I've an old book called "War Poetry of the South," edited by William Gilmore Simms. In it I learn that all Federal soldiers were Huns, myrmidons, vandals, and Goths. I also have Whittier and Longfellow's antislavery poems, and in these I discover that every Southerner was a brutal slave-driver. It seems that no two nations in the world's history ever so misunderstood each other as did these two sections of the same country. Happily, the misunderstandings now are of a much milder sort; though writers of fiction from the North are liable to make every Southern heroine a dark beauty belonging to one of these old or Southern families, and to make the hero a young man of energy—a stranger from the North, whose amazing willingness to work captivates the heroine's stormy heart. On the other hand, the Southern story-teller sees too little of the quiet dignity, the poise, the thrilling progress of life in the North.

Perhaps writers should limit their descriptions to those scenes with which they are familiar; or else, like Swift or like Milton, they should rear realms of fancy, whose very unreality renders depiction of them safe. For where is the author who can, with any degree of accuracy, imitate Whitman's "Man-o-War Bird"?

"At dusk thou lookest on Senegal,
At morn, on America."

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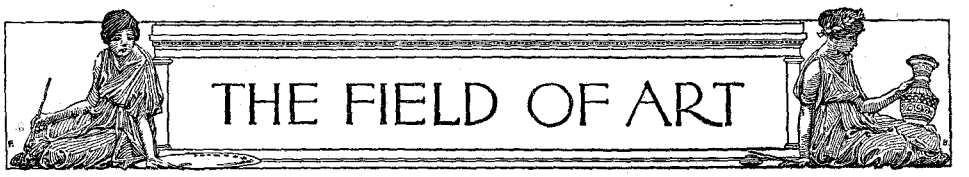

The Sculptor at His Work

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST AND LEAST-KNOWN ARTIST

BY LOUISE EBERLE

DECADES of centuries ago the caveman sat carving a picture of the hunt on a bone of the deer he had slain—a full-fledged artist with a hoary history of sculpture behind him. For, decades of centuries earlier, Elie Faure tells us in his "History of Art," round sculpture had developed.

As it was more decades of centuries before his descendants began to use pigment on a flat surface, the human family has had its sculptor countless years longer than its painter. But it does not know him half so intimately.

The public looks at pictures. It feels a friendly warmth in their color, and the accessories of the background help it to make the picture into the story which it wants in its art. Moreover, this public has looked over the artist's shoulder so often as he paints out in the fields or in art-galleries that it feels a bit of proprietary interest. His sketch-book, too, into which it has occasional peeps, gives it a sense that it pretty nearly knows how itself, and might also make pictures but for more pressing interests.

The sculptor is not so. He lives and works in secret by the mere accidental fact of the ponderosity of his materials. The public does not think of him as having a sketch-book at all. It only puzzles itself, when looking at a bronze or marble statue, as to how it was made. And the figure—a simple fact in a severe monotone—tells nothing of the labor that went to produce it, or the multiplicity of processes involved.

The sculptor does have a sketch-book after the fashion of the painter. But he has, besides this, another and more characteristic sketch-book, though the average visitor to his studio would never notice the half-hidden shelf with the dusty bits of plastilene thereon that look as if children, tired of their play, had left them there. To the sculptor each of these is an anchored kite, an idea that may soar while he is at work on another piece, but that he can bring back at will. Sometimes these are completely worked-out figures, but sometimes even the artist could scarcely name a concrete object that they represent. For it is one of the mysteries of his trade that he does not necessarily say to himself, "I will make a 'Diana' or a 'Penitence,'" but that a certain combination of lines and masses appeals to him as revealing some of the great law governing line and mass, which gives them an effect upon the minds of men entirely aside from their objective meaning. Later, as he works on it, it will suggest something in human experience, and he will develop it accordingly. This is the ideal way for a statue to have its inception. But of course it is not the only way, and the statue as often takes the opposite direction, from subject to idea, as when a great national event inspires a sculptor to represent it symbolically, or when a statue is ordered, and not left to the artist's choice.

No story of how a man may labor within himself to fulfil and express his own idea of beauty is attempted here, these words being solely to convey an idea of external processes in answer to the question: "How does the sculptor make it?" From this point of view one successful sculptor's experience is like another's in general, and his story gives a fair outline of all. Such a man, whom the writer knew, had a studio filled with work which the wise could divide into three parts. There were monuments and portrait busts that he was commissioned to do. There were figures at various stages of incomple-

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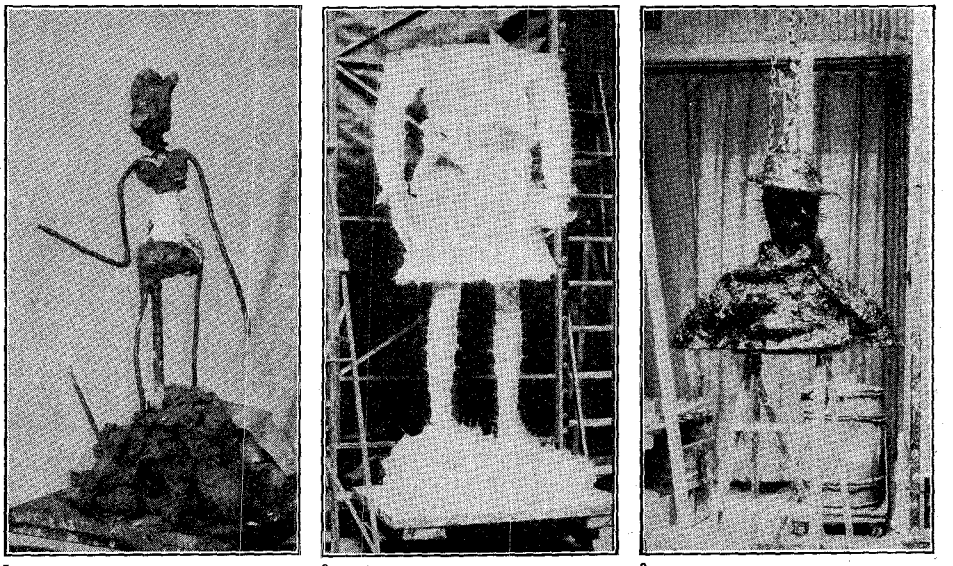

1. The first step in the making of any statue is the lead-pipe armature.
2. The heads of the nails which stud this colossal plaster core indicate the statue's correct outline.
3. Head of enlargement shown in figure 2, coated with pitch before applying clay between the nails.

tion, some swathed in cloths, some exposed, which were the artist's own conceptions and dreams. Lastly, in a corner on a rowdy shelf, was a mass of the small sketches already described. And the following happening was typical and periodical:

He had labored for weeks on an important commission. Then, one day, he began walking over to the shelf at intervals and looking at the little sketches. Whenever any one came near he returned to his work. The next day he was found hunched in a chair, in his hand one of his long modelling tools on the end of which was stuck a lump of plastilene which he was forming, with great swiftness, into a somewhat larger version of one of the small sketches. He laughed as he laid it down and went back to his statue.

The next day he was as busily at work as ever. Only this time his model was not posing for the Victory of the monument, but for a half life-size version of the sketch, recognizable now that it was taking more definite shape.

"How is the monument getting on?" his visitor asked. He gave it a far-away look.

"Oh—it's all right. How do you like this?"

From now on he gave his lovely conception every thought until he had satisfactorily recorded the idea in its fulness—though there would be much finishing to do later. Then, with a cover over her, the piece was relegated to a corner and work on the commission resumed. This man worked finely at all he did, and maybe the ideal pieces were the better for the discipline of the commissions—as certainly the commissions were better for the vitality brought from his days of sheer inspiration. There are, of course, men who will lend their art to nothing but their own inward visions. But the artist who will put his fine work on commissions and monuments gives the public about the only sculptural food it gets to feed upon, whereas the man who works for himself alone, or, at most for the few who are "in the know" with him, may bless the future with his genius, but may, equally, plant for it a sterile tree.

One of the commissions of this particular artist, being a colossal thing, involved about as much in the way of processes as a statue can, so by following it a sketchy outline of the making of almost any statue will be obtained. The piece was for a national monument, and because it was very important the competition for it was not what is known as "open," for open competitions rarely attract artists of great reputation. Our artist was one of six men invited to submit sketches, and this preliminary sketch, a few

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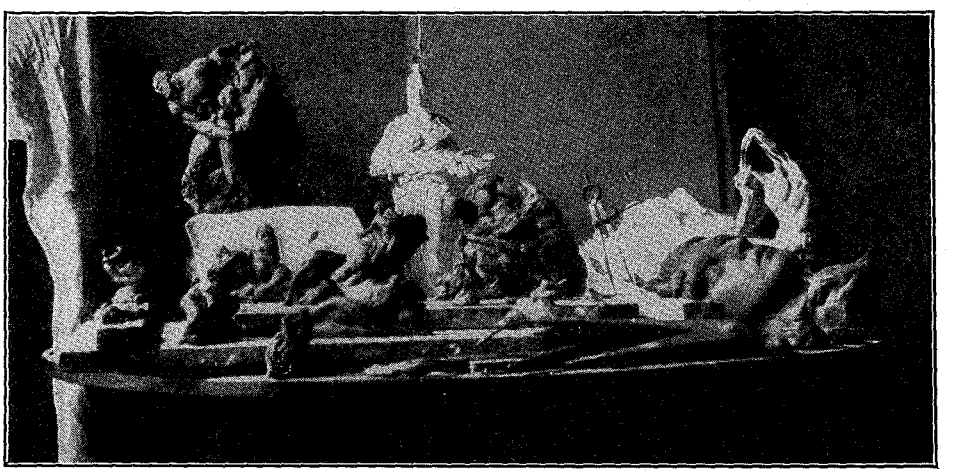
inches high, modelled in plastilene and cast in plaster of paris, was submitted to the commission that had the monument in charge. Winning the competition, there came the first process in the making of any statue—the armature. An upright rod was firmly planted in a heavy wooden base and to this rod were attached, with copper wire, some lengths of small lead pipe which, being pliable, could be twisted about until the whole looked like a caricature of the statue to be. But the whole was a carefully measured, accurately adjusted support for the alone, the contemplative and full-lidded eyes of this statue needing special care.

Though this statue was draped, its creator began it from a nude model, for he must be as sure as Gibraltar of the anatomy. But when the time came to work from drapery he assembled as properties several yards of crêpe de chine, a big bowl, and a can of cooking-oil. And each day he dipped the silk in the oil and draped it upon the model. The advantage of this was that, where the outline of the figure was necessary, the silk adhered perfectly, while, where folds were



The sculptor's sketch-book ranges from masses of plastilene intelligible to himself alone to perfect miniature models.

masses of clay or plastilene that were to be used, and when sufficient of this was brought to a rough resemblance to the sketch, then began the artist's task of putting into a clod an idea, into a lump the mysterious potency that would make it speak to every man in his own tongue. The sculptor must see nothing but this idea until, so far as was humanly possible, he had it imprisoned in the clay. Yet he had constantly to mingle his work with consideration of such distractions as the fact that his model (who, at best, could merely suggest the external form of his idea) went into vaudeville, and he had to find another of the same type, who came late in the mornings and sometimes omitted to come at all. Before he had finished he had used the bust and arms of one model, the head of another, the torso and hips of a third, and even tried model after model for her eyelids and the contour about her eyes wanted, these could be definitely arranged, and remained exactly as placed instead of changing with every breath.

When this three-foot figure reached a stage that fairly embodied its creator's conception, it was examined by the commission that had the monument in charge. Their disapproval might have sent the artist back to the beginning again. But it was accepted and he could now forget for a while the ramifications of sculpture and be only a sculptor until his soul let him call the statue finished. One had better not say, "When the artist was satisfied he pronounced the statue finished," lest he merit the reply which another sculptor made to a friend who—looking at a newly finished piece of his work—said, "Well—now that you are satisfied—" only to be savagely interrupted with, "My God, am I ever satisfied!"

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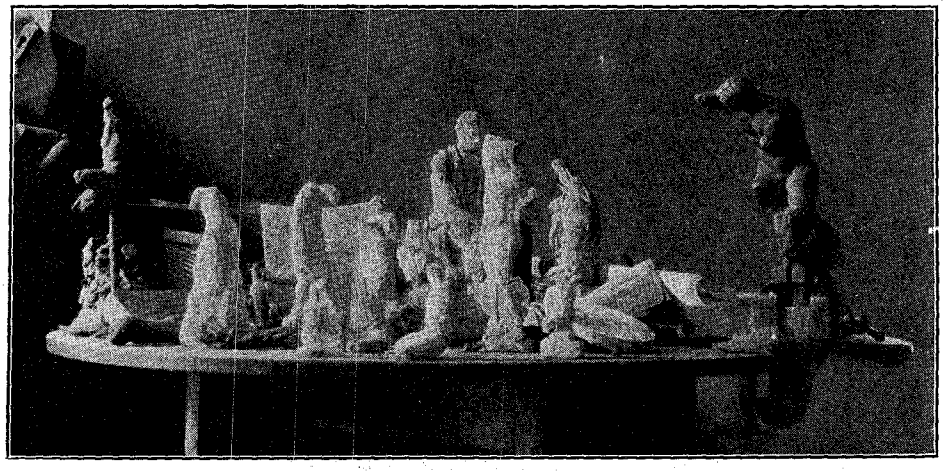
This piece, being rather small, was done in plastilene, which takes and holds small detail better than clay, and which always remains in the same state; while clay, which obeys the hand more readily and is used for all large pieces, must be kept at a certain degree of moisture and has to be sprayed every evening and covered with wet cloths, applied with care lest some detail of modelling be flattened.

But clay or plastilene, the work is done with practically the same tools—tools like rasps, tools with wooden handles and loop ends of twisted wire, wooden tools subtly curved like racing-sculls, each sort in many sizes, and the human finger, which this artist loved best of all, especially with a bit of wet rag over it.

That brings us to the modelling itself. From the point of view of art this is the whole of the making of any statue, yet it admits of less description than any other part. Day after day this artist covered, apparently, the self-same ground. Sometimes he scraped a thin layer of plastilene from a small area; sometimes he rolled pills of the plastilene, sticking them to the surface and spreading them with his thumb, and when days had grown into months he was still doing the same thing. He was getting off more easily, however, than one sculptor who showed a friend two female figures in almost identical poses—standing, with the weight on one foot and a slight turn of the body to one side.

"I have worked on that pose for six years," he said quite casually, "and I expect to go at it again. Some of it is good."

Such years of making changes, imperceptible from day to day, mean "modelling." Nor is that the whole tale of the patience that is demanded of the man who, as an artist, is popularly supposed not to have, along with his wings, the ability to plod. The artist of this article did his statue—as he does most of his large pieces—in four sizes. And a great French sculptor told the writer that he had modelled one of the figures for a colossal monument in ten sizes before he became convinced that the proportions would hold good when the parts of the monument were finally assembled, the piece being so big that it could not be done as a unit.



Plaster casts of small sketches which have assumed definite form.

When the model of the statue was done—and how easy it is to say "when it was done" regarding that which involves the labor and travail of mind and soul, and the mystery of giving a body to an idea—but when it was done there came the process of casting in plaster. The artist knew how to do this himself, for he had done it when he was young and poor, but now an expert who does nothing else makes the casts. The operation destroyed entirely the artist's own handiwork and gave him back a copy in unsympathetic but accurate and permanent plaster that keeps every detail of form, but that lacks distinction, vitality, and "aura."

A plaster is the transitional step toward

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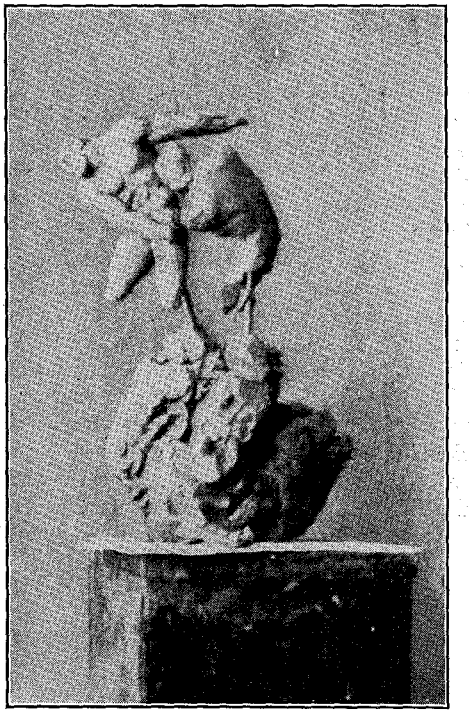
either marble or bronze, if the work is to remain the same size. But as this statue was to be monumental there was still a complete array of facts to be faced that would drive many another sort of artist mad, and that had little relation to the actual art of sculping.

Among these was photography, whose importance varies with the nature of the work. As clay or plastilene photographs far better than bronze or marble, the work is generally done at this stage of obtaining pictures by means of which exhibitions at distant points, or even sales, are arranged. And, of course, little publicity is possible without them.



The artist sees in these suggestive bits of plastilene his finished monument.

But there is a special use for photography in connection with sculpture, and it was a part of the history of the piece in question. Any monument, of course, must bear a definite relation to its surroundings, and size is a great factor in this relationship and the one least easily judged of in a studio. So, as clay cannot be carried to a proposed site and be modelled and remodelled in trial sizes, a photograph of the sketch was made and enlarged to the dimension that was considered correct for the final work. The degree of enlargement made it blurry, and it had to be printed in pieces. But when the background was cut away, and it was pasted together and set in place, it enabled the sculptor and the consulting architect—who is almost sure to be called in at this stage—to come to a decision about the delicate matter of balance between architecture and sculpture that any monument involves. And such is the importance of this step that our sculptor went all the way from New York to the Northwest of Canada to have a brief look at the photograph of his statue set up in place.

This, however, is not the only way of gauging a statue's relation to its surroundings. There is another method used when conditions are so exacting that the piece should be seen in the round, and, as it might have been used in the present case, a digression to describe it will fit in comfortably here. A man is called in to "point up" the figure from the plaster cast of the sculptor's finished model. That is, with the aid of a machine built on the compass principle, and adjustable to any scale, a copy many times larger than the model is made, in plaster of paris. This was the method used to make the figures which decorated the buildings at the World's Fair, but it does not serve any permanent purpose, as plaster permits very little remodelling. This trial statue is shipped to the proposed site, set up, subjected to an anything but indulgent gaze by its creator, and then, right size or not, all that painstaking work is cast out, to become the sort of junk that no one knows how to get rid of. But the artist goes home knowing what size to make his statue.

Whether this method or that of the photograph has been used, the next step is the same, so we may go back to the statue of this story and relate how the artist called in the pointing-up man again, and how he once more pointed up the figure, from the same model, in the size now known to be correct. Only now the pointed-up figure was done in clay instead of plaster of paris, and the artist set about making this not

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merely an enlarged copy of his work, but his work itself, with the vitality and authenticity that only the artist's hand and mind could give it. On this figure minor changes could be made. A surface could be lowered by pulling out some of the nails, or raised by the simple means of adding more clay. And this was, at last, the end of the modelling for the sculptor, for, when the enlargement was thus finished, it was cast in plaster, and the plaster was cast in bronze, supervised and retouched by him, of course.

The new bronze was as garish as a new cent. It must have a patine (color). And the artist who cares for the finish of his work knows patines as well as he knows modelling, and oversees their making and application in every detail.

That was the end of the statue, but not the monument, for there was a pedestal to be considered. Consideration of it had, in fact, begun long before, when an architect had worked with the sculptor to design a pedestal that would make the monument right from the point of view of both of them. Months before, also, the block of granite of which the pedestal was to be made had been contracted for, and, when it came to light in the quarry, had been sent to the stone-cutter's to be carved and polished.

But, even with the entire monument finished, there remained labors for this sculptor. For, being thoughtful for his work's future, he wished to make sure of its foundation. Would it remain level, unsunken? To answer this, he had learned the difference between a gravel foundation and one which was built on driven piles, and he always saw to it, in his contracts for monumental pieces, that, where the nature of the ground required it, his work should rest on piles.

And, as that brings up the subject of contracts, one might complete the picture of this man who has to know so much besides his art to be wholly successful in it, by saying that he has to be just a little bit of a lawyer, for this subject of contracts follows him from start to finish of any big public commission. There is a contract for the first sketch he makes, and then come contracts for the monument itself—a pledge that it shall be done in such a material, with a pedestal so and so; he must state when it will be finished, small size, in the clay; when the enlargement will be done in the clay, and when the bronze or marble will be ready for delivery. For the performance of all this he has to give bond, and he tops it off by taking out an insurance policy on his work. And the entire process may have extended over years.

Thus, the reader may have been led to surmise that there is more expense attached to the making of a statue than he had at first imagined. When one reads of a sculptor receiving $50,000 for a monument, one is inclined to believe that his genius has been richly rewarded. But against this sum place, not such obvious items as studio rent and model hire, but the expert service of the plaster-caster and the pointing-up man; the bronze casting or marble cutting, each of which is enormously expensive for material as well as labor; an architect's fee of ten per cent of the entire amount for designing the pedestal (if the statue require one); and the cost of the granite, granite polishing and cutting, which the writer has known to come to $15,000 on a $50,000 commission; and, if there be a plaster enlargement to be transported any distance for a study of size, this adds another item of $1,000.

This, indeed, is a conservative statement. There is in Washington a monument for which the sculptor was paid $250,000, which cost the sculptor—who worked on it for many years—$250,000.

So, when your young sculptor friend gets his first big commission congratulations will be in order. After that may come commiseration when—maybe for lack of experience—he finds a hole in his pocketbook that even fame cannot fill.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 11.

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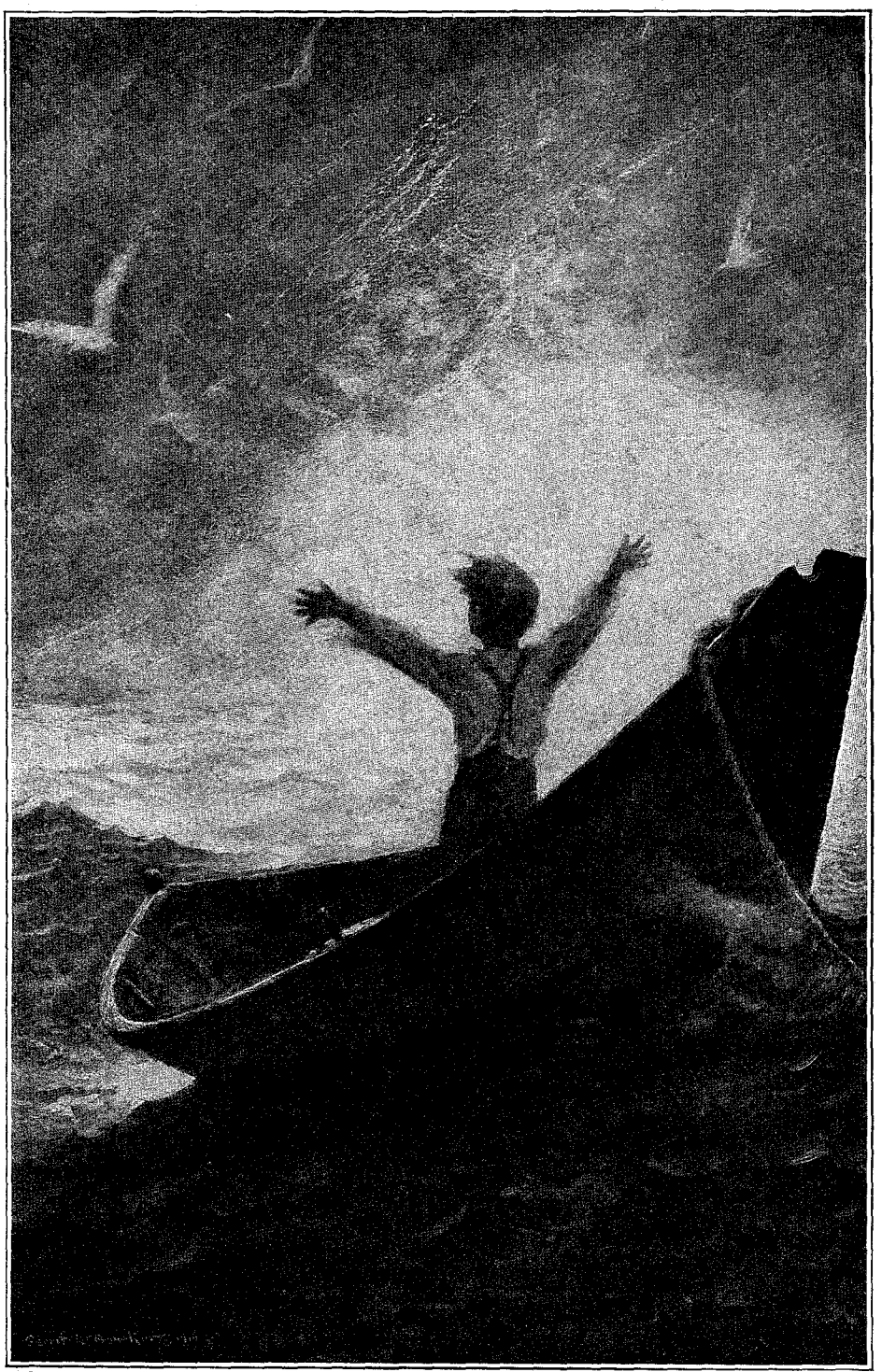

Drawn by Gerrit A. Beneker.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN IS A SEA-GULL, FLYING HOME ON STRONG WINGS, . . .

—"Peter Wing," page 623.

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